

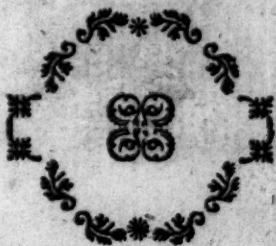
# MISCELLANEOUS

A N D

## FUGITIVE PIECES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. DAVIES, in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden*, Bookseller to the Royal Academy; and  
CARNAN and NEWBERRY, St. Paul's Church Yard.

MDCC LXXIV.



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A. N. D.

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LONDON

Printed for T. Davies, in Pall-mall, by  
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Carrington & Co. 21, St. Paul's Church-yard.

MDCCLXXIV

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OF THE

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REVIEW OF MEMOIRS  
OF THE  
COURT OF AUGUSTUS.

By THOMAS BLACKWELL, J. U. D. Principal of  
*Marischal-College in the University of Aberdeen.*

*J. Johnson*

**T**HE first Effect which this Book has upon the Reader is that of disgusting him with the Author's Vanity. He endeavours to persuade the World, that here are some new Treasures of Literature spread before his Eyes; that something is discovered, which to this happy Day had been concealed in Darkness; that by his Diligence Time had been robbed of some valuable Monument which he was on the Point of devouring; and that Names and Facts doomed to Oblivion are now restored to Fame.

How must the unlearned Reader be surpris'd, when he shall be told that Mr. *Blackwell* has neither digged in the Ruins of any demolished City, nor found out the Way to the Library of *Fex*; nor had a single Book in his Hands, that has not been in the Possession of every Man that was inclined to read it, for Years and Ages; and that his Book relates to a People who above all others have fur-



nished Employment to the Studious, and Amusements to the Idle; who have scarcely left behind them a Coin or a Stone, which has not been examined and explained a thousand Times, and whose Dress, and Food, and Household Stuff it has been the Pride of Learning to understand.

A Man need not fear to incur the Imputation of vicious Diffidence or affected Humility, who should have forbore to Promise many Novelties, when he perceived such Multitudes of Writers possessed of the same Materials, and intent upon the same Purpose. Mr. *Blackwell* knows well the Opinion of *Horace*, concerning those that open their Undertakings with magnificent Promises; and he knows likewise the Dictates of common Sense and common Honesty, Names of greater Authority than that of *Horace*, who direct that no Man should Promise what he cannot perform.

I do not mean to declare that this Volume has nothing New, or that the Labours of those who have gone before our Author, have made his Performance an useless Addition to the Burden of Literature. New Works may be constructed with old Materials, the Disposition of the Parts may shew Contrivance, the Ornaments interspersed may discover Elegance.

It is not always without good Effect that Men of proper Qualifications write in Succession on the same Subject, even when the latter add nothing to the Information given by the former; for the same Ideas may be delivered more Intelligibly or more Delightfully by one than by another, or with Attractions that may lure Minds of a different Form. No Writer pleases all, and every Writer may please some.

But after all, to inherit is not to acquire; to decorate is not to make; and the Man who had nothing to do but to read the ancient Authors, who mention the *Roman* Affairs, and reduce them to  
Common-

Common-places, ought not to boast himself as a great Benefactor to the studious World.

After a Preface of Boast, and a Letter of Flattery, in which he seems to imitate the Address of *Horace* in his *vile potabis modicis Sabinum*—he opens his Book with telling us, that the ‘*Roman Republic*, after the horrible Proscription, was no more at ‘*bleeding Rome*. The regal Power of her Consuls, ‘the Authority of her Senate, and the Majesty of ‘her People, were now trampled under Foot; these ‘[for those] divine Laws and hallowed Customs, ‘that had been the Essence of her Constitution— ‘were set at Nought, and her best Friends were ‘lying exposed in their Blood.’

These were surely very dismal Times to those who suffered; but I know not why any one but a School-boy in his Declamation should whine over the Commonwealth of *Rome*, which grew great only by the Misery of the Rest of Mankind. The *Romans*, like others, as soon as they grew rich grew corrupt, and, in their Corruption, sold the Lives and Freedoms of themselves, and of one another.

About this Time *Brutus* had his Patience put to the highest Trial: He had been married to ‘*Clodia*; but whether the Family did not please ‘him, or whether he was dissatisfied with the Lady’s ‘Behaviour during his Absence, he soon entertained Thoughts of a Separation. This raised a ‘good Deal of Talk, and the Women of the *Clodian* ‘Family inveighed bitterly against *Brutus*—but he ‘married *Portia*, who was worthy of such a Father ‘as *M. Cato*, and such a Husband as *M. Brutus*. ‘She had a Soul capable of an exalted Passion, and ‘found a proper Object to raise and give it a Sanction; she did not only love but adored her Husband; his Worth, his Truth, his every shining and ‘heroic Quality, made her gaze on him like a God, ‘while the endearing Returns of Esteem and Ten-

‘derness she met with, brought her Joy, her Pride;  
‘her every Wish to centre in her beloved *Brutus*.’

When the Reader has been awakened by this rapturous Preparation, he hears the whole Story of *Portia* in the same luxuriant Stile, till she breathed out her last, a little before the bloody *Proscription*, and ‘*Brutus* complained heavily of his Friends at ‘*Rome*, as not having paid due Attention to his ‘*Lady* in the declining State of her Health.’

He is a great Lover of modern Terms. His Senators and their Wives are *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*. In this Review of *Brutus*’s Army, who was under the Command of gallant Men, not braver Officers, than true Patriots, he tells us ‘that *Sextus* the *Questor* was ‘*Paymaster*, *Secretary at War*, and *Commissary General*, and that the sacred Discipline of the Romans ‘required the closest Connection, like that of Father and Son, to subsist between the General of an ‘Army and his *Questor*. *Cicero* was General of the ‘Cavalry, and the next General Officer was *Flavius*, ‘Master of the Artillery, the elder *Lentulus* was Admiral and the younger rode in the Band of *Volunteers*; under these the Tribunes, with many others ‘too tedious to name.’ *Lentulus*, however, was but a subordinate Officer; for we are informed afterwards, that the Romans had made *Sextus Pompeius* Lord High Admiral in all the Seas of their Dominions.

Among other Affectations of this Writer is a furious and unnecessary Zeal for Liberty, or rather for one Form of Government as preferable to another. This indeed might be suffered, because political Institution is a Subject in which Men have always differed, and if they continue to obey their lawful Governors, and attempt not to make Innovations for the Sake of their favourite Schemes, they may differ for ever without any just Reproach from one another. But who can bear the hardy Champion



pion who ventures nothing? Who in full Security undertakes the Defence of the Assassination of *Cæsar*, and declares his Resolution *to speak plain*? Yet let not just Sentiments be overlooked: He has justly observed, that the greater Part of Mankind will be naturally prejudiced against *Brutus*, for all feel the Benefits of private Friendship; but few can discern the Advantages of a well constituted Government.

We know not whether some Apology may not be necessary for the Distance between the first Account of this Book and its Continuation. The Truth is, that this Work not being forced upon our Attention by much public Applause or Censure, was sometimes neglected, and sometimes forgotten; nor would it, perhaps, have been now resumed, but that we might avoid to disappoint our Readers by an abrupt Desertion of any Subject.

It is not our Design to criticise the Facts of this History, but the Style; not the Veracity, but the Address of the Writer; for, an Account of the ancient *Romans* as it cannot nearly Interest any present Reader, and must be drawn from Writings that have been long known, can owe its Value only to the Language in which it is delivered, and the Reflections with which it is accompanied. Dr. *Blackwell*, however, seems to have heated his Imagination so as to be much affected with every Event, and to believe that he can affect others. Enthusiasm is indeed sufficiently contagious; but I never found any of his Readers much enamoured of the *glorious Pompey*, the *Patriot approv'd*, or much incens'd against the *lawless Cæsar*, whom this Author probably Stabs every Day and Night in his sleeping or waking Dreams.

He is come too late into the World with his Fury for Freedom, with his *Brutus* and *Cassius*. We have all on this Side of the *Tweed* long since settled



our Opinions: His Zeal for *Roman* Liberty and Declamations against the Violators of the Republican Constitution, only stand now in the Reader's Way, who wishes to proceed in the Narrative without the Interruption of Epithets and Exclamations. It is not easy to forbear Laughter at a Man so bold in fighting Shadows, so busy in a Dispute two thousand Years past, and so zealous for the Honour of a People who while they were Poor robbed Mankind, and as soon as they became Rich robbed one another. Of these Robberies our Author seems to have no very quick Sense, except when they are committed by *Cæsar's* Party, for every Act is sanctified by the Name of a Patriot.

If this Author's Skill in ancient Literature were less generally acknowledged, one might sometimes suspect that he had too frequently consulted the *French* Writers. He tells us that *Archelaus* the *Rhodian* made a Speech to *Cassius*, and in so saying dropt some Tears, and that *Cassius* after the Reduction of *Rhodes* was covered with Glory. — *Deiotarus* was a keen and happy Spirit. — The ingrate *Cæsar* kept his Court.

His great Delight is to shew his universal Acquaintance with Terms of Art, with Words that every other polite Writer has avoided and despised. When *Pompey* conquered the Pirates he destroyed fifteen hundred Ships of the Line. — The *Xanthian* Parapets were tore down. — *Brutus*, suspecting that his Troops were plundering, commanded the Trumpets to sound to their Colours. — Most People understood the Act of Attainder passed by the Senate. — The *Numidian* Troopers were unlikely in their Appearance. — The *Numidians* beat up one Quarter after another. — *Salvidienus* resolved to pass his Men over in Boats of Leather, and he gave Orders for equipping a sufficient Number of that Sort of small Craft.

*Pompey*

*Pompey* had light agile Frigates, and fought in a Strait where the Current and Caverns occasion Swirls and a Roll.—A sharp out-look was kept by the Admiral.—It is a Run of about fifty *Roman Miles*.—*Brutus* broke *Lipella* in the Sight of the Army.—*Mark Antony* garbled the Senate.—He was a brave Man, well qualified for a Commodore.

In his Choice of Phrases he frequently uses Words with great Solemnity, which every other Mouth and Pen has appropriated to Jocularity and Levity! The *Rhodians* gave up the Contest, and in poor Plight fled Back to *Rhodes*.—Boys and Girls were easily kidnapped.—*Deiotarus* was a mighty Believer of *Augury*.—*Deiotarus* destroyed his ungracious Progeny.—The Regularity of the *Romans* was their mortal Aversion.—They desired the Consuls to curb such hainous doings.—He had such a shrewd Invention that no Side of a Question came amiss to him.—*Brutus* found his Mistress a coquettish Creature.

He sometimes, with most unlucky Dexterity, mixes the Grand and the Burlesque together; *the Violation of Faith, Sir, says Cassius, lies at the Door of the Rhodians by reiterated Acts of Perfidy*.—The iron Grate fell down, crushed those under it to Death, and caught the rest as in a Trap.—When the *Xanthians* heard the military Shout, and saw the Flame mount, they concluded there would be no Mercy. It was now about Sun-set, and they had been at hot Work since Noon.

He has often Words or Phrases with which our Language has hitherto had no Knowledge.—One was a Heart-friend to the Republic. A Deed was expedited. The *Numidians* begun to reel, and were in Hazard of falling into Confusion.—The Tutor embraced his Pupil close in his Arms.—Four hundred Women were taxed who have no doubt been the Wives of the best *Roman Citizens*.—Men not

born to Action are inconsequential in Government—collectitious Troops.—The Foot by their violent Attack began the fatal Break in the *Pharsaliac* Field. He and his Brother, with a Politic common to other Countries, had taken opposite Sides.

His Epithets are of the gaudy or hyperbolical Kind. The glorious News.—Eager Hopes and dismal Fears. Bleeding *Rome*—divine Laws and hallowed Customs—Merciless War—intense Anxiety.

Sometimes the Reader is suddenly ravished with a sonorous Sentence, of which when the Noise is past the Meaning does not long remain. When *Brutus* set his Legions to fill a Moat, instead of heavy Dragging and slow Toil, they set about it with Huzzas and Racing, as if they had been striving at the *Olympic* Games. They hurled impetuous down the huge Trees and Stones, and with Shouts forced them into the Water; so that the Work, expected to continue half the Campaign, was with rapid Toil completed in a few Days. *Brutus's* Soldiers fell to the Gate with resistless Fury, it gave Way at last with hideous Crash.—This great and good Man, doing his Duty to his Country, received a mortal Wound, and glorious fell in the Cause of *Rome*; may his Memory be ever dear to all Lovers of Liberty, Learning and Humanity!—This Promise ought ever to embalm his Memory.—The Queen of Nations was torn by no foreign Invader. *Rome* fell a Sacrifice to her own Sons, and was ravaged by her unnatural Offspring: All the great Men of the State, all the Good, all the Holy, were openly murdered by the wickedest and worst.—Little Islands cover the Harbour of *Brindisi*, and form the narrow Outlet from the numerous Creeks that compose its capacious Port—At the Appearance of *Brutus* and *Cassius* a Shout of Joy rent the Heavens from the surrounding Multitudes.

Such



Such are the Flowers which may be gathered by every Hand in every Part of this Garden of Eloquence. But having thus freely mentioned our Author's Faults, it remains that we acknowledge his Merit; and confess that this Book is the Work of a Man of Letters, that it is full of Events displayed with Accuracy, and related with Vivacity; and tho' it is sufficiently defective to crush the Vanity of its Author, it is sufficiently entertaining to invite Readers.

A LETTER



COURT OF JUSTICE

such are the flowers which may be gathered by every hand in every part of this Garden of Liberty. But having thus freely mentioned our Ancestors' Faults, it remains that we acknowledge the Blessings and Graces which are the Work of a Merciful Father, that it is full of Fruits delivered with Accuracy, and related with Vivacity; and that it is sufficiently defective to crush the Vanity of us Americans, it is sufficiently interesting to invite Readers.

A

L E T T E R

F R O M

A FRENCH REFUGEE in AMERICA to  
his FRIEND a GENTLEMAN in ENGLAND.

S I R,

THE Loser must be allowed to speak; you will give us Leave therefore, who have already begun to suffer, and who know not what is yet behind, to represent to you some of the Instances of Neglect on our own Part, and of Ill-conduct and unkind Usage toward us, on the Part of our Mother Country.

I shall begin with the Policy of the *English* in appointing us our Governors, who are generally Strangers and have no landed Interest here; and who therefore cannot be supposed to have that natural Affection for us, or that political Attachment to us, which Natives, or those who have a large landed Interest here, may be supposed to have.

Another Consideration, which tends to break the Tie between us, is, that they generally Reside but a little While among us; or, at least, have no Views of continuing for Life; and are too often sent hither only to serve a Turn. Is it therefore any Wonder that such Persons as these should be but

but very indifferent with Regard to our Interest, however solicitous they may be in cultivating what they may call their own? \*

Another Hardship is, not being suffered to go into those Manufactures which Nature has fitted and designed us for. This Restraint, you are sensible, is laid upon us under the Pretence, lest we should rival our Mother Country. Whereas God and Nature no doubt designed, that every Part of the Globe should contribute its Quota towards the Wants and Advantages of Human Life; and to restrain any Part of the Earth, in this Respect, from political Considerations, is nothing less than laying an Embargo upon Nature, and shackling, as it were, Divine Providence itself. If we rival *Europe* in some Articles, *Europe* rivals us in others. Nature ought to have its free Course in this Respect, and not to be checked and put out of the Direction the God of Nature and the great King of Kings has given her. Nor, indeed, are Princes aware what Injuries they do themselves, as well as what Hardships they lay their Subjects under, by Restraints of this Kind: How many Countries have revolted, and others been lost and torn from their Mother Nations by being kept in this Bondage? And it will be well, if, by thus keeping down the *American* Colonies, and not letting us exert our natural Strength, we do not become a Prey to a foreign Power, instead of being a Defence to our Mother Country, as we might easily have been made ere this in much greater Degrees

\* Without an Attendance to the above Considerations, it is hard to conceive, how such enormous Incroachments could have been suffered to have taken Place on our Territories in *America*, by the *French* and *Spaniards*; more especially by the former, who have in a Manner covered that Country with their Forts, in order to maintain those Incroachments. See a Map published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for *July*, 1755, where these Incroachments appear by Inspection, as also the numerous Forts built in Defence of them, many of which have been erected since the Treaty of *Aix-la-Chapelle*.

grees than we are now capable of being, had we been suffered to have exerted ourselves in our own proper Sphere.

Another Instance of gross Neglect has been the not repelling, immediately and without any Loss of Time, the first Incroachments, whether on the Sea-coast, or Inland, or with regard to Islands. As soon as ever Advice had been received that the *French* or *Spaniards* had invaded our Territories, or neutral Lands or Islands, and were beginning to settle and fortify themselves upon them, we should have gone against these Invaders directly, and have driven them out Sword in Hand; and not pretended to have entered into Treaty with People who will spend Year after Year in treating with you, and keep all the while invading you, and fortifying themselves in those Invasions, and then you may drive them out of their Incroachments how you can. If the *French* or *Spaniards* had any Demands upon us, they should have proposed them to us and made their Claims; and if we would not have heard the Voice of Treaties, of Evidence, Reason and Justice, it would then have been Time enough for them to had recourse to arms; but to invade us first, and then to talk about treating, is all a mere Joke.\*

But once more, our Mother Country has been certainly wanting to us, as well as to herself, in not directing long since the Building a strong Squadron of Ships here, where we have so many Materials towards it, and could so easily have manned them; which would have served as a Fleet of Observation to have watched the Sea-coasts, and prevented all Incroachments upon them, not to say on the neutral *American* Islands; and even the Landing of the last  
late

\* It was as long ago as *July*, 1754, that the *French* had the Insolence to attack Colonel *Washington*, and to drive him out of Fort Necessity in *Virginia*, murdering a Number of his Men; at which Time the whole Garrison narrowly escaped being put to the Sword,



late Armament from *France*, which may prove so fatal to us, if not counterwrought by a proper Reinforcement from *England*, might, in all Probability, have been prevented.

What shall I say to the giving up *Cape-Breton*? Had we been suffered to keep that important Place, it might have prevented the present *American War*, by breaking, in a good Measure, the Chain which the *French* have formed between *Canada* and *Louisiana*. Certainly, as it was an *American Conquest*, it ought in Justice, and more especially in Policy, to have been left to *America*. And if all the Powers of *Europe* cannot, or will not make Head against *France* on the *European Continent*, why must *America*, a poor infant Settlement of but about a Century or two's standing be the Sacrifice? Had we kept the Island of *Cape-Breton*, it would have been a good Step towards driving the *French* intirely out of *America*; and, it is much to be feared, we shall never have any solid Peace till that is done. In which Case, we had been in Condition to have lent our Mother Country incredible Assistance in a Time of War; whereas, now, by being thus reduced again into Bondage, we stand in Need of Assistance from her. *Louisburg* is the *Dunkirk* of *America*.

I come now to an Article of much Folly and Guilt: I mean no other than our Management of the *Indians*. These, we should have endeavoured, no doubt by all possible Means, to have gained over to, and secured in our Interest, in Opposition to those in the Interest of *France* and *Spain*. This should have been attempted by all possible Application to their Minds and their Bodies. We should have endeavoured to have given them just Notions of Life, natural, civil, and religious; and shewn them the Difference between the Friendship, the Service, and the Government of the *English*, and of the *French* and *Spaniards*. Where Reason had failed

failed us, I mean where we had found the *Indians* incapable of the Convictions of Reason, we should have had Recourse to such other Considerations as are immediate and palpable; and such as, considering them as mere Animals only, they could not but have been sensible to.

After gaining over as many of the Adults as possible into our Interest, we should have been particularly attentive to the Education of their Children; In order to have worn out the Race of the wild *Indians*, we should have taught them our Language, and the first Principles of our Learning, natural, civil, and religious; initiated them into the mechanical Trades, and shewn them the Conveniences and Accommodations of Life, in order to have drawn them off from the savage Life of their Parents; and a few of Genius selected out from each Nation among them, might have been introduced to an Acquaintance with the liberal Arts, who might have been made Instruments to have gained others.

But there is the less Necessity to enlarge upon this Head; as I have observed from time to time among the Advertisements found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* you sent me, a Treatise upon the Importance of gaining and preserving the Friendship of the *Indians* to the *British* Interest; which however, I suppose, like multitudes of your other Books, has lain by neglected among you, as it has done among us.

Lastly, it is Pity, methinks, that a Scheme, like that obtaining among the *French*, was not set on Foot here; by which an immediate Estimate might be made of our natural, civil, and military Strength; which, more especially in a Time of War, might be of infinite Service.

I say nothing at present of the Neglect with Regard to the Peopling of us more thoroughly: Tho' there is Room, it is certain, to receive, and Work enough to employ, all the spare Hands of the Islands  
of

of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*: Nor need you have any single Beggar or Stroller left throughout the three Kingdoms.

Nor do I take any Notice of the Deficiencies in the forming and training our Militia, or those already settled among us. These, together with several other Articles natural, civil, and religious, will be the Subject of another Year's Letters, if Providence shall permit the Continuance of the Correspondence; which, however, considering my Age and the Troubles in view, is not, I am afraid, very probable.

Thus, Sir, I have laid before you a Specimen of our Grievances; some of them occasioned by our own Indolence, and others by the Neglect of our Mother Country. You compassionate us, I do not question, harrassed by Robbers on either Side, the Inhabitants of *Canada* and *Louisiana*, not to say the *French* and *Spaniards*\*; but, Sir, Pity alone, give me Leave to tell you, will not do. You must send us Supplies. Veterans and Engineers are the People that we want to mix with our raw Levies, and to pit against the Veterans and Engineers of *France*; without a timely and powerful Supply of which, God only knows what must be the Consequence.

Adieu, dear Sir, and may Heaven avert the melancholy Appearances which now threaten us.

Make my Compliments to all our common Friends, and particularly to the Reverend Mr. — and his very agreeable Family, letting him know how sincerely glad I now am, that he did not accept my pressing Invitations of settling here, offered him when I was last in *England*. Since, if there are not already enow of us to repel the *French*, there are, however,

\* It is not long since we had Advice that the *Spaniards* had rebuilt the Forts of Incroachment in *Georgia*, which had been demolished by General *Oglethorpe* during his Government of that Colony; to say nothing of their late Conduct in regard to our Settlements in the Bays of *Honduras* and *Campeachy*.



however, enow of us to fall before them, and to be enslaved by them : One or the other of which must certainly be the Fate of all the Inhabitants of every Country, where these perfidious and bloody People obtain the Mastery. I am,

Dear, Sir, &c.

*America,*  
Aug. 1, 1755.

GALLO-ANGLUS.

P. S. Don't you think me an unhappy Man ? Driven out of *France*, as you know I first was together with my Parents, in Infancy, by that hoary Tyrant *Louis XIV.* into *Holland*: From thence residing some Years in *England*. And now settling, as I thought, for the last Time, in order to spend the Remainder of my Days in these Solitudes, to have the Repose of my old Age broken, by Men whom I am ashamed to call my Countrymen : As they are indeed no other than the common Enemies and sworn Disturbers of Mankind, resolving that no Body shall ever have any Enjoyment of Life, till they become their Subjects ; when it will be impossible they should have any.

O B S E R-

# OBSERVATIONS ON THE STATE of AFFAIRS in 1756.

**T**HE Time is now come in which every *Englishman* expects to be informed of the National Affairs, and in which he has a Right to have that Expectation gratified. For whatever may be urged by Ministers, or those whom Vanity or Interest make the Followers of Ministers, concerning the Necessity of Confidence in our Governors, and the Presumption of prying with profane Eyes into the Recesses of Policy, it is evident, that this Reverence can be claimed only by Counsels yet unexecuted, and Projects suspended in Deliberation. But when a Design has ended in Miscarriage or Success, when every Eye and every Ear is Witness to general Discontent, or general Satisfaction, it is then a proper Time to disentangle Confusion, and illustrate Obscurity, to shew by what Causes every Event was produced, and in what Effects it is likely to terminate; To lay down with distinct Particularity what Rumour always huddles in general Exclamations, or perplexes by undigested Narratives; to shew whence Happiness or Calamity is derived, and whence it may be expected; and honestly to lay before the People what Inquiry can gather of the Past, and Conjecture can estimate of the Future.

The general Subject of the present War is sufficiently known. It is allowed on both Sides, that

Hostilities began in *America*, and that the *French* and *English* quarrelled about the Boundaries of their Settlements, about Grounds and Rivers to which, I am afraid, neither can shew any other Right than that of Power, and which neither can occupy but by Usurpation, and the Dispossession of the natural Lords and original Inhabitants. Such is the Contest that no honest Man can heartily wish Success to either Party.

It may indeed be alleged, that the *Indians* have granted large Tracts of Land both to one and to the other; but these Grants can add little to the Validity of our Titles, till it be experienced how they were obtained: For if they were extorted by Violence, or induced by Fraud; by Threats, which the Miseries of other Nations had shewn not to be vain, or by Promises of which no Performance was ever intended, what are they but new Modes of Usurpation, but new Instances of Cruelty and Treachery?

And indeed what but false Hope, or restless Terror can prevail upon a weaker Nation to invite a Stronger into their Country, to give their Lands to Strangers whom no Affinity of Manners, or Similitude of Opinion, can be said to recommend, to permit them to build Towns from which the Natives are excluded, to raise Fortresses by which they are intimidated, to settle themselves with such Strength, that they cannot afterwards be expelled, but are for ever to remain the Masters of the original Inhabitants, the Dictators of their Conduct, and the Arbiters of their Fate?

When we see Men acting thus against the Precepts of Reason, and the Instincts of Nature, we cannot hesitate to determine, that by some Means or other they were debarred from Choice; that they were lured or frightened into Compliance; that they either granted only what they found impossible to keep,



keep, or expected Advantages upon the Faith of their new Inmates, which there was no Purpose to confer upon them. It cannot be said, that the *Indians* originally invited us to their Coasts; we went uncalled and unexpected to Nations who had no Imagination that the Earth contained any Inhabitants so distant and so different from themselves. We astonished them with our Ships, with our Arms, and with our general Superiority. They yielded to us as to Beings of another and higher Race, sent among them from some unknown Regions, with Power which naked *Indians* could not resist, and which they were therefore, by every Act of Humility, to propitiate, that they, who could so easily destroy, might be induced to spare.

On To this Influence, and to this only, are to be attributed all the Cessions and Submissions of the *Indian* Princes, if indeed any such Cessions were ever made, of which we have no Witness but those who claim from them, and there is no great Malignity in suspecting, that those who have robbed have also lied.

Some Colonies indeed have been established more peaceably than others. The utmost Extremity of Wrong has not always been practised; but those that have settled in the New World on the fairest Terms, have no other Merit than that of a Scrivener who ruins in Silence, over a Plunderer that seizes by Force; all have taken what had other Owners, and all have had recourse to Arms, rather than quit the Prey on which they had fastened.

The *American* Dispute between the *French* and us is therefore only the Quarrel of two Robbers for the Spoils of a Passenger; but as Robbers have Terms of Confederacy, which they are obliged to observe as Members of the Gang, so the *English* and *French* may have relative Rights, and do Injustice to each other, while both are injuring the *Indians*. And

such, indeed, is the present Contest: They have parted the Northern Continent of *America* between them, and are now disputing about their Boundaries, and each is endeavouring the Destruction of the other by the Help of the *Indians*, whose Interest it is that both should be destroyed.

Both Nations clamour with great Vehemence about Infraction of Limits, Violation of Treaties, open Usurpation, insidious Artifices, and Breach of Faith. The *English* rail at the perfidious *French*, and the *French* at the encroaching *English*; they quote Treaties on each Side, charge each other with aspiring to universal Monarchy, and complain on either Part of the Insecurity of Possession near such turbulent Neighbours.

Through this Mist of Controversy it can raise no Wonder that the Truth is not easily discovered. When a Quarrel has been long carried on between Individuals, it is often very hard to tell by whom it was begun. Every Fact is darkened by Distance, by Interest, and by Multitudes. Information is not easily procured from far; those whom the Truth will not favour, will not step voluntarily forth to tell it; and where there are many Agents, it is easy for every single Action to be concealed.

All these Causes concur to the Obscurity of the Question, "by whom were Hostilities in *America* commenced?" Perhaps there never can be remembered a Time in which Hostilities had ceased. Two powerful Colonies inflamed with immemorial Rivalry, and placed out of the Superintendence of the Mother Nations; were not likely to be long at rest. Some Opposition was always going forward, some Mischief was every Day done or meditated, and the Borderers were always better pleased with what they could snatch from their Neighbours, than what they had of their own.

In this Disposition to reciprocal Invasion a Cause of Dispute never could be wanting. The Forests and Desarts of *America* are without Land-marks, and therefore cannot be particularly specified in Stipulations: The Appellations of those wide-extended Regions have in every Mouth a different Meaning, and are understood on either Side as Inclination happens to contract or extend them. Who has yet pretended to define how much of *America* is included in *Brazil*, *Mexico*, or *Peru*? It is almost as easy to divide the *Atlantic* Ocean by a Line, as clearly to ascertain the Limits of those uncultivated, uninhabitable, unmeasured Regions.

It is likewise to be considered, that Contracts concerning Boundaries are often left vague and indefinite without Necessity, by the Desire of each Party, to interpret the Ambiguity to its own Advantage when a fit Opportunity shall be found. In forming Stipulations, the Commissaries are often Ignorant, and often Negligent; they are sometimes weary with Debate, and contract a tedious Discussion into general Terms, or refer it to a former Treaty, which was never understood. The weaker Part is always afraid of requiring Explanations, and the stronger always has an Interest in leaving the Question undecided: Thus it will happen, without great Caution on either Side, that after long Treaties solemnly ratified, the Rights that had been disputed are still equally open to Controversy.

In *America*, it may easily be supposed, that there are Tracts of Land not yet claimed by either Party, and therefore mentioned in no Treaties, which yet one or the other may be afterwards inclined to occupy; but to these vacant and unsettled Countries each Nation may pretend, as each conceives itself intitled to all that is not expressly granted to the other.

Here then is a perpetual Ground of Contest: Every Enlargement of the Possessions of either will be con-



sidered as something taken from the other, and each will endeavour to regain what had never been claimed, but that the other occupied it.

Thus obscure in its Original is the *American* Contest. It is difficult to find the first Invader, or to tell where Invasion properly begins; but I suppose it is not to be doubted, that after the last War, when the *French* had made Peace with such apparent Superiority, they naturally began to treat us with less Respect in distant Parts of the World, and to consider us as a People from whom they had nothing to fear, and who could no longer presume to contravene their Designs, or to check their Progress.

The Power of doing wrong with Impunity seldom waits long for the Will; and it is reasonable to believe, that in *America* the *French* would avow their Purpose of aggrandising themselves with at least as little Reserve as in *Europe*. We may therefore readily believe, that they were unquiet Neighbours, and had no great Regard to Right, which they believed us no longer able to enforce.

That in forming a Line of Forts behind our Colonies, if in no other Part of their Attempt, they had acted against the general Intention, if not against the literal Terms of Treaties, can scarcely be denied; for it never can be supposed, that we intended to be inclosed between the Sea and the *French* Garrisons, or preclude ourselves from extending our Plantations backwards to any Length that our Convenience should require.

With Dominion is conferred every Thing that can secure Dominion. He that has the Coast, has likewise the Sea to a certain Distance; he that possesses a Fortrefs, has the Right of prohibiting another Fortrefs to be built within the Command of its Cannon. When therefore we planted the Coast of *North-America*, we supposed the Possession of the inland Region granted to an indefinite Extent, and every

every Nation that settled in that Part of the World, seems, by the Permission of every other Nation, to have made the same Supposition in its own Favour.

Here then, perhaps, it will be safest to fix the Justice of our Cause; here we are apparently and indisputably injured, and this Injury, may, according to the Practice of Nations, be justly resentet. Whether we have not in return made some Ineroachments upon them, must be left doubtful, till our Practices on the *Ohio* shall be stated and vindicated. There are no two Nations confining on each other, between whom a War may not always be kindled with plausible Pretences on either Part, as there is always passing between them, a Reciprocation of Injuries, and Fluctuation of Ineroachments.

From the Conclusion of the last Peace perpetual Complaints of the Supplantations and Invasions of the *French* have been sent to *Europe* from our Colonies, and transmitted to our Ministers at *Paris*, where good Words were sometimes given us, and the Practices of the *American* Commanders were sometimes disowned, but no Redress was ever obtained, nor is it probable that any Prohibition was sent to *America*. We were still amused with such doubtful Promises as those who are afraid of War are ready to interpret in their own Favour, and the *French* pushed forward their Line of Fortresses, and seemed to resolve that before our Complaints were finally dismissed, all Remedy should be hopeless.

We likewise endeavoured at the same Time to form a Barrier against the *Canadians* by sending a Colony to *New-Scotland*, a cold uncomfortable Tract of Ground, of which we had long the nominal Possession before we really began to occupy it. To this those were invited whom the Cessation of War deprived of Employment, and made burthensome to their Country; and Settlers were allured thither by many fallacious Descriptions of fertile Vallies and

clear Skies. What Effects these Pictures of *American* Happiness had upon my Countrymen I was never informed, but I suppose very few sought Provision in those frozen Regions, whom Guilt or Poverty did not drive from their native Country. About the Boundaries of this new Colony there were some Disputes, but as there was nothing yet worth a Contest, the Power of the *French* was not much exerted on that Side; some Disturbance was however given, and some Skirmishes ensued. But perhaps being peopled chiefly with Soldiers, who would rather live by Plunder than by Agriculture, and who consider War as their best Trade, *New-Scotland* would be more obstinately defended than some Settlements of far greater Value; and the *French* are too well informed of their own Interest, to provoke Hostility for no Advantage, or to select that Country for Invasion, where they must hazard much, and can win little. They therefore pressed on Southward behind our ancient and wealthy Settlements, and built Fort after Fort at such Distances that they might conveniently relieve one another, invade our Colonies with sudden Incurfions, and retire to Places of Safety before our People could unite to oppose them.

This Design of the *French* has been long formed, and long known, both in *America* and *Europe*, and might at first have been easily repressed, had Force been used instead of Expostulation. When the *English* attempted a Settlement upon the Island of *St. Lucia*, the *French*, whether justly or not, considering it as neutral and forbidden to be occupied by either Nation, immediately landed upon it, and destroyed the Houses, wasted the Plantations, and drove or carried away the Inhabitants. This was done in the Time of Peace, when mutual Professions of Friendship were daily exchanged by the two Courts, and was not considered as any Violation of Treaties,



Treaties, nor was any more than a very soft Remonstrance made on our Part.

The *French* therefore taught us how to act; but an *Hanoverian* Quarrel with the House of *Austria* for some Time induced us to court, at any Expence, the Alliance of a Nation whose very Situation makes them our Enemies. We suffered them to destroy our Settlements, and to advance their own, which we had an equal Right to attack. The Time however came at last, when we ventured to quarrel with *Spain*, and then *France* no longer suffered the Appearance of Peace to subsist between us, but armed in Defence of her Ally.

The Events of the War are well known, we pleased ourselves with a Victory at *Dettingen*, where we left our wounded Men to the Care of our Enemies, but our Army was broken at *Fontenoy* and *Val*; and though after the Disgrace which we suffered in the *Mediterranean*, we had some naval Success, and an accidental Dearth made Peace necessary for the *French*, yet they prescribed the Conditions, obliged us to give Hostages, and acted as Conquerors, though as Conquerors of Moderation.

In this War the *Americans* distinguished themselves in a Manner unknown and unexpected. The *New-English* raised an Army, and under the Command of *Pepperel* took *Cape-Breton*, with the Assistance of the Fleet. This is the most important Fortress in *America*. We pleased ourselves so much with the Acquisition, that we could not think of restoring it, and among the Arguments used to inflame the People against *Charles Stuart*, it was very clamorously urged, that if he gained the Kingdom, he would give *Cape-Breton* back to the *French*.

The *French* however had a more easy Expedient to regain *Cape-Breton* than by exalting *Charles Stuart* to the *English* Throne: They took in their Turn Fort St. George, and had our *East-India* Company wholly

wholly in their Power, whom they restored at the Peace to their former Possessions, that they may continue to export our Silver.

*Cape-Breton* therefore was restored, and the *French* were re-established in *America*, with equal Power and greater Spirit, having lost nothing by the War, which they had before gained.

To the general Reputation of their Arms, and that habitual Superiority which they derive from it, they owe their Power in *America*, rather than to any real Strength, or Circumstances of Advantage. Their Numbers are yet not great; their Trade, though daily improved, is not very extensive; their Country is barren; their Fortresses, though numerous, are weak, and rather Shelters from wild Beasts, or savage Nations, than Places built for Defence against Bombs or Cannons. *Cape-Breton* has been found not to be impregnable; nor, if we consider the State of the Places possessed by the two Nations in *America*, is there any Reason upon which the *French* should have presumed to molest us, but that they thought our Spirit so broken that we durst not resist them; and in this Opinion our long Forbearance easily confirmed them.

We forgot, or rather avoided to think, that what we delayed to do must be done at last, and done with more Difficulty, as it was delayed longer; that while we were complaining, and they were eluding, or answering our Complaints, Fort was rising upon Fort, and one Invasion made a Precedent for another.

This Confidence of the *French* is exalted by some real Advantages. If they possess in those Countries less than we, they have more to gain, and less to hazard; if they are less numerous, they are better united.

The *French* compose one Body with one Head. They have all the same Interest, and agree to pursue it

it by the same Means. They are subject to a Governor commissioned by an absolute Monarch, and participating the Authority of his Master. Designs are therefore formed without Debate, and executed without Impediment. They have yet more martial than mercantile Ambition, and seldom suffer their military Schemes to be entangled with collateral Projects of Gain: They have no Wish but for Conquest, of which they justly consider Riches as the Consequence.

Some Advantages they will always have as Invaders. They make War at the Hazard of their Enemies: The Contest being carried on in our Territories, we must lose more by a Victory than they will suffer by a Defeat. They will subsist, while they stay, upon our Plantations; and perhaps destroy them when they can stay no longer. If we pursue them, and carry the War into their Dominions, our Difficulties will increase every Step as we advance, for we shall leave Plenty behind us, and find nothing in *Canada* but Lakes and Forests barren and trackless; our Enemies will shut themselves up in their Forts, against which it is difficult to bring Cannon through so rough a Country, and which, if they are provided with good Magazines, will soon starve those who besiege them.

All these are the natural Effects of their Government and Situation; they are accidentally more formidable as they are less happy. But the Favour of the *Indians* which they enjoy, with very few Exceptions, among all the Nations of the Northern Continent, we ought to consider with other Thoughts; this Favour we might have enjoyed, if we had been careful to deserve it. The *French*, by having these savage Nations on their Side, are always supplied with Spies and Guides, and with Auxiliaries, like the *Tartars* to the *Turks*, or the *Hussars* to the *Germans*, of no great Use against Troops ranged in



Order of Battle, but very well qualified to maintain a War among Woods and Rivulets, where much Mischief may be done by unexpected Onsets, and Safety be obtained by quick Retreats. They can waste a Colony by sudden Inroads, surprize the straggling Planters, frighten the Inhabitants into Towns, hinder the Cultivation of Lands, and starve those whom they are not able to conquer.

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## DESCRIPTION

OF THE

## GROTTO of ANTIPAROS.

**A**NTIPAROS is one of the smallest Islands of the *Levant*; has but a single Village on it, and very few Inhabitants: It is one continued Mass of Stone, but covered two or three Feet deep, and very rich in Vegetables. In this Island is the famous Grotto, known from the earliest Times, and celebrated down to these. I heard so much of it that I was determin'd to go down; but I confess that I often repented my Curiosity, and often gave myself for lost. I am apt to suspect no Body will follow my Example, and that my Account will be the last that ever will be given from personal Observation.

We were led about four Miles from the Town to the Place: The Opening into it is by a vast Cavern formed into a Kind of natural Arch at the Entrance; this opens in the solid Rock, and its Roof and Sides are rough and craggy. There are some Pillars the Work of Nature, not of Art, which divide this Entrance into two Parts; on the largest of these there is the Remains of an Inscription; it is very ancient, and consists only of some proper Names. The *Greeks*, who at present inhabit the Island, have a Tradition that they are the Names of the Conspirators

spirators against *Alexander the Great*, who retired hither as to a Place of the greatest Security that could be found; but there is nothing to countenance this Supposition.

The Descent into the Cavern is by a sloping Walk that begins between two Pillars on the right Hand. 'Tis but a gentle Declivity at first; but afterwards it becomes much more steep. We were now at the farther Part of the Cavern, and our Guides lighted their Torches, and pointed to an Opening that led to the Recesses of the Grotto. They were in no Humour to go down before us. I was obliged to walk in first with a Flambeau in my Hand, and a Fellow with another just behind me; after him followed three more; and there were still two others behind, who were to keep at a little Distance, to be ready in case of Accidents.

We had not walked far along this narrow Alley, which was too low to admit our standing upright, when I saw before me a strong iron Staple driven into the Rock; the Guides, if I may so call the People who went behind, not before us, had told me of this, and one of them had now the Courage to come forward, and fasten a Rope he had brought for that Purpose to the Staple. I had some Difficulty to persuade him to make the first Descent into a frightful Abyss, which was now immediately before us; I was the Second that descended; we slid down by means of the Rope, and I found myself on a level Floor with Walls of rough Rock all about me, and a vast arched Roof above. There had been nothing particular in the Sound of my Guide's Voice from below; but that of those who answered me from above, was echoed to us in Thunder. When we were all landed, a Gratitude, which I gave the bold Fellow who descended first, encouraged him to precede us again; he turned to the Right, and led us, after a few Paces, to the Brink



of another Precipice. This was less steep, but much deeper than the former. Our Guide placed himself on his Breech, and with his Torch held up in both Hands, slid down with a frightful Rapidity: We followed him, and I hoped we were now at the Bottom. Alas! what an Imagination! We had Leisure here to breathe again, and there was something in the perfect Stillness of the Place that appeared awful, and yet pleasing: It was a frightful Consideration to think how far we were out of the Reach of Day; but our Torches and Flambeaus burnt well, and all about us was sufficiently enlightened: The Air was not at all close or disagreeable as if confined, but warm and pleasant; and so, perfectly out of the Reach of all Interruption, we had Opportunities of examining very favourably all about us.

The Rocks at the Sides of the Cavern in which we now stood, were in general of a Kind of Porphyry, with a great Deal of Purple in it; a Stone very frequent in these Islands, and which would certainly be very beautiful if cut: The rough and prominent Edges in several Parts of these, were at once terrible and beautiful. The Roof was out of the Reach of the Eye, at least the Light of the Flambeaux did not reach it with Strength sufficient to give us any distinct View of it. The Floor or Pavement was of a Stone quite different from the Sides, a rough and soft grey Flag-stone, like those of some Parts of *Yorkshire*, which they use in Building; and in this there were lodged a vast Number of petrified Shells, *cornua ammonis*, & *conchae anominae*, which stood up above the Level, and made it very disagreeable to the Feet.

From this Place our Conductor led us to the Brink of another Precipice, not deep, but horribly steep; he in a Moment flung himself down this, and then turned a Ladder, which hung down on

one Side, and thrusting it up within the Reach of our Feet, held the Bottom steady while we descended by it: I cannot remember any Thing equal to the Terror I conceived at letting myself down with my Breast to the Rock, and hanging by my Hands above, to get my Feet to the top Round of this Ladder. From hence I descended with less Pain: But it was a terrible Prospect, from the left Hand to see Precipices and opening Caverns ready to swallow any one up, who should have the least Slip with the Foot. From the Plain on which we found ourselves after this last Descent, we were conducted along narrow and low Passages, and sometimes thro' broader, but all the Way upon the Descent to a considerable Distance.

Here I was in Hopes we were at the End of our Expedition; but no such Matter: Our Guide, who had been once before down, crept with trembling Feet before us, and warned us of a Precipice more terrible than any of the former: This was no way to be descended but by Means of a Ladder, that was brought on Purpose by our Guides, and unfortunately it was not quite so long as it should have been. We had great Difficulty to let the Fellow down by a Rope, and when he had fixed the Ladder, we had the same Difficulty as before to get to the first Round. From the Bottom of this Cavern, which was not Rock like the rest, but Earth, and somewhat moist, proceeded to another Declivity too deep for our Ladder; but not so steep as to have absolute Necessity for it. We were reduced to fix our Cord once again here, and one by one to slide down the Rock on our Backs, with a firm Hold to the Rope. The Ridge of the Rock on which we made our Way in this Descent terminated on the right Hand very abruptly, and we could distinguish Water in the Depth below.

When

When we had got to the Bottom of this last Descent the Danger was over, but we were not yet at the End of our Expedition; we had yet a long and uncomfortable Way; we crept sometimes on all Fours, sometimes we slid on our Backs, and in other Places we were obliged to crawl on our Bellies, over very ragged Rocks, where there was not three Feet Height in the Passages. All this was continued thro' a gradual Descent. We at length arrived at a vast Bed of Rock, which threw itself in such Manner before us as it seemed to stop all farther Passage; but our Guide promised better Things. He left us in the Care of one of his Fellows, and taking the Rest with him round the jetting Rock, desired us to wait his Return a few Minutes. He took that Opportunity to enlighten the Grotto, at the very Entrance of which we now were; they had tied Flambeaux to many Parts of the Rock, that stood out beyond the Rest, and had fixed several on the Floor: These were all blazing when he led us in.

The most uncomfortable Part of the Expedition had been that we had lost of all suffered, left only with one Guide, enlightened only by one Flambeau, in a narrow Passage, and with a Rock before us; but from this the Change was beyond Description amazing. He led us into the Grotto, the Opening of which is behind the prominent Rock: The Light of eight Flambeaux in full Blaze was at first too much for the Eyes; the Splendor of the whole Place almost intolerable. We found ourselves in a Cavern the most Amazing, and at the same Time the most Beautiful that could be conceived.

The Grotto is a vast Vault, the Roof arched and irregular, the Pavement in some Places very even, and in others rough enough; the Sides, which in some Places form Sweeps of Circles, are in some of the naked Rock, but in others they are covered with an infinite Variety of Incrustations. The Height of



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the Roof is about eighty Feet, the Length of the Grotto about three hundred, and its Breadth nearly as much: The greatest Depth is towards the Middle, but not exactly in the Centre. We were now between nine hundred and a thousand Feet from the Surface of the Ground where we came in; nor is this the Depth of the Descent; our Guides told us, that the Passages continued between seven and eight hundred Feet deeper; but this we took their Words for, as we suppose they had taken that of some others; for it is not probable that any Body went farther than this Place.

I know not where to begin describing it; among such Variety of Splendor what can deserve first Notice? The Dropstones hanging like Icieles from the Roof of Caverns in the Mines, and in the *Eolian* Hills, the Incrustations of different Kinds on their Sides, and Masses of fine Spar at the Bottom; those who have not seen the Grotto of *Antiparos* may think Beautiful: But it is here they are found in a Perfection that makes every Thing elsewhere appear contemptible. The Matter which forms these Incrustations in other Places is often very clear and bright; but it is no where so pure as in this; it is here perfect bright Crystal, and the Surface of the Cavern, Roof, Floor, and Sides, are covered with it. You will think this alone must have been fine; but the Form into which it was thrown exceeds the Materials. And think what must be the Splendor of an Arch thus covered, and thus illuminated! The Light of the Flambeaux was reflected from above, from below, and from all Sides; and as it was thrown back from Angle to Angle among the Ornaments of the Roof and Sides, gave all the Colours of the Rainbow.

It was long that the Eye was lost in such a complicated Blaze of Splendor, before I could direct it to any particular Object; at length I began to view the

the Roof, hung with pendant Gems as it appeared : In these Caverns there is always an ouzing of Water from the Roof, or there are Vapours ascending from below, which in the Hollows are condensed into a Water ; either the one or the other of them contains at all Times the Particles of this crystalline Matter. The Quantity of Water is small, and its Course slow ; it hangs and trickles in Drops from the Top, or it runs in the same slow Stream along the Side : In either Case it leaves behind it that crystalline Matter which it had contained, and spreads a little Glazing on either Wall, or forms the Rudiment of a stony Icicle from the Roof : Every following Drop extends the Icicle, or enlarges the Glazing ; and, in Length of Time, covers the Wall, and forms a Thousand inverted Pyramids from the Roof. Nor is this all : what Drops fall from the Top still contain a little of the crystalline Matter, though it had left the greater Part above, and this Remainder separates from it there. By this Means is formed the plain Glazing of the Floor, where the Drops fall faster ; where they succeed one another more slowly there are formed Congeries of this pure stony Matter, of various Forms and Shapes, and in an infinite Variety. This is the general System of the Incrustations and Ornaments of Grottos ; and this of *Antiparos*, as one of the largest and deepest in the World, contains them in the greatest Perfection.

We entered among a Grove of crystal Trees ; the Floor was in general of a smooth and glossy Spar, so *M.* called it, but I call it Crystal, of which it has all the Appearances. We walked on this bright Pavement in a Kind of serpentine Meander, among Shrubs and taller Masses of this Crystal, rising from the common Pavement with large and thick Stones, and spreading out into Heads and Tufts of Branches. Some of these were eight or ten Feet high, the Generality between two and five Feet. They were all

of the same Materials with the Floor; and what added vastly to their Beauty, as well as their Resemblance of Trees, was, that they were not smooth on the Surface, but covered all over with little shining Points: These, when examined, appeared to be Pyramids of the same Matter. They were in general about a Fifth of an Inch high, and of a triangular Figure: Their Bases, which grew upon the Mass, stood pretty close to one another; but their Tops distinct. The Breaking of the Light from the Flambeaux among these innumerable Prominences, and all of them angular, had a very fine Effect. At some Distance from the Entrance we came up to a Pillar of Crystal of seven Feet in Height, and more than a Foot in Diameter. This rises immediately from the Floor, and is of equal Thickness to the Top: Its Surface is very glossy, and of a pure and perfect Lustre. About this there stands three or four others, of four Feet high, and a proportionate Thickness: One of these has been broken, and the Piece lies by it. Our Guides desired us to examine the Stump at its Top, and shewed us that it was like that of a Tree which had been cut off. They bid us remark the Heart, and the several Circles of the softer Wood round it. They told us, this was exactly the same as in the Growing of Trees; and assured us, that these Trees of Crystal grew from the Floor in the same Manner. This is a System worthy the Intellects of Peasants: But we, who knew that these Columns, like the Rest of the Ornaments of the Floor, are formed by Matter left from Drops of Water following one another in long Succession, saw a better Reason for the Whole being composed of Crusts one over another. All the Stalactites or stony Icicles of the Top, and even the Covering of the Sides, is composed of a Number of Crusts laid over one another in the same Manner. On the other Parts of the Floor,



Floor, we saw little Hillocks of Crystal made in the same Manner; and in some of the hollower Parts there lay a Parcel of round Stones as white as Snow, and of the Bigness of Musket Bullets. These, when broken, were composed of Crusts laid over one another just in the Manner of all the other Concretions, and in the Center of one of them we found a Drop of Water. The Sides of the Grotto next came into Consideration; and what a Variety of Beauties did they afford! In some Places the plain Rock is covered with a vast Sheet of this Crystal, like a Cake of Ice, spread evenly over it, and of the Thickness of an Inch or two; its Surface perfectly smooth, and every where following the Shape of a Rock. In other Places, this Sheet of Crystal is variegated with a strange Quantity of irregular and modulated Figures all over its Surface. These were in some Spots more raised, in others less; but their Meanders very beautiful. In other Parts, where the Walls were so prominent that Drops from the Roof could reach them, there grew from their Surface, in the same Manner as from the Floor, Shrubs of Crystal; but these were in general lower, and more spreading than the Floor. We saw a great Number of about a Foot and Half in Height, rising from each a single Stone, thick and irregular, and spreading into a globular Head, of a Diameter almost equal to their Height. No Part of the Grotto appeared more beautiful than the Sides where these were more frequent. They were some of them pure and colourless, others white as Snow, and all of them covered over the whole Surface with those little Pyramids I have mentioned before. This however is little to the principal Beauty of the Sides. In some Places the Sheet of Crystal, instead of clinging immediately to the Wall or Rock, stood out at a Distance from it, forming a Kind of Curtain of pure pellucid Matter. This was an Appearance

ance at once singular and elegant, beyond all Things of the Kind that I had seen or read of. These Curtains of Crystal were ten or twelve Feet in Breadth, and in Height often twenty or more. They took their Origin from some Part of the Sweep of the Arch, and hung to the Floor. They usually were contiguous to the Wall at one Edge, and at a considerable Distance at the other, so that they formed a Kind of Closets or Apartments within, which were very beautiful, and led an Aspect unlike all Things in the World. These Curtains of Crystal were not plain, but folded and plaited; and their Undulations added not a little to their Beauty. If in any Parts they projected out so far as to take more of the falling Drops, they were there covered with little Pyramids of Crystal, such as those of the Trees and Shrubs on the Floor; but all the Rest of the Expanse of the smooth and glossy.

It yet remains that I describe the Roof of this wonderful Place; but there are not Terms in Language to express such a Variety of Objects which those who have hitherto used Language have never seen. In some Parts their diverged Rays of pure and glossy Crystal, in the Manner of a Star, form a lucid Center, stretching themselves to two or three Yards diameter: In another, Clusters like vast Bunches of Grapes hung down; and from others there were continued Festoons, loose in the Middle, but fixed at either End, and formed of a vast Variety of Representations of Foliage, Fruits, and Flowers. There is a Rudeness in all those, that would, whenever one saw them, speak them the absolute Work of Nature; but Art would be proud to imitate them.

At every little Space between these there hung the Stalactites, or stony Icicles, as they are called, in a surprising Number, but of a Magnitude much more surprising. Some of these have doubtless been many  
hundred

hundred Years in forming, and they are from ten to twenty or thirty Feet in Length. One hangs nearly from the Center of the Grotto, which must be considerably more than that; it is eight or nine Feet longer than all the others, and at the Base seems five or six Feet in Diameter. It is a Cone in form, and its Point tolerably fine. Could a Thing of this Kind be got off whole, and conveyed into *Europe* without Injury, what would the Virtuosi say of it? A Cone of this Bigness of pure Crystal would be a more pompous Curiosity than all their Collections.

At the Points of many of these, and on some other Protuberances on the Grotto, we saw single Drops of a perfectly pellucid Water hanging: This was what had left its Crystal on their Sides, and had been adding its little Portion of Substance to their Bulk.

Nearly under the Center of the Arch there is a large Pyramid of natural Congelations of the shrubby Kind of those already mentioned. It is the finest Cluster on the whole Floor, and is ornamented with a Parcel of Festoons and Cones from the overhanging Part of the Roof, which make a Kind of attic Story to it. Behind it there is one of the natural Closets curtained off from the main Hollow of the Grotto, and full of beautiful Congelations. They call this Pyramid, The Altar. Some of the Pieces have been cut down; and upon the Basis of the Pyramid we read an Inscription that puzzled us extremely, *Hic ipse Christus adfuit ejus natali die media nocte celebrato*. There was a Date of 1673 annexed; but not being of the *Roman* Communion, we could by no Means make out the Meaning of the Words, till our Guide had informed us, that a *French* Person of Quality, Ambassador to the Porte, had caused Mass to be celebrated there with great Solemnity on *Christmas-day* at that Time, and had



spent two or three Days in the Grotto with a numerous Company.

Whilst I was at the Bottom, the Thoughts of getting up again gave me Pain enough, and the *Sed revocare gradum* of *Virgil*, rose up in my Mind with all its Terrors. However, I am out, and all is well. It was a horrible Piece of Work, and I shall have Occasion to remember it, being more hurt and bruised from this single Expedition, than from my whole Voyage, &c.

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A REVIEW OF A

## PHILOSOPHICAL ENQUIRY

INTO THE

## ORIGIN OF OUR IDEAS

OF THE

## SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

**T**HE Title of this Book very naturally excites Curiosity, as the Subject is in general pleasing to all Readers, who have any Pretensions to Taste. But in treating abstract Ideas, there is often great Danger that the Author will bewilder himself in a Maze of chimerical Notions; and this the more especially if he attempts to set himself up for a System-maker. Something like this, we are apprehensive, has happened to the Author of the Performance now before us; who has however the Merit of having been very curious in his Research, and appears to have employed much close and deep Thinking about the Subject of his Investigation. But the Love of Novelty seems to have been a very leading Principle in his Mind, throughout his whole Composition; and we fear that in endeavouring to advance, what was never said before him, he will find it his Lot to have said what will not be adopted after him. We

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do not think this Gentleman saw his Way very clearly through the Question : and we are of Opinion that he has been very ingenious to err, instead of affording us any new Lights, whereby we might find out the Sources of the Sublime and Beautiful. A Review of his Book, we think, will set this Matter in a clear Light.

In order to come at the Botton of Things, he sets out with explaining the first Principles of the human Mind : he observes that Curiosity is one of our earliest Passions : he then endeavours to prove that Pain and Pleasure are not connected, and that the Removal of Pain is not a positive Pleasure, but for Distinction's Sake, he chuses to call it *Delight*. ' If a Man,' says he, ' in a State of Tranquility should suddenly hear a Concert of Music, he then enjoys Pleasure without previous Pain ; and on the other Hand, if a Man in the same State of Tranquility should receive a Blow, here is Pain without the Removal of Pleasure.' But surely the Removal of a Tooth-ach, is Pleasure to all Intents and Purposes ; it induces a Train of pleasing Ideas in the Mind, such as Satisfaction with our present State, &c. and Pleasure is equally positive whether it begins in the Mind, or is conveyed thither by agreeable bodily Sensation. In like manner the Removal of Pleasure is positive Pain, as the Absence of a fine Woman to whom we are attached, &c. The Truth is, Pain and Pleasure may subsist independently, and also reciprocally induce each other. Our Author allows, that the Loss of Pleasure occasions three different Sensations, viz. Indifference, Disappointment, or Grief : but surely Disappointment and Grief are positive Pains. ' But,' says he, ' Grief can be no Pain, because we see that many Persons are found indulging it.' They are so ! but it should be remembered that Grief is a mixed Passion, consisting of Sorrow for our Loss and Fondness for the Object : now our Fondness for the Object makes our Imagina-



tion dwell on the Idea, though we feel very painful Sensations at the same Time. *Animum pictura poscit inani.* Our Author proceeds to divide our Passions into Two general Classes, viz. Self-preservation, and Society; the Selfish and the Social Passions would have been a better Distinction, because Selfish includes all the Ideas of Self-preservation, and all our other Gratifications. The Passions which concern Self-preservation he rightly observes turn mostly on Pain and Danger; and these he adds, very justly, are the most powerful in our Nature. He then endeavours to graft the Sublime on our Passions of Self-preservation. 'Whatever is fitted,' says he, 'to excite Ideas of Pain and Danger, or operates in a Manner analogous to Terror, is a Source of the Sublime; that is, excites the strongest Emotion which the Mind is capable of feeling.' But surely this is false Philosophy: the Brodequin of *Ravilliac*, and the iron Bed of *Damien* are capable of exciting alarming Ideas of Terror, but cannot be said to hold any thing of the Sublime. Besides, why are our other Passions to be excluded? cannot the Sublime consist with Ambition? it is perhaps in consequence of this very Passion, grafted in us for the wisest Purposes by the Author of our Existence, that we are capable of feeling the Sublime in the Degree we do; of delighting in every thing that is magnificent, of preferring the Sun to a Farthing Candle, that by proceeding from greater to still greater, we might at last fix our Imagination on Him who is the Supreme of all. And this perhaps is the true Source of the Sublime, which is always greatly heightened when any of our Passions are strongly agitated, such as Terror, Grief, Rage, Indignation, Admiration, Love, &c. By the strongest of these the Sublime will be enforced, but it will consist with any of them. As for instance, when *Virgil* says of *Jupiter*,

*Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum ;*

Here we have a Sublime Image encreased by our Terror, when we think of his shaking the Poles with a nod. And on the other Hand, when the same Poet describes the same Personage,

*Vultu quo cœlum tempestate, que serenat ;*

With that Countenance with which he looks Storms and Tempests into a Calm, we still have a Sublime Idea of the Power which thus commands all Nature, and we feel it with Love and Admiration.

Our Author proceeds to the social Passions, which he classes into Two Sorts, First, the Society of the Sexes; and next, the more general Society which we hold with Mankind and the whole Universe. With regard to the First he observes, that Beauty is the Object of it; and he endeavours to refute Mr. Addison's opinion, that Animals have a sense of Beauty to confine them to their own Species: but as he only supposes a Law of another kind, we think Mr. Addison's may stand till he will be pleased to substitute a better. He agrees that Beasts have no Perception of Beauty because they do not pick and choose: but surely it is probable that they may have an immediate Perception of something beautiful in their own Species, without waiting to compare it with others, and select for themselves. This would be to enjoy the Advantages of deliberate Reasoning and Reflection; Qualities of which they do not appear to be possessed.

Our Author himself assigns a Reason why the Brute Creation need not chuse for themselves. 'But Man, who is a Creature adapted to a greater Variety and Intricacy of Relation, connects with the general Passion the Idea of some social Qualities, which direct and heighten the Appetite which he has in common with all other Animals: and as he is not designed

signed like them to live at large, it is fit that he should have something to create a Preference, and fix his Choice; and this in general should be some sensible Quality; as no other can so quickly, so powerfully, or so surely produce its Effect.

From hence it appears why a Beast in the Field, according to Mr. *Addison's* ingenious Notion, may have a Sense of Beauty in its own Species, without waiting to determine its Choice by Comparison.

In contradiction to his former Assertions, he says, that Solitude is as great a positive Pain as can be conceived: and yet the Pain of Solitude, is a Privation of Pleasure, and is merely a Disappointment, and a Grieving for the Loss of Company. In talking of the Social Passions, he says, 'I am convinced we have a Degree of Delight, and that no small one, in the real Misfortunes and Pains of others; for let the Affection be what it will in Appearance, if it does not make us shun such Objects, if on the contrary it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this Case I conceive we must have a Delight or Pleasure of some Species or other in contemplating Objects of this kind.' But this is certainly very false Reasoning: we have no Delight in the real Misfortunes of others; and if we go near them, it is because our Fondness attaches us to them, and we cannot keep away, even though the Sight is painful. This he has afterwards observed himself, when he says, 'Pity is a Passion accompanied with Pleasure, because it arises from Love and Affection.' He therefore should have said, we have a Pleasure in feeling and compassionating the Misfortunes of others. With regard to the Pleasure resulting from Tragedy, he ascribes it to Imitation, and then retracts it again when he says, 'we shall be mistaken if we imagine our Pleasure arises from its being no Reality: the nearer it approaches to Reality, the more perfect its Power.' This is certainly true, but it is because

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the more perfect is the Imitation; and Imitation supposes no Reality: if we really saw the Earl of *Essex's* Head struck off on the Stage, no body would go there for Pleasure, which shews that we are secretly pleased the Tragic Distress is not Reality. 'Choose a Day on which to represent the most sublime and affecting Tragedy which we have; appoint the most favourite Actors; spare no Cost upon the Scenes and Decorations; unite the greatest Efforts of Poetry, Painting, and Music; and when you have collected your Audience, just at the Moment when their Minds are erect with Expectation, let it be reported that a State Criminal of high Rank is on the Point of being executed in the adjoining Square; in a Moment the Emptiness of the Theatre would demonstrate the comparative Weakness of the imitative Arts, and proclaim the Triumph of the real Sympathy.'

But here he does not observe that there is an adventitious Motive: Curiosity would begin to operate, and our Love of Novelty would hurry us away to a Sight uncommon. But choose a Cart for *Tyburn*, spare no Pains in filling it with Malefactors, &c. then tell the Audience of it; or tell them that an House is on fire, and then we shall see the Triumph of imitated Woe over real Sympathy. The Fact is this: in real Distress we have a Joy in finding an Aptitude in ourselves, to indulge the Feelings of Humanity; in fictitious Representations, we have the same Pleasure, and the additional Delight of seeing beautiful Imitation, and considering that the Distress is not real. It is upon these Principles that the *Abbe du Bos* and *Fontenelle*, have justly accounted for Tragic Pleasure. In talking of Imitation our Author says, 'When the Object represented in Poetry or Painting is such, as we could have had no Desire of seeing in Reality, then I may be sure the Pleasure is owing to the Power of Imitation; as a Cottage, a Dunghill, &c. But when the Object is such as we should run to see if real, we may rely upon

upon it, that the Power of the Poem or the Picture is more owing to the Thing itself, than any Consideration of the Skill of the Imitator, however excellent. But surely in the imitative Arts we can never lose the Idea of Imitation. If the Object be inconsiderable, or even odious, it will please in a just Representation; and if the Object be Sublime or Beautiful, it will please the more on this Account, if the Imitation be just; but if the Imitation be defective, we revolt from it, notwithstanding the Excellence of the Original. For Example: no body will go to the Theatre to see an Actor of the meaner Class; and yet let *Hogarth* give a Portrait of him, and we shall all admire the Strokes of his Pencil. On the other Hand, we all go to see *Garrick*, and yet if an Artist should draw him ill, we should unanimously reject the Piece; but when *Hogarth* presents him in *Richard*, we acknowledge *Garrick's* Face, his Eyes, his Brow, &c. and though the Idea of *Garrick* in that Attitude excites an agreeable Recollection, yet it is the Imitation that is uppermost in our Thoughts, and which we principally admire. Our Author in the next Place takes notice of Ambition; and then adds, that having considered the Passions; he shall proceed to examine into the Things that cause the Sublime and Beautiful. With regard to the Sublime, he says, the Passion raised by it is Astonishment: and Astonishment he defines 'That State of the Soul in which all its Motions are suspended with some Degree of Horror.' But Astonishment is perhaps that State of the Soul, when the Powers of the Mind are suspended with Wonder. Horror may tincture it, and Love may enliven it. As for Instance: when we are told, *afflavit Deus et dissipantur*, 'He blew with his Wind, and they were scattered,' we are suspended with Wonder: and are astonished at such exalted Power, not without a Mixture of Horror: but when we read, 'God said, let there be Light and there was Light,'

we are here again astonished at the Obedience paid to the Mandate, but we are free from Horror, and the only Passions that come in to encrease the Wonder that expands our Imaginations, are Love and pious Admiration. The Effect of the Sublime is, as *Longinus* has told us, to enlarge the Mind with vast Conceptions, and to transport it with a noble Pleasure beyond itself. It was in reading that Description that, as *Boileau* tells us, the Prince of *Conde* cried out, *voila le sublime; voila son veritable caractere*: 'That's the Sublime; that's the true Character of it.' In fact, *Longinus's* Account of the Sublime is, we apprehend, very just: it is not built on any single Passion; though they all may serve to inflame that pathetic Enthusiasm, which, in conjunction with an exalted Thought, serves to hurry away the Mind with great Rapidity from itself. Terror is therefore a great Addition, and in like Manner so are all other Passions, Grief, Love, Rage, Indignation, Ambition, Compassion, &c. Our Author adds, that whatever is Terrible is Sublime: the Gallows, a red-hot Iron, &c. are Terrible, but not Sublime: the Terrible will exalt the Sublime where it is, but cannot create it where it is not: that is to say, they must subsist separately.

*Nero* setting Fire to *Rome*, and *Queen Mary* burning Hereticks in *Smithfield* cannot convey to any sensible Mind, the faintest Idea of the Sublime, though we imagine it must be allowed that they raise Horror in a very powerful Degree. Obscurity, our Author observes, increases the Sublime, which is certainly very just; but from thence erroneously infers, that Clearness of Imagery is unnecessary to affect the Passions; but surely nothing can move but what gives Ideas to the Mind, and it is thus that even Music operates by recalling Images by means of Sounds, which set the Imagination at work with all her various Combinations. Our Author pursues his  
Thought



Thought still further, and combats the Opinion of the *Abbe du Bos*, viz. that Painting has the Advantage over Poetry, because it presents its Objects more clearly and distinctly. This Notion he thinks not true, but surely the Reason he gives is not a very good one: he gives the Preference to Poetry on account of its Obscurity. Whereas it should be on account of its greater Perspicuity, its Amplifications, and its being at liberty to select a greater Variety of Circumstances, in order to make its Exhibitions more vivid and striking. If a Painter was to give a Portrait of *Satan* as represented in the following Lines of *Milton*,

—He above the rest  
In Shape and Gesture proudly eminent  
Stood like a Tower, his Form had yet not lost  
All it's original Brightness, nor appeared  
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and th' Excess  
Of Glory obscur'd; as when the Sun new ris'n  
Looks through the horizontal misty Air  
Shorn of his Beams: or from behind the Moon  
In dim Eclipse disastrous Twilight sheds  
On half the Nations; and with Fear of Change  
Perplexes Monarchs.

He could never give an Idea of the Wonderful Stature, nor could he compare him with a Tower, the Sun, the Moon, nor upon the whole would he bring together that Combination of Sublime Images, which, instead of obscuring, serve to illustrate and heighten the Colouring. He proceeds in the next Place to mention *Privation* as a Source of the Sublime, as when the Poet says, 'Along the waste Dominions of the Dead.' And he enumerates other Sources, as Vastness in any Object, Infinity, Succession and Uniformity of Parts in Building, or any Object in Nature. Under the last Head he makes a very ingenious Remark, when he observes that a

Succession of uniform Parts creates a Kind of artificial Infinite, and this he adds may be the Cause why a Rotund has such a noble Effect in Building; which perhaps is a better Reason than Mr. *Addison's*, who says, 'It is because in the Rotund at one Glance you take in half the Building.' Here our Author might have allowed a Sublime without Terror; for we apprehend Infinity is not so highly pleasing to the Soul of Man, on account of any Horror attending it, but on account of that strong progressive Motion of the Mind, which cannot rest contented with what it has grasped, but must be for ever urging on to something at a Distance from its Power, and as it were with Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls. Difficulty comes in next, as a Promoter of the Sublime; as likewise Magnificence, Light, and Colour; and with regard to the last he enumerates a strong Red, Black, Brown, deep Purple, and the like, as Causes of the Sublime. He very justly considers the Sounds of Cataracts, Storms, Thunder, Artillery, as the Causes of great Impressions: and he also finds the Sublime in low, tremulous, and intermitting Sounds, but refers it solely to Terror: when *Macbeth* with a low Voice says, 'I dare do all that may become a Man, who dares do more is none?' we apprehend there is no Terror in this Speech, but we are pleas'd with the Poet's noble Conception of the Dignity of human Nature. He next finds the Sublime in the Cries of Animals. That depends however upon the Rank we have given in our Imaginations to the different Animals; though the confused Cry of any of them in a still solemn Night, when the Mind is already impressed with Awe, will help to heighten our Affections; so that though they do not cause the Sublime, they may help to increase it by the Passions which they agitate. He proceeds to look for the Sublime in Bitters and in Stenches: but the Bitter Cup of Misery has in it nothing Sublime, but depends

pends entirely on the Circumstances and Character of the Person that speaks it, and then by an Association of Ideas, our Minds may be greatly affected: and in a Description of the Jaws of Hell, which of itself gives us Images of dreadful Magnificence, a thick Exhalation of Smoke and Stench may be brought in to correspond with our preconceived Notions, and so give a Finishing to the Description; but a Stench on a Dunghil would create no Sublimity: Our Author has not distinguished between the efficient Causes of the Sublime, and the concomitant Circumstances which help to increase it. He concludes this Part of his Book with observing that the Sublime belongs entirely to the Passions of Self-preservation, which turn upon Pain and Danger: and this Position seems to have led him into a Mistake throughout his Work: the Sublime belongs to no particular Passion, but is greatly heightened by them all. Whatever fills the Mind with magnificent Ideas is Sublime. For it is certain that all the Passions of the Human Mind may be suborned Promoters of whatever is great and excellent in any Conception or Description. All our selfish and social Affections, Terror, Ambition, Resentment, Rage, Grief, Compassion and Indignation, &c. naturally tend to inflame our Minds with that Enthusiasm which Longinus mentions; and it is certain that an impassioned Sublime, is the noblest Emotion of which we are capable. It is unnecessary to quote Instances, where Grief, Compassion, and even our tenderest Sympathies bring in their auxiliary Aid, to render a noble Thought more glowing: and the Description of the Night Scene in Mr. *Pope's Homer*, will evince that the Sublime may excite Sensations very different from Terror.

As when the Moon refulgent Lamp of Night,  
O'er Heaven's clear Azure spreads her sacred  
Light;



When not a Breath disturbs the deep Serene,  
 And not a Cloud o'ercasts the solemn Scene;  
 Around her Throne the vivid Planets roll,  
 And Stars unnumber'd gild the glowing Pole;  
 O'er the dark Trees a yellower Verdure shed,  
 And tip with Silver every Mountain's Head.  
 Then shine the Vales, the Rocks in Prospect rise,  
 A Flood of Glory bursts from all the Skies;  
 The conscious Swains rejoicing in the Sight,  
 Eye the blue Vault, and bless the useful Light.

— γέγνηθε δὲ τε φρένα ποιμὴν.

*and the Shepherd's Heart rejoiceth, says Homer; which shews that the Sublime can excite Ideas very different from Terror; and though it may be said, that there will be a Kind of Solemnity in the Mind at the View of such a Night-piece, yet that is only the Stillness natural to Admiration, and Gladness will still be the prevalent Sensation.*

The next Part of the Enquiry relates to Beauty; and we are told that Proportion is not essential to it. Our Author considers Proportion in the vegetable World, in the brute Creation, and in the human Species, and does not find it a necessary Quality. This is certainly a new Philosophy, but we apprehend very erroneous. Proportion is not Beauty itself, but one of its efficient Qualities. A partial Beauty may be seen; that is to say, an handsome Face, or an handsome Leg; but, we apprehend, a beautiful and entire Whole never existed without Proportion and Fitness. This we think so apparent that it need not be insisted on; if the Reader has a Mind to satisfy himself on this Head, we refer him to *Hutchinson* and others. He adds besides, that Perfection is not the Cause of Beauty; and the Reason is extraordinary, because Women learn to Lisp, to Totter, to counterfeit Weakness, &c. But such Affectation is universally acknowledged to be ridiculous,

ridiculous. He finds Fault with the Application of Beautiful to Virtue; though it is observed by Mr. *Locke*, that most Words which denote Operations of the Mind are derived from the Objects of bodily Sensation. He then enumerates the Causes of Beauty; such as Smallness in the Object, Smoothness, and unwittingly allows Proportion under another Name. 'The View,' says he, 'of a beautiful Bird will illustrate this Observation. Here we see the Head increasing sensibly to the Middle, from whence it lessens gradually until it mixes with the Neck; the Neck loses itself in a larger Swell, which continues to the Middle of the Body, when the Whole decreases again to the Tail; the Tail takes a new Direction; but it soon varies its new Course; it blends again with the other Parts; and the Line is perpetually and insensibly changing, above, below, upon every Side. In this Description I have before me the Idea of a Dove; it agrees very well with most of the Conditions of Beauty.' Here then it appears, he deceives himself with what he calls gradual Variation, which, in Fact, is another Name for Proportion. Delicacy, Colour, and Expression in the Countenance, he next considers; and he observes, that Gracefulness is an Idea belonging to Posture and Motion. 'In both these, to be graceful, it is requisite that there be no Appearance of Difficulty; there is required a small Inflection of the Body; and a Composure of the Parts, in such a Manner, as not to incumber each other, nor to appear divided by sharp and sudden Angles. In this Case, this Roundness and Delicacy of Attitude and Motion, it is that all the Magic of Grace consists, and what is called its *Je ne sçai quoi*, as will be more obvious to any Body who considers attentively the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Antinous*, or any Statue generally allowed to be graceful in an high Degree.'

He then applies Beautiful to all our other Senses; he looks for it in Feeling, in Sounds, in Taste and Smell; and as this is ever done metaphorically in Language, it is surprising our Author would not allow the Phrase to be translated to Modes of the Mind by the same Analogy.

He then compares the Sublime and the Beautiful, and because he finds that the latter is founded on Pleasure, he imagines, by way of Contrast, that the Sublime must be founded on Pain. But we have seen in Instances already produced (and there are numberless more) that it is also founded on Pleasure. However, he proceeds with his Hypothesis; he examines the visible Effects of Pain on the human Frame: He says, that Fear operates much in the same Manner as positive Pain; and thence he infers, that whatever operates on the Nerves in a similar Manner, must necessarily excite Ideas of the Sublime; and in this Manner he accounts why Greatness of Dimension is Sublime; 'because,' says he, 'the Ray from every distinct Point makes an Impression on the Retina. So that though the Image of one Point should cause but a small Tension of this Membrane, another and another, and another Stroke, must, in their Progress, cause a very great one, until it arrives at last to the highest Degree; and the whole Capacity of the Eye, vibrating in all its Parts, must approach near to the Nature of what causes Pain, and consequently must produce an Idea of the Sublime.' But the Eye of *Homer's* Shepherd must have received a great Impression, and yet we find his Heart did not feel Terror but Gladness. A Stock Broker in the Alley making a long Calculation, seems to be in the Situation of a Man suffering Pain; his Teeth are set, his Eye-brows are violently contracted, and his Nerves feel a Contraction or a Tension; but we apprehend no one will suspect that a single Idea of the  
 Sublime



Sublime ever entered his Imagination, unless the Terror he feels when the Stocks are falling may be called so. There is no Necessity that what borders upon Pain in its Operations on our Nerves should produce the Sublime; because we know that in many Cases we may have a Tension or Contraction without adverting to it, and yet feel no elevated Emotions; as in looking at the Mansion-house, where we may fatigue the Eye, but never perceive any Thing magnificent: Vastness alone not being enough to constitute the Sublime. He endeavours to refute Mr. *Locke's* Opinion, and asserts, that Darkness is terrible in its own Nature: To support which, he tells a curious Story from *Cheselden*, of 'a Boy who 'had been born Blind, and continued so until he 'was thirteen or fourteen Years old: He was then 'couched for a Cataract, by which Operation he 'received his Sight. Among many remarkable Particulars that attended his first Perceptions and Judgments on visual Objects, *Cheselden* tells us, that 'the first Time the Boy saw a black Object it gave 'him great Uneasiness; and that some Time after, 'upon accidentally seeing a Negroe Woman, he was 'struck with great Horror at the Sight.' It does not appear that this Boy had any Ideas of the Sublime, or that the Negroe Woman appeared magnificent in his Eyes: His Horror, we should think, proceeded from the Novelty of an Object so different from his Fellow-creatures; and it does not appear that the coming on of the Night was any Way terrible to him, which we should imagine it would at first, if Darkness were terrible in its Nature. We are therefore still apt to think Mr. *Locke* right in making Darkness formidable from an Association of Ideas, and that Association of Ideas will help to increase the Sublime. Having discoursed of Pain, our Author proceeds to the physical Cause of Love. 'When 'we have before us,' says he, 'such Objects as ex-

'cite Love and Complacency, the Body is affected,  
 'so far as I could observe, much in the following  
 'Manner: The Head reclines something on one  
 'Side; the Eye-lids are more closed than usual, and  
 'the Eyes roll gently with an Inclination to the Ob-  
 'ject; the Mouth is a little opened, and the Breath  
 'drawn slowly, with now and then a low Sigh;  
 'the whole Body is composed, and the Hands fall  
 'idly to the Sides. All this is accompanied with an  
 'inward Sense of Melting and Languor. These  
 'Appearances are always proportioned to the Degree  
 'of Beauty in the Object, and of Sensibility in the  
 'Observer. And this Gradation from the highest  
 'Pitch of Beauty and Sensibility, even to the lowest  
 'of Mediocrity and Indifference; and their corre-  
 'spondent Effects ought to be kept in view, else this  
 'Description will seem exaggerated, which it cer-  
 'tainly is not.' Whatever affects us in the above  
 Manner, he proceeds to call Beautiful, in the same  
 Manner as he has said the Sublime will grow on  
 Pain. We agree with him, that the Beautiful must  
 depend on the softer Affections of Love and Plea-  
 sure; for what is painful can never be accounted to  
 belong to Beauty: But the Sublime will exist with  
 Beauty, or partial Ugliness, and may be heightened  
 by all our Passions as well as Terror.

Having discussed the Beautiful, our Author at-  
 tempts to prove, that the Effects of Poetry is not  
 by raising Ideas of Things. 'I shall begin,' says he,  
 'with compound abstract Words, such as Virtue,  
 'Honour, Persuasion, Docility; of these I am con-  
 'vinced, that whatever Power they may have on  
 'the Passions, they do not derive it from any Re-  
 'presentation raised in the Mind of the Things for  
 'which they stand.' It is very possible, that on  
 hearing any one of these Words a Man may not  
 instantly have in view all the Ideas that are com-  
 bined in the complex one: As for Instance, when  
 Virtue

Virtue is named, he may not think of the Relations in which a Man stands to God, his Neighbour, and himself; but he may have the general Idea of acting uprightly, and that is enough for the Poet's Purpose. If it were true that Words revive the Sensations we originally felt, without recalling the Ideas to our Mind, *D——k* might be as good a Poet as *Akenside*; because he might use all the Words that are most apt to affect us, and then he would agitate our Passions as forcibly as a Man of Genius. He who is most picturesque and clearest in his Imagery, is ever stiled the best Poet, because from such a one we see Things clearer, and of course we feel more intensely. It is a Disposition to feel the Force of Words, and to combine the Ideas annexed to them with Quickness that shews one Man's Imagination to be better than another's, and distinguishes the fine Taste from Dullness and Stupidity. Our Author would have Poetry to operate like Music, by Sensation: But he should recollect, that Music has its Effects no otherwise than by an Association of Ideas which it assembles in the Fancy, and by that Means it is that it depresses us with Grief, or inflames with Rage, &c. The Instance of *Blacklock* the blind Poet, serves only to prove that Poetry may be wrote mechanically, by combining Words after the Usage of other Writers; though it is not to be doubted but Mr. *Blacklock* had annexed Ideas of some Sort in his own Mind to all the visual Objects he mentions. Our Author allows Poetry to be an imitative Art as far as it describes Manners and Passions of Men; but says, descriptive Poetry operates chiefly by Substitution, by Means of Sounds that stand for Things. But all Words are substituted for Things, and there is as much Imitation in describing a Scene in Nature, as in describing the Actions of human Kind; for the Likeness in both Cases is represented to us.

‘ Nothing,



‘ Nothing, says our Author, is an Imitation further than as it resembles some other Thing; and Words undoubtedly have no Sort of Resemblance to the Ideas for which they stand.’

But Words stand for Manners and Passions; and if he allows the Description of them to be Imitation, by Parity of Reason he might have allowed it to descriptive Poetry. In his last Chapter he has made some just Observations concerning the Power of Words, but recurs again to his Theory of their not exciting Ideas; than which nothing can be more false. No Man perhaps has settled with Precision the determinate Meaning of every Word that signifies a complex Idea; but if he has some of the leading Ideas, that make up the compounded one, as we before observed, it is sufficient for the Writer’s Purpose; and Words will ever excite Ideas according to the Understandings and Imaginations of Mankind.

Upon the Whole, though we think the Author of this Piece mistaken in his fundamental Principles, and also in his Deductions from them, yet we must say, we have read his Book with Pleasure; He has certainly employed much Thinking; there are many ingenious and elegant Remarks, which though they do not enforce or prove his first Position, yet considering them detached from his System, they are new and just: And we cannot dismiss this Article without recommending a Perusal of the Book to all our Readers, as we think they will be recompensed by a great Deal of Sentiment, perspicuous, elegant, and harmonious Stile, in many Passages both Sublime and Beautiful.

## T H E

## LIFE of Father PAUL SARPI,

*(by Mr Saml Johnson)*Author of *The History of the Council of Trent.*

**F**ATHER Paul, whose Name, before he entered into the monastic Life, was *Peter Sarpi*, was born at *Venice*, August 14, 1552. His Father followed Merchandize, but with so little Success, that, at his Death, he left his Family very ill provided for; but under the Care of a Mother, whose Piety was likely to bring the Blessing of Providence upon them, and whose wise Conduct supplied the Want of Fortune by Advantages of greater Value.

Happily for young *Sarpi*, she had a Brother, Master of a celebrated School, under whose Direction he was placed by her. Here he lost no Time, but cultivated his Abilities, naturally of the first Rate, with unwearied Application. He was born for Study, having a natural Aversion to Pleasure and Gaiety, and a Memory so tenacious, that he could repeat thirty Verses upon once hearing them.

Proportionable to his Capacity was his Progress in Literature: At Thirteen, having made himself Master of School-Learning, he turned his Studies to Philosophy and the Mathematics, and entered upon Logick under *Capella* of *Cremona*, who, tho' a celebrated Master of that Science, confessed himself in a very little Time unable to give his Pupil farther Instructions.

As *Capella* was of the Order of the *Servites*, his Scholar was induced by his Acquaintance with him, to engage in the same Profession, though his Uncle and his Mother represented to him the Hardships and Austerities of that Kind of Life, and advised him with great Zeal against it. But he was steady in his Resolutions, and in 1566 took the Habit of the Order, being then only in his fourteenth Year, a Time of Life in most Persons very improper for such Engagements, but in him attended with such Maturity of Thought, and such a settled Temper, that he never seemed to regret the Choice he then made, and which he confirmed by a solemn public Profession in 1572.

At a general Chapter of the *Servites* held at *Mantua*, *Paul* (for so we shall now call him) being then only twenty Years old, distinguished himself so much in a public Disputation by his Genius and Learning, that *William*, Duke of *Mantua*, a great Patron of Letters, solicited the Consent of his Superiors to retain him at his Court, and not only made him public Professor of Divinity in the Cathedral, but honoured him with many Proofs of his Esteem.

But Father *Paul* finding a Court Life not agreeable to his Temper, quitted it two Years afterwards, and retired to his beloved Privacies, being then not only acquainted with the *Latin*, *Greek*, *Hebrew* and *Chaldee* Languages, but with Philosophy, the Mathematics, Canon and Civil Law, all Parts of natural Philosophy, and Chemistry itself; for his Application was unintermitted, his Head clear, his Apprehension quick, and his Memory retentive.

Being made a Priest at twenty-two, he was distinguished by the illustrious Cardinal *Borromeo* with his Confidence, and employed by him on many Occasions, not without the Envy of Persons of less Merit, who were so far exasperated as to lay a Charge against him before the Inquisition, for denying that  
the



the Trinity could be proved from the first Chapter of *Genesis*; but the Accusation was too ridiculous to be taken Notice of.

After this he passed successively through the Dignities of his Order, and in the Intervals of his Employment applied himself to his Studies with so extensive a Capacity, as left no Branch of Knowledge untouched. By him *Acquependente*, the great Anatomist, confesses that he was informed how Vision is performed; and there are Proofs that he was not a Stranger to the Circulation of the Blood. He frequently conversed upon Astronomy with Mathematicians, upon Anatomy with Surgeons, upon Medicine with Physicians, and with Chemists upon the Analysis of Metals, not as a superficial Enquirer, but as a complete Master.

But the Hours of Repose, that he employed so well, were interrupted by a new Information in the Inquisition, where a former Acquaintance produced a Letter written by him in Cyphers, in which he said, 'that he detested the Court of *Rome*, and that 'no Preferment was obtained there but by dishonest Means.' This Accusation, however dangerous, was passed over on Account of his great Reputation, but made such Impressions on that Court, that he was afterwards denied a Bishoprick by *Clement VIII*. After these Difficulties were surmounted, Father *Paul* again retired to his Solitude, where he appears, by some Writings drawn up by him at that Time, to have turned his Attention more to Improvements in Piety than Learning. Such was the Care with which he read the Scriptures, that, it being his Custom to draw a Line under any Passage which he intended more nicely to consider, there was not a single Word in his New Testament but was underlined; the same Marks of Attention appeared in his Old Testament, Psalter, and Breviary.

But

But the most active Scene of his Life began about the Year 1615, when Pope *Paul V.* exasperated by some Decrees of the Senate of *Venice* that interfered with the pretended Rights of the Church, laid the whole State under an Interdict.

The Senate, filled with Indignation at this Treatment, forbade the Bishops to receive or publish the Pope's Bull, and convening the Rectors of the Churches, commanded them to celebrate divine Service in the accustomed Manner, with which most of them readily complied; but the Jesuits and some others refusing, were by a solemn Edict expelled the State.

Both Parties having proceeded to Extremities, employed their ablest Writers to defend their Measures: On the Pope's Side, among others, Cardinal *Bellarmino* entered the Lists, and with his confederate Authors defended the Papal Claims with great Scurrility of Expression, and very sophistical Reasonings, which were confuted by the *Venetian* Apologists in much more decent Language, and with much greater Solidity of Argument.

On this Occasion Father *Paul* was most eminently distinguished by his *Defence of the Rights of the supreme Magistrate*, his *Treatise of Excommunication* translated from *Gerson*, with an *Apology*, and other Writings, for which he was cited before the Inquisition at *Rome*; but it may be easily imagined that he did not obey the Summons.

The *Venetian* Writers, whatever might be the Abilities of their Adversaries, were at least superior to them in the Justice of their Cause. The Propositions maintained on the Side of *Rome* were these: That the Pope is invested with all the Authority of Heaven and Earth. That all Princes are his Vassals, and that he may annul their Laws at Pleasure. That Kings may appeal to him, as he is temporal Monarch of the whole Earth. That he can discharge  
Subjects

Subjects from their Oaths of Allegiance, and make it their Duty to take up Arms against their Sovereign. That he may depose Kings without any Fault committed by them, if the Good of the Church requires it: That the Clergy are exempt from all Tribute to Kings, and are not accountable to them even in Cases of High Treason. That the Pope cannot err: That his Decisions are to be received and obeyed on Pain of Sin, though all the World should judge them to be false. That the Pope is God upon Earth, that his Sentence and that of God are the same, and that to call *his* Power in Question, is to call in Question the Power of God. Maxims equally shocking, weak, pernicious, and absurd! which did not require the Abilities or Learning of Father *Paul* to demonstrate their Falshood and destructive Tendency.

It may be easily imagined that such Principles were quickly overthrown, and that no Court but that of *Rome* thought it for its Interest to favour them. The Pope therefore finding his Authors confuted, and his Cause abandoned, was willing to conclude the Affair by Treaty, which, by the Mediation of *Henry IV.* of *France*, was accommodated upon Terms very much to the Honour of the *Venetians*.

But the Defenders of the *Venetian* Rights were, though comprehended in the Treaty, excluded by the *Romans* from the Benefit of it; some upon different Pretences were imprisoned, some sent to the Gallies, and all debarred from Preferment. But their Malice was chiefly aimed against Father *Paul*, who soon found the Effects of it; for as he was going one Night to his Convent, about six Months after the Accommodation, he was attacked by five Ruffians armed with Stilettoes, who gave him no less than fifteen Stabs, three of which wounded him in such a Manner that he was left for dead. The  
Murderers



Murderers fled for Refuge to the Nuncio, and were afterwards received into the Pope's Dominions, but were pursued by divine Justice, and all, except one Man who died in Prison, perished by violent Deaths.

This, and other Attempts upon his Life, obliged him to confine himself to his Convent, where he engaged in writing the History of the Council of *Trent*, a Work unequalled for the judicious Disposition of the Matter, and artful Texture of the Narration, commended by Dr. *Burnet* as the completest Model of Historical Writing, and celebrated by Mr. *Wotton* as equivalent to any Production of Antiquity; in which the Reader finds 'Liberty  
' without Licentiousness, Piety without Hypocrisy,  
' Freedom of Speech without Neglect of Decency,  
' Severity without Rigour, and extensive Learning  
' without Ostentation.'

In this, and other Works of less Consequence, he spent the remaining Part of his Life, to the Beginning of the Year 1622, when he was seized with a Cold and Fever, which he neglected till it became incurable. He languished more than twelve Months, which he spent almost wholly in a Preparation for his Passage into Eternity; and among his Prayers and Aspirations was often heard to repeat, 'Lord!  
' now let thy Servant depart in Peace.'

On *Sunday* the Eighth of *January* of the next Year, he rose, weak as he was, to Mass, and went to take his Repast with the rest; but on *Monday* was seized with a Weakness that threatened immediate Death; and on *Thursday* prepared for his Change by receiving the *Viaticum* with such Marks of Devotion, as equally melted and edified the Beholders.

Through the whole Course of his Illness to the last Hour of his Life, he was consulted by the Senate in public Affairs, and returned Answers in his greatest Weakness, with such Presence of Mind, as could only arise from the Consciousness of Innocence.

On

On *Saturday*, the Day of his Death, he had the Passion of our blessed Saviour read to him out of *St. John's Gospel*, as on every other Day of that Week, and spoke of the Mercy of his Redeemer, and his Confidence in his Merits.

As his End evidently approached, the Brethren of the Convent came to pronounce the last Prayers, with which he could only join in his Thoughts, being able to pronounce no more than these Words, *Esto perpetua*, 'Mayst thou last for ever;' which was understood to be a Prayer for the Prosperity of his Country.

Thus died *Father Paul*, in the seventy-first Year of his Age: Hated by the *Romans* as their most formidable Enemy, and honoured by all the Learned for his Abilities, and by the Good for his Integrity. His Detestation of the Corruption of the *Roman Church* appears in all his Writings, but particularly in this memorable Passage of one of his Letters: 'There is nothing more essential than to ruin the Reputation of the Jesuits: By the Ruin of the Jesuits *Rome* will be ruined; and if *Rome* is ruined, Religion will reform of itself.'

He appears by many Passages of his Life to have had a high Esteem of the Church of *England*; and his Friend, *Father Fulgentio*, who had adopted all his Notions, made no Scruple of administering to *Dr. Duncomb*, an *English Gentleman* that fell sick at *Venice*, the Communion in both Kinds, according to the Common Prayer which he had with him in *Italian*.

He was buried with great Pomp at the public Charge, and a magnificent Monument was erected to his Memorial.

FRAGMENT OF

## A COPY OF VERSES

TO

Lord *March* and Lord *George*,

SONS OF

His Grace the *Duke of R—d*,

ON THEIR

Dangerously falling through the Ice at *God-wood*: illustrated with Notes Variorum, by MARTIN SCRIBBLER, Jun.—Supposed to be written by B. THORNTON, Esq.

**L**EAVE rustic Muse, the Cott and furrow'd Plains,  
The Loves of rural Nymphs, and Shepherd Swains;  
Lay by the lowly Reed, whose simple Notes  
Die on the lonely Hills round wattled Cotes.

[*Furrow'd Plains.*] Left we should imagine that the  
Plains here meant were plain and even, as all Plains

I

should



should be, the Author judiciously adds an Epithet which unplains the Plains at once.

*Wattled Cotes.*] An elegant Expression.

For Strains sublime screw up the pompous Lyre,  
And boldly son'rous sweep the trembling Wire;  
Critics are in doubt what Instrument our Poet would  
here make use of; though I think it is plain, it can  
be no other than a *Jew's Harp*. Nor is it any Ob-  
jection to say that this is sometimes in the Mouth of  
the Vulgar, since its Notes seem adapted to such  
noble Subjects as this. For, as the Poet *Fustian*  
*Sackbut*, sweetly sings:

Buzzing twangs the Iron Lyre

Shrilly thrilling,

Trembling, trilling,

Whizzing with the wav'ring Wire.

*Son'rous*] Who, that has not lost his Ears, can be  
satisfied with the cutting off the long O in this  
Word? I say, read *Snorus*; as the Bass of a *Jew's*  
*Harp*, or, (as it should be written) *Jaws-Harp*,  
very nearly resembles Snoring. B—NTLY.

While condescending Nobles circle round;

In bending Attitude, to judge the Sound.

This is truly sublime. Here we have the Humility,  
(a rare Virtue) the Manner of sitting or standing,  
and the Posture of the Nobles who are (not barely to  
hear, but) to try, hang, or acquit the Sound, as they  
think fit, and all in two Verses.

Fancy delighted touches o'er the Strings,

And warbling to the Groves of Richmond wings.

The last Line, I confess, has long puzzled me,  
and I suspect it is a false Reading, and should be  
corrected thus:

And rambling thro' the Groves of *Richmond* sings.

When *January*, newly in his Reign, d Hoodl  
With frosty Fetters bound the rugged Plain. *in*

The History is this: *January* was the eldest Son  
of *December*, and mounted the Throne of his An-  
cestors on the Demise of his Father. Now these  
Lines are fine indirect Satire on Kings: for you see  
King *January* is no sooner pop'd upon the Throne,  
than he makes use of Fetters to bind his Dominions  
to Submission. *O Reges, Reges!*

*Rugged Plain.*] See, Note the Second.

And o'er the Pool outspread the icy Sheet,  
Tempting to slipp'ry Sport the School-Boy's Feet;  
*Zoilus*, Jun. cavils at this first Verse, as not think-  
ing it a proper Employment for King *January* to turn  
Chamberlain. But sure, he forgot that even Princesses  
of old would darn Stockings, or mend Towels, or  
do any such housewifely Work. Then sure our  
new Monarch might make a Bed without Scandal,  
as the Sheets were doubtless of the finest Ice.

Two Youths, whose Birth the highest Reve-  
rence claim,  
Sweet Buds of Honour, rip'ning into Fame;  
Left the warm Hearth, to taste the freezing Air,  
'Twixt hissing Woods by rocking Winds stript  
bare.

Philosophers have not yet fixed the true Taste of  
freezing Air; though we may learn from this Passage  
that it was not warm; because then the two Youths  
would not have left the warm Hearth, to taste it be-  
tween hissing Woods: so that we may conclude it to  
be hissing cold.

[—By rocking Winds stript bare.] Rocking Winds.  
Nonsense. We must certainly read, robbing Winds,  
and then the Sense is complete. The Winds were a  
sort of Free-Booty Gentlemen, that stript the poor  
Woods

Woods to the Skin, and left them (in worse Condition than *Adam* and *Eve*) without so much as a Leaf to cover their Nakedness.

W—RB—RT—N.

The starting Deer before their Footsteps fly,  
And turning shiver with astonish'd Eye.

The ordinary Reader will not be able to comprehend this Passage. It means, that the Deer run away from them, that they shiver with Cold, that they turn to look, and consequently with an Eye, which Eye is astonished: And as they shiver and have an Eye, they must shiver with that Eye; and they must also shiver in turning, and turn in shivering: and so they turn and shiver, and shiver and turn. W—RB—RT—N.

*Zoilus* asks what their Eye is astonished at? Why, at Fifty Things; at the Buds of Honour, the hissing Woods, the rocking Winds, Icy Sheet, rugged Plain, frosty Fetters.

On Nature's Fingers turn'd, their Locks embrac'd  
Their vi'let Temples, pittoresquely grac'd.

Nature is here elegantly represented as a Tyre-Woman, or rather Woman-Barber; and as Barbers bind the Hair round their Fingers to make it curl, our Poet properly says, 'On Nature's Fingers turned,' to express, that their Locks curled naturally. So intimately he knows Arts and Artists

*Vi'let Temples.*] A less judicious Writer would have said, Snow-white; and that not improperly, as it was the Snowy Season. But how much more significant is the Epithet, Violet? For as Violets are blue, and 'tis common in cold frosty Weather for the Nose to look blue, so the Temples will be blue or violet, in so severe a Frost.

The Cotton MS. has two Lines immediately after these, which seem to come from our Author,



And *Jove*, kind Barber, from his Heav'nly Puff,  
Those Locks to powder, shook down Snow enough.

The furious Blasts, with which the Forest mews,  
Dancing the Curls, their salvage Nature lose.  
Every Naturalist knows how such Forests, agitated  
by the Wind, in their Sound resemble the Cry of a  
Cat, especially if she growls a little, at the same  
Time she mews.

Lonely they wander'd thro' the leafless Shade,  
And now beside the frozen Water play'd.

How careful is our Poet to let us know that the  
Shade here meant is leafless, lest immediately on men-  
tioning the Shade of Trees we should look for Leaves,  
and be disappointed. We are not too nicely to  
enquire how the Shade was made; for this is one of  
the Mysteries, which sublime Poets are allowed to  
conceal from vulgar Apprehensions.

Doubting its Strength, they try the brittle Sides,  
Now lighter *George* towards the Centre glides;  
*March* views his vent'rous Feet, while gen'rous  
Fear

Tortures the Eyebrows of the tender Peer.

By *March* is not meant, as some will have it, the  
Month so called; because it was *January* that was  
then King; and as he was but newly in his Reign  
just before, we can hardly suppose him to be dethroned  
so soon.

The trembling Trees their lengthen'd Arms extend,  
And leaning, push'd by Winds, towards him bend,  
It is a Doubt whether the Trees would have bent  
towards him, had they not been pushed by the  
Winds. For my Part, I am inclined to think they  
would; for had they been unwilling to do it, they  
need not have stretched out their Arms, as they did,  
but

but could have kept them close to their Sides. And that they were earnest to help them, is confirmed by what follows immediately :

But vainly stretching out their Fingers grey,  
 They whisp'ring call, and beckon him away.  
 What a sad Fright must they be in? They not only stretch out their Arms but their Fingers. Fingers grey, is an elegant and just Expression; though it requires a little Circumlocution to explain it. Hoary signifies grey (as Canus in Latin, and hoary Hairs are the same as grey Hairs) and hoary likewise means frosty, from Hoar-frost. Now as the Fingers of the Trees were covered with the Frost, they were hoary, and if hoary, grey. How judiciously does our Poet employ his Epithets! W—RB—RT—N.

*Zoilus*, Jun. impertinently cavils at this truly grand Passage, in the following Words: 'What Occasion (says he) had the Poet to say, that the Trees stretched out their Fingers, when he had told us before, that they extended their Arms. This is Tautology. And why (says the Critic) did they only whispering call him? They should have hollaed out as loud as they could bawl, or else they could not be heard.' So far *Zoilus*: but in the first Place, Fingers here is not Tautology; for could not the Trees stretch out their Arms, and yet double their Fists? Besides it was necessary, you see, for the Trees to stretch out their Fingers, as well as their Arms, to beckon him away. As to the Second Remark, would he have the poor Trees do more than they could? A whole Forest, when heartily thumped by furious Blasts, could but mew at most, as we find some Lines above; then surely the simple Trees could but whisper. And as they grew very near the Bank, Whispering was enough, and could very well be heard. Nay, if they could not, somebody else might; For

The Ice with crackling Voice bids him retreat,  
 And from the Centre underneath his Feet,  
 Darts to the Banks his shining Character.  
 The older MSS. have it, cackling Voice; but, as  
*Scaliger* observes, this Expression can only be applied  
 to a Goose: wherefore he rightly alters it to crack-  
 ling, which is the Tone of Voice Ice always speaks in.

The Sun beholds the Silver-beaming Star,  
 And veils in thick'ning Clouds his melting Light,  
 The Winter-monarch shivers at the Sight.  
 By the Winter-monarch is certainly meant his frigid  
 Majesty,

‘King *January*, newly in his Reign.’  
 who, though Cold is as natural to him as his Skin,  
 yet could not help shivering at this lamentable Spec-  
 tacle.

While from his Icicle-fring'd Seat of Snow,  
 In frozen Equipage, amid the Blow  
 Of Ice-lip'd Winds, o'er Hail-white Pavements  
 roll'd,

He breath'd from Marble Lungs increasing Cold.

We have here a particular Description of his Ma-  
 jesty's State Coach. The Cushion was made of the  
 finest blanch'd Snow; and edged round with a beau-  
 tiful Fringe of Icicles, a la-mode de Paris. And  
 when his Majesty chose to ‘taste (or take) the Free-  
 zing Air,’ he always went in a frozen Equipage,  
 which, instead of being dragged by Horses, was  
 pushed along by half a Dozen chubby-faced Winds  
 with Lips of Ice, and rattled over the Ways which  
 were paved with huge Hail-stones. How suitable is  
 this to the Grandeur of a Winter-monarch! And  
 how much does it exceed the famous Description of  
*Neptune* in *Homer's Iliad*, Book the 13th.

And



*And breath'd from Marble Lungs.]* How judiciously does our Poet furnish his Monarch with Lungs adapted to every thing about him. For had they been of meer Flesh and Blood, they must have thaw'd his Throne, his Coach, and his very Dominions, and forced the poor Prince to paddle in warm Water of his own making.

Swift from the Puff descends a saline Shower,  
The knitting Winds exert their utmost Power.  
Why is the Shower saline? Because all Salts are cold, and as the Breath that proceeds from Marble Lungs must of consequence be cold, it may therefore be called saline. We are also to suppose the Monarch puffed away as fast as he could, so that he may be said to shower out his Breath.

*The knitting Winds.]* Some other Copies have it knotting, which *Burman* prefers, as being a more genteel Employment than that of Knitting. But the Context will not bear it. The Allusion is to a Hole in a Stocking, to which the Hole in the Ice is compared; and therefore 'twas necessary that the Winds should be Masters of the Knitting-Needle to be able to repair the Breach.

In vain,—in vain—the lucid Footing gone,  
The Youth is swallow'd in the broken Yawn.  
Death from the Pool, rose grinning for the Prize.  
*March* views the bony Form with frighted Eyes,  
And from his Reach to reach his Brother flies.

Reader, didst thou ever see a long ghastly Figure of nothing but Bones with an Hour-glass and Sithe in his Hands, on a Country Tomb-stone, or before an old Ballad of Death and the Lady? If thou hast, then wilt thou easily perceive the Propriety of this Image, and conclude that *March* has Reason to have his Eyes frighted at the grinning, bony Form. Who  
is

is meant by *March*, see my Note above on this Line.

*March* views his vent'rous Feet, &c.  
and you will find that the Eye-brows were tortured then by Fear, as much as the Eyes are frighted here :

Yet from his Reach to reach his Brother flies.]

How elegant is the Repetition of Reach? 'Tis true, this is not so agreeable to the Common Way of Speaking; for though I can say, Reach me hither such a Thing, yet you cannot say, No, I will reach it from your Reach. But such sublime Poets, as our Author, are above being confined within the narrow Limits of Sense.

The fractur'd Cover bursts beneath his Weight,  
He sinks, the Waters round him circulate;  
He finds the Bottom, o'er the liquid Strife  
Rose up to kiss the Passages of Life.  
That is, ere the Water rose as high as his Mouth.  
We are to suppose that the Water was very desirous of kissing him, and fought with Itself about it; whence arose a liquid Strife.

*Passages of Life.*] As Food is the Staff of Life, and passes in at the Mouth, through the Throat &c. they are elegantly called Passages of Life. *Janus Doussa* will have it, that by this Expression is meant the Passage behind, through which, says he, the Food passes out; and 'tis not expressly determined by the Author whether he meant the Fore or the Back Door of Life. But it is scarce probable that the Water rose up no higher: nor would it be quite so decent to say that the Water wanted to kiss his —.

Long in the muffled Firmament, the Rain  
Belly'd the cloudy Sponges of the Main.

Belly'd

Belly'd is certainly corrupt. We should read, belyed; for the cloudy Spunges seemed to say, we should have Rain; but the Rain would not come down, and therefore gave the Spunges the Lie. Or perhaps our Author, who is fond of Metaphors, wrote the Line thus:

Jelly'd i'th' cloudy Spunges, &c.

that is, the Rain turned to a stiff Jelly, and consequently could not flow in Drops. Either Reading is extremely just and elegant.

W—R—B—R—T—N.

*Cloudy Spunges of the Main.*] This is agreeable to Philosophy: which teaches, that the Clouds sponge upon the Sea, till they have sucked their Belly-full of Liquor, and then they are squeezed 'till they are dry again, which forms Rain. This Squeezing is *Jove's* Office, as is told by two Lines subsequent to these, in the Cotton MS. and which are certainly our Author's, who gives us in them another Source of Rain.

[Which *Jove* refus'd thro' fine-ey'd Sieves to squeeze,

Or from his Nose prolific Drops to sneeze.]

Left falling, running to the Pool beneath,

Too high't should hold the Silver Snare of Death. But why Silver? Would not a Copper or Brass one, do as well? But I never heard that Fishing-Nets were ever made of Metal. They are generally made of Packthread; but as Death was a Gentleman-Fisher he might use one made of Silk Twist, and therefore I'm inclined to think our Poet wrote, silken Snare; which I have accordingly restored. T—H—B—L—D.

What would the blockheadly Restorer be at? He is caught in a Leaden Snare, I am sure. By Silver Snare the Poet means, pale or white; Silver being always an Emblem of that Colour. W—R—B—R—T—N.

The



The Poet very judic\*\*\*\*y tlls us tha\* \*\*\*\*tation  
of th\* \*\*\*\* had bee\*.

As there is but one Copy of these truly-valuable  
Notes, preserved in the *Cotton Library*, it is in vain  
to hope that this *Hiatus valde Defendus* can ever be  
restored. For

*Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec potuit ferrum, nec edax abolere Vetustas,  
Heu! morsu tineæ potuere, et ridiculus mus.*

What nor offended *Jove's* avenging Ire,  
Nor Gothic Arms, nor spreading Fire,  
Nor Time's devouring Tooth could e'er annoy,  
With envious Bite the lurking Moth,  
The little Mouse could secretly destroy,  
Than Time, or *Jove* more fell, or Fire, or Savage  
Goth.

A N

# INSPECTOR

NUMBER 66666.

*The Man, that bath no Music in his Soul,  
Nor is not mov'd with Concord of sweet Sounds,  
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagems, and Spoils.  
Let no such Man be trusted.*—

SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER I had chatted away an Hour or so over a Dish of Coffee and Criticism at the Bedford, I went off in a Coranto, whipped into my Chariot, and drove away to the Concert in Dean-Street. When I had run over every pretty Face in that Assembly worth looking at, I directed my Coachman to go to the Theatre. I entered the right Hand Stage-box; a general Whisper went round the House: every Eye was fixed on my Person, though *Barry* was in one of the most tender and pathetic Parts of *Othello*. Presently after, the Music struck up: the Men of Fashion in the Boxes leered towards me with a Smile of Approbation: the Pretty dear Creatures fluttered their Fans at me: the City Gallants of the first Gallery perused me with a stare of Astonishment: and the peasant Inhabitants among the Gods looked as if they were asking one another, Which is He?— In the mean Time, the shrill Cry of Oranges and Nonpareils,

Nonpareils, and the hoarse Coughings of phthificky old Women, joined with the Pumphony of the Orchestra, made up an out-of-the way, comical sort of Concert.

I never go to any Entertainment without a Design of benefiting my Readers by it. The different Modulations of the Instruments, which I had heard before at *Ogle's*, and which now filled up the Intermission of the Play, made me reflect on the near Affinity between the *Actors* and the *Music*, and gave me the Hint of drawing a new Parallel between them. The Play began anew: others were observing the expressive Action of the Performers, and impatiently waiting the Catastrophe of the Piece: I was only attentive to their different Tones of Voice, and comparing them with the Sounds I had just heard from the Wind and String Instruments.

Mr. *Garrick*, (for I carried my Reflection equally to both Houses,) I considered as a double-keyed Harpsichord struck by the nice Finger of an *Handel*; now raising us to the alarming Bass of Terror, now sinking us down to the melting Treble of Pity: Sometimes fixing our serious Thoughts to a slow Tragical *penferoso*, at other Times tickling our enlivened Faculties to a brisk Comedy *andante*, or a light farcical Jig. All the Powers of Harmony are included; and the whole Energy of Composition exerted, in this various and delightful Instrument.

I mean not to derogate from the Merits of Mr. *Barry* by the Similitude, when I liken him to the *Italian Violin*; which, if it cannot take in the whole Compass and Contrariety of Notes (expressive of every Passion) that the Harpsichord is equal to, yet it draws out such a Sweetness of Tone, such a calm Melody of Sound, that the correct Ear discovers exquisite Force in its Simplicity. Sometimes too it shakes the Soul with its Rapidity, and the sympathizing Senses are enraptured with the Graces capable  
to



to be expressed on it by the masterly Execution of a *Giardini*.

Mr. *Mossop*, though a very promising Actor, does not as yet, aspire to the Expression of Mr. *Garrick* whom I compared to the Harpsichord, or the Delicacy of Mr. *Barry* whom I considered as a Violin. I shall therefore place him on the Stage nearly in the same Rank that the Violoncello holds in the Orchestra. His Elocution to the vulgar Part of the Audience may sound harsh and somewhat grating: but there is a noble Dignity in it; and, like the Instrument just mentioned, at the same Time it is Strong, Loud, and Full, is Delectable, Just, and Melodious.

I may be censured perhaps for saying, that the Hautboy is no bad Resemblance of Mr. *Ross*; neither remarkable for its Sweetness or Variety, and rather pleasing than surprising, more useful in a Concerto, when accompaigned with better-toned Instruments, than it is efficacious when playing a Solo.

And here Mr. *Quin* among the Rest must not be forgotten, as we have so often heretofore admired him, when he smote the General Ear, and shook Pit, Box, and Gallery with his Thunder. But I know not whether we may better trace him in the rough Rumbling of the Bassoon, the loud Roaring of the Kettle-Drum, the full Cadence of the Horn, or the deep and strong Unison of the Double-Bass.

Mrs. *Cibber*'s soft easy Pipe aptly enough brought to my Remembrance the Mellowness of a German Flute, when inspired by the almost speaking Breath of a *Burk Thumoth*. The Plaintiveness of her Accents are expressive of the liquid Melody peculiar to this Instrument, whose Sounds are adapted to the Languishings of Love, and melt us with extatic Mildness:—not but that sometimes they are raised to a higher Pitch, and startle us with the wild Fury of extravagant Despair. I could wish indeed Mrs. *Cibber*'s

Stops

Stops were regulated with the Judgment of a *Pritchard*, that we might not be so often tired with a constant and unaltered Monotony.

But oh! the Miss *Bellamy*,—the fine, the charming, the every-thing Miss *Bellamy*,—she, whom I affirm to be the best Actress, and the handsomest Woman in the World,—she, in whom all the Combination of harmonious Utterance are united; when even the rich Music of her Tongue sweetens the Air, (as *Romeo* calls it,)—O what single Instrument can come up to her Expression!—I should do her Injustice even to compare her with the new-invented Lyrichord of *Plenius*; where the Softness of the Flagellet, the Mellowness of the Flute, and the Fullness of the Hautboy, are, by the Vibrations of the several Chords artfully disposed, all of them curiously blended together,—Miss *Bellamy* in my Opinion is an Organ playing with a vast Variety of Stops, and makes in herself a complete Concert.

In the Theatres there are several meaner-sounding Instruments, neither commanding for their Grace, nor affecting for their Energy—yet they serve well enough to fill up the Band; and if inelegant, or of dissonant Mood, they pass off, as without particular Distinction, so without particular Dislike; while their unmeaning ill-timed Discordancy is happily lost and drowned in the general Harmony.

\*\*\* This is designed as a Companion to my former (before never heard of) Parallel between Painting and Playing.

I know not what to think of the following: I found it in my Pocket Yesterday: Nor can I guess how it came thither: 'Twas after my Return from seeing the curious Creature, in

whose

whose Character it is written: I remember I caressed him with much Fondness; and once, I believe, hinted I would do him Justice in Print. Others more credulous may think something miraculous in it: I can only say, the little dumb Animal seemed to me to shew more Ingenuity than many two-legged Puppies of my Acquaintance, that pretended to Rationality.

## HISTORY of the MOST AMAZING and SAGACIOUS ENGLISH DOG.

*Written by HIMSELF.*

Were I to reveal the Secret how I have been able to write at all, it would too much stagger human Belief: let it suffice that I have really done it; and from the incredible Feats People daily see me perform, a conjectural Argument may be fairly deduced, that it was possible for me to have written this.

The Learned very well know the Tenets of Pythagoras: He maintained the Principles of Transmigration: that the Bodies of Men were animated by Souls passing from Brutes, and of Brutes by Souls passing from Men. This Doctrine has been long exploded: but may it not be true? The Earth was once thought to be immoveable; and it was pronounced an Herefy, doomed to the Faggot, to affirm the Contrary. *Des Carte's* System of Philosophy had once as many Supporters, as *Sir Isaac's* has at present: Many Opinions have been resumed, that before had been discarded:—*Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere*—And why not this of Transmigration?



I myself, I solemnly declare, was an Intimate and Fellow-Soldier with *Euphorbus*, who was afterwards *Pythagoras* himself: and who knows but those bluff English Mastiffs, who now amicably serve together at the same Shambles, may inherit, not the Names only, but the very Souls of those rival Heroes, *Pompey* and *Cæsar*.

But it were presumptuous in a simple Dog, as I am, a mere Brute endued, as 'tis said, only with Instinct, to enter into physical Disquisitions: Yet, I assure you, I have a Memory, not only of what has happened to me in my present Shape, but through all my Transactions. A few Incidents I shall select of my canine State of Life, to which, by a sad Fatality, I have been chiefly confined.

First then, it is necessary to inform you, that I was once the glorious Dog-Star, elevated to the blissful Regions of the Skies. I there enjoyed a tranquil Felicity, till, by my Barking, I imprudently disturbed the Sovereign *Jupiter* in an Amour with a certain Goddess. For this Offence I was banished the Heavens, and, as I could not be wholly divested of Immortality, condemned to inhabit material Beings here on Earth, and do a shameful Pennance in gross Flesh and Blood.

'Tis not worth while to mention how long I have thus suffered; or in what different Forms: I was one of those Dogs that encompassed *Scylla*, so renowned in poetical Story: I was one of those Dogs, that helped to devour their Master *Actæon*; whose Soul *Diana* commanded instantly to enter the dead Body of a Stag newly killed, that he might not be able to blab of her Nakedness.—(*Ovid* tells the Story otherwise, but this is the Fact.)—I was *Ulysses's* faithful *Argos*, who discovered my Master after twenty Years Absence, when his Wife, his Son, and all his Family, could not know him.

Among

Among the human Mortals, whom I lived in, the Chief was that snarling Philosopher *Diogenes*, the first Founder of Tub-Preachers. He was properly stiled the *Cynic*, on Account of his dogged Nature; of which I was truly the constituent Cause. From him I transmigrated into many other Bodies, which, at present, I have no Inclination to enumerate.

I shall hasten to the Period at which I assumed the Form I am now in: I had the Honour to be transmitted into the Carcase of a Puppy sprung from a polite Lady's favourite Lap-Dog: My Education was the tenderest imaginable: The Lady's Son and Heir was not brought up with more Delicacy, Care, and Affection. Unluckily for me, my Parent had not been quite so curious in her Choice of an Helpmate: I soon discovered Marks of a Mungrel Breed, and shewed evident Promises of an unfashionable Size and Shape. In fine, I was expelled the soft Velvet Cushion of the Drawing-Room, and sent down to the hard Mattresses of the Servants Hall.

Before I had passed the Nonage of Puppy-hood, I found myself transported to an Alehouse Kitchen: for the Servants were worn out with my continual Yelping at my indelicate Situation: the Lady ceased to enquire after me; and they were glad to get rid of me at any Rate. My new Master of the Tap-house clapped me up into a wooden Whirligig, and set me to work at what is called Spinning of Roast-Meat. My Limbs, alas! never inured to Service, and before always indulged in the Luxury of Indolence, could not submit to such toilsome Employment: Blows only disheartened me; and I learnt the mean Practice of those dastard Curs, that skulk away in Corners, when they are wanted to get Dinner.

After I had encreased considerably in Bulk, almost too big for the Service I was destined to, a Coach-

man, who used to drink at our House, was charmed with my Spots : He begged me, easily obtained me, and I was carried to the Stable ; where my Spirit was so broken, that I with Pleasure suffered the dirty Hands of Grooms to clap me on the Back, and stinking Postillions to spit in my Mouth. But my Pride made me more than Amends ; for wherever the Coach went, I was always carried in the Boot, and stuck myself up erect upon the Foot-board : I then thought the Horses, and all, were at my Command : and like the Fly upon the Wheel, I attributed to myself the mighty Dust that was raised about me.

I was a very docile Creature, and at Times had been taught to fetch and carry, to stand upon my hind Legs, to yawn at Command, and to play a thousand Tricks that servile Dogs are obliged to submit to. This procured me the Good-will of the grinning Vulgar, and gained me many a cast Bone as a Reward for my Ingenuity.

At Length the famous *Bampfylde More Carew*, (well known in the Country by the Name of Dog-stealer) came to the Town where we were : He scraped Acquaintance with me among others of my Species ; and enticed us along with him by a Charm no less powerful than the Cake, which quieted the Triple-headed *Cerberus*. For myself, not having been initiated in any of the rustic Sports, he sold me to a Mountebank at the next Village for Sixpence Dry and a Pot of Flip. With this my new Master and his Merry Andrew, I travelled over several Parts of *England*, and contributed my Share to their Impositions on poor, ignorant, gaping Clowns. He taught me, upon taking some innocent Composition, immediately to counterfeit myself dead : I would throw myself into the most convulsive Agonies, 'till, upon applying a trifling Liquor to my Nostrils, I could spring up briskly upon my Legs,

shake



shake myself, wag my Tail, skip about, and show all the evident Tokens of my speedy Recovery.

Poverty, and the Apprehensions of a Gaol, drove my Master at last to seek a Refuge in *France*. Here it was that I first had an Interview, which soon ripened into Intimacy with the famous *Chien Savant*, who was then learning those Exercises, which he has since exhibited with so much Applause in *England*. I was struck with his Ingenuity: I studied his Practices; and in copying after this great Original, I found myself able to make many Improvements on them. However, I chose to conceal my Talents, 'till I should get a favourable Occasion to exert them.

After Monsier *Le Chien* had been some Time settled in *England*, the ingenious Artist, under whose Tuition I now am, came to *Boulogne* on the same Errand with my Master. He had seen the sagacious Performances of *Le Chien*: And when he saw a Specimen of mine, he was in Raptures to meet a Dog of his own Country, that might, at the same Time I brought Profit to himself, do Honour to the Nation. In a Word, he soon struck up a Bargain with my Owner, who having no farther Use for me in his medical Capacity, parted with me without Reluctance: and I revisited once more my dear native Land *England*.

I have ever since been preparing for Exhibition: My Instructor, resolving I should exceed the Foreigner's Sagacity, has taught me to distinguish the *Greek Alphabet*, of which I am now perfect Master from Alpha to Omega. I can even sound some of the Letters almost to a Degree of Speaking; as the  $\chi$  &c. but particularly the  $\rho$ ; which I can growl out (especially when asserting my Possession to a Bone) with such a guttural Emphasis, as Mr. *Mossop*, whom I've heard my Owner talk of, cannot equal.

To conclude.—My Countrymen are fond of Novelties: They love every thing that is strange and unnatural: I have therefore a just Right to their Favours: and if they are not blinded by that National Partiality to Foreigners, I don't doubt but I shall easily convince them, that the Most Amazing and Sagacious *English* Dog, far exceeds the Famous *French* Chien Savant, at least, let the old Proverb assist me, which tells us, ' Every Dog has his Day.'

THE

## THE LIFE OF

HENRY ST. JOHN,

Lord Viscount BOLINGBROKE.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

**T**HERE are some Characters that seem formed by Nature to take Delight in struggling with Opposition, and whose most agreeable Hours are passed in Storms of their own creating. The Subject of the present Sketch was perhaps of all others the most indefatigable in raising himself Enemies, to shew his Power in subduing them; and was not less employed in improving his superior Talents, than in finding Objects on which to exercise their Activity. His Life was spent in a continued Conflict of Politics; and, as if that was too short for the Combat, he has left his Memory as a Subject of lasting Contention.

It is indeed no easy Matter to preserve an acknowledged Impartiality, in talking of a Man so differently regarded on Account of his Political, as well as his Religious Principles. Those whom his Politics may please, will be sure to condemn him for his Religion; and, on the contrary, those most strongly attached to his Theological Opinions, are the most likely to decry his Politics. On whatever Side he is regarded, he is sure to have Opposers, and this was



perhaps what he most desired, having from Nature a Mind better pleased with the Struggle than the Victory.

*Henry St. John*, Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*, was born in the Year 1672, at *Battersea* in *Surry*, at a Seat that had been in the Possession of his Ancestors for Ages before. His Family was of the first Rank, equally conspicuous for its Antiquity, Dignity, and large Possessions. It is found to trace its Original as high as *Adam de Port*, Baron of *Basing* in *Hampshire*, before the Conquest; and in a Succession of Ages to have produced Warriors, Patriots, and Statesmen, some of whom were conspicuous for their Loyalty, and others for their defending the Rights of the People. His Grandfather Sir *Walter St. John*, of *Battersea*, marrying one of the Daughters of Lord Chief Justice *St. John*, who as all know was strongly attached to the Republican Party, *Henry*, the Subject of the present Memoir, was brought up in his Family, and consequently imbibed the first Principles of his Education amongst the Dissenters. At that Time *Daniel Burgess*, a Fanatic of a very peculiar Kind, being at once possessed of Zeal and Humour, and as well known for the Archness of his Conceits as the furious Obstinacy of his Principles, was Confessor in the Presbyterian Way to his Grandmother, and was appointed to direct our Author's first Studies. Nothing is so apt to disgust a feeling Mind as mistaken Zeal; and perhaps the Absurdity of the first Lectures he received, might have given him that Contempt for all Religions, which he might have justly conceived against one. Indeed no Task can be more mortifying than that he was condemned to undergo: 'I was obliged,' says he in one Place, 'while yet a Boy, to read over the Commentaries of Dr. *Mantou*, whose Pride it was to have made an hundred and nineteen Sermons on  
' the

'the hundred and nineteenth Psalm.' Dr. Manton and his Sermons were not likely to prevail much on one, who was, perhaps, the most sharp-sighted in the World at discovering the Absurdities of others, however he might have been guilty of establishing many of his own.

But these dreary Institutions were of no very long Continuance; as soon as it was fit to take him out of the Hands of the Women, he was sent to *Eaton School*, and removed thence to *Christ Church College* in *Oxford*. His Genius and Understanding were seen and admired in both these Seminaries; but his Love of Pleasure had so much the Ascendency, that he seemed contented rather with the Consciousness of his own great Powers, than their Exertion. However his Friends, and those who knew him most intimately, were thoroughly sensible of the Extent of his Mind; and when he left the University, he was considered as one who had the fairest Opportunity of making a shining Figure in active Life.

Nature seemed not less kind to him in her external Embellishments, than in adorning his Mind. With the Graces of an handsome Person, and a Face in which Dignity was happily blended with Sweetness, he had a Manner of Address that was very engaging. His Vivacity was always awake, his Apprehension was quick, his Wit refined, and his Memory amazing: His Subtilty in Thinking and Reasoning were profound, and all these Talents were adorned with an Elocution that was irresistible.

To the Assemblage of so many Gifts from Nature, it was expected that Art would soon give her finishing Hand; and that a Youth begun in Excellence would soon arrive at Perfection: But such is the Perverseness of human Nature, that an Age which should have been employed in the Acquisition of Knowledge, was dissipated in Pleasure, and instead of aiming to excel in praise-worthy Pursuits, *Bolingbroke*

*lingbroke* seemed more ambitious of being thought the greatest Rake about Town. This Period might have been compared to that of Fermentation in Liquors, which grow muddy before they brighten; but it must also be confessed, that those Liquors which never ferment are seldom clear. In this State of Disorder he was not without his lucid Intervals; and even while he was noted for keeping Miss *Gumley*, the most expensive Prostitute in the Kingdom, and bearing the greatest Quantity of Wine without Intoxication, he even then despised his paltry Ambition. 'The Love of Study,' says he, 'and Desire of Knowledge, were what I felt all my Life; and though my Genius, unlike the Dæmon of *Socrates*, whispered so softly, that very often I heard him not in the Hurry of these Passions with which I was transported, yet some calmer Hours there were, and in them I hearkened to him.' These secret Admonitions were indeed very few, since his Excesses are remembered to this very Day. I have spoke to an old Man, who assured me that he saw him and another of his Companions run Naked through the *Park*, in a Fit of Intoxication; but then it was at a Time when public Decency might be transgressed with less Danger than at present.

During this Period, as all his Attachments were to Pleasure, so his Studies only seemed to lean that Way. His first Attempts were in Poetry, in which he discovers more Wit than Taste, more Labour than Harmony in his Versification. We have a Copy of his Verses prefixed to *Dryden's Virgil*, complimenting the Poet, and praising his Translation. We have another not so well known, prefixed to a *French Work*, published in *Holland*, by the Chevalier *de St. Hyacinth*, intituled, *Le Chef d'Oeuvre d'un Inconnu*. This Performance is an humorous Piece of Criticism upon a miserable old Ballad, and *Bolingbroke's* Compliment, tho' written  
in



in *English*, is printed in *Greek* Characters, so that at the first Glance it may deceive the Eye, and be mistaken for real *Greek*. There are two or three Things more of his Composition, which have appeared since his Death, but which neither do Honour to his Parts or Memory.

In this mad Career of Pleasure he continued for some Time; but at Length, in 1700, when he arrived at the twenty-eighth Year of his Age, he began to take a Dislike to his Method of Living, and to find that sensual Pleasure alone was not sufficient to make the Happiness of a reasonable Creature. He therefore made his first Effort to break from his State of Infatuation, by marrying the Daughter and Coheiress of Sir *Henry Winchescomb*, a Descendant from the famous *Jack* of *Newbury*, who, though but a Clothier, in the Reign of *Henry VIII.* was able to entertain the King and all his Retinue in the most splendid Manner. This Lady was possessed of a Fortune exceeding forty thousand Pounds, and was not deficient in mental Accomplishments; but whether he was not yet fully satiated with his former Pleasures, or whether her Temper was not conformable to his own, it is certain they were far from living happily together. After cohabiting for some Time together, they parted by mutual Consent, both equally displeased; he complaining of the Obstinacy of her Temper, she of the Shamelessness of his Infidelity. A great Part of her Fortune some Time after, upon his Attainder, was given her back; but as her Family Estates were settled upon him, he enjoyed them after her Death, upon the Reversal of his Attainder.

Having taken a Resolution to quit the Allurements of Pleasure for the stronger Attractions of Ambition, soon after his Marriage he procured a Seat in the House of Commons, being elected for the Borough of *Wotton-Basset*, in *Wiltshire*, his Father having served

served several Times for the same Place. Besides his natural Endowments, and his large Fortune, he had other very considerable Advantages that gave him Weight in the Senate, and seconded his Views of Preferment. His Grandfather, Sir *Walter St. John*, was still alive, and that Gentleman's Interest was so great in his own County of *Wilts*, that he represented it in two Parliaments in a former Reign. His Father also was then the Representative for the same, and the Interest of his Wife's Family in the House was very extensive. Thus *Bolingbroke* took his Seat with many accidental Helps, but his chief and great Resource lay in his own extensive Abilities.

At that Time the Whig and the Tory Parties were strongly opposed in the House, and pretty nearly balanced. In the latter Years of King *William*, the Tories, who from every Motive were opposed to the Court, had been gaining Popularity, and now began to make a public Stand against their Competitors. *Robert Harley*, afterwards Earl of *Oxford*, a staunch and confirmed Tory, was in the Year 1700, chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and was continued in the same upon the Accession of Queen *Anne*, the Year ensuing. *Bolingbroke* had all along been bred up, as was before observed, among the Dissenters, his Friends leaned to that Persuasion, and all his Connexions were in the Whig Interest. However, either from Principle, or from perceiving the Tory Party to be then gaining Ground, while the Whigs were declining, he soon changed his Connexions, and joined himself to *Harley*, for whom he then had the greatest Esteem: Nor did he bring him his Vote alone, but his Opinion; which even before the End of his first Session he rendered very considerable, the House perceiving, even in so young a Speaker, the greatest Eloquence, united with the profoundest Discernment. The  
Year

Year following he was again chosen anew for the same Borough, and persevered in his former Attachments, by which he gained such an Authority and Influence in the House, that it was thought proper to reward his Merit; and on the 10th of *April* 1704, he was appointed Secretary at War, and of the Marines, his Friend *Harley* having a little before been made Secretary of State.

The Tory Party being thus established in Power, it may easily be supposed that every Method would be used to depress the Whig Interest, and to prevent it from rising; yet so much Justice was done even to Merit in an Enemy, that the Duke of *Marlborough*, who might be considered as at the Head of the opposite Party, was supplied with all the Necessaries for carrying on the War in *Flanders* with Vigour; and it is remarkable, that the greatest Events of his Campaigns, such as the Battles of *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*, and several glorious Attempts made by the Duke to shorten the War by some decisive Action, fell out while *Bolingbroke* was Secretary at War. In Fact, he was a sincere Admirer of that great General, and avowed it upon all Occasions to the last Moment of his Life: He knew his Faults, he admired his Virtues, and had the Boast of being Instrumental in giving Lustre to those Triumphs, by which his own Power was in a Manner overthrown.

As the Affairs of the Nation were then in as fluctuating a State as at present, *Harley*, after maintaining the Lead for above three Years, was in his Turn obliged to submit to the Whigs, who once more became the prevailing Party, and he was compelled to resign the Seals. The Friendship between him and *Bolingbroke*, seems at this Time to have been sincere and disinterested; for the latter chose to follow his Fortune, and the next Day resigned his Employments in the Administration, following his  
Friend's



Friend's Example, and setting an Example at once of Integrity and Moderation. As an Instance of this, when his Coadjutors the Tories were for carrying a violent Measure in the House of Commons, in order to bring the Princess *Sophia* into *England*, *Bolingbroke* so artfully opposed it, that it dropt without a Debate. For this his Moderation was praised, but perhaps at the Expence of his Sagacity.

For some Time the Whigs seemed to have gained a complete Triumph, and upon the Election of a new Parliament, in the Year 1708, *Bolingbroke* was not returned. The Interval which followed of above two Years, he employed in the severest Study; and this recluse Period he ever after used to consider, as the most active and serviceable of his whole Life. But his Retirement was soon interrupted, by the prevailing of his Party once more; for the Whig Parliament being dissolved in the Year 1710, he was again chosen, and *Harley* being made Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Exchequer, the important Post of Secretary of State was given to our Author, in which he discovered a Degree of Genius and Assiduity that perhaps have never been known to be united in one Person to the same Degree.

The *English* Annals scarce produce a more trying Juncture, or that required such various Abilities to regulate. He was then placed in a Sphere, where he was obliged to conduct the Machine of State, struggling with a thousand various Calamities: A desperate and enraged Party, whose Characteristic it has ever been to bear none in Power but themselves; a War conducted by an able General, his professed Opponent, and whose Victories only tended to render him every Day more formidable; a foreign Enemy, possessed of endless Resources, and seeming to gather Strength from every Defeat; an insidious Alliance, that wanted only to gain the Advantages of  
Victory,

Victory, without contributing to the Expences of the Combat; a weak declining Mistress, that was led by every Report, and seemed ready to listen to whatever was said against him; still more, a gloomy, indolent, and suspicious Colleague, that envied his Power, and hated him for his Abilities: These were a Part of the Difficulties that *Bolingbroke* had to struggle with in Office, and under which he was to conduct the Treaty of the Peace of *Utrecht*, which was considered as one of the most complicated Negotiations that History can afford. But nothing seemed too great for his Abilities and Industry, he set himself to the Undertaking with Spirit: He began to pave the Way to the intended Treaty by making the People discontented at the Continuance of the War; for this Purpose he employed himself in drawing up accurate Computations of the Numbers of our own Men, and that of Foreigners employed in its destructive Progress. He even wrote in the Examiners, and other periodical Papers of the Times, shewing how much of the Burden rested upon *England*, and how little was sustained by those who falsely boasted their Alliance. By these Means, and after much Debate in the House of Commons, the Queen received a Petition from Parliament, shewing the Hardships the Allies had put upon *England* in carrying on this War, and consequently how necessary it was to apply Relief to so ill-judged a Connexion. It may be easily supposed that the *Dutch*, against whom this Petition was chiefly levelled, did all that was in their Power to oppose it; many of the foreign Courts also, with whom we had any Transactions, were continually at work to defeat the Minister's Intentions. Memorial was delivered after Memorial; the People of *England*, the Parliament, and all *Europe* were made acquainted with the Injustice and the Dangers of such a Proceeding: However, *Boling-*  
*broke*

*broke* went on with Steadiness and Resolution, and although the Attacks of his Enemies at home might have been deemed sufficient to employ his Attention, yet he was obliged at the same Time that he furnished Materials to the Press in *London*, to furnish Instructions to all our Ministers and Ambassadors abroad, who would do nothing but in pursuance of his Directions. As an Orator, in the Senate he exerted all his Eloquence, he stated all the great Points that were brought before the House, he answered the Objections that were made by the Leaders of the Opposition; and all this with such Success, that even his Enemies, while they opposed his Power, acknowledged his Abilities. Indeed, such were the Difficulties he had to encounter, that we find him acknowledging himself some Years after, that he never looked back on this great Event, passed as it was, without a secret Emotion of Mind, when he compared the Vastness of the Undertaking, and the Importance of the Success, with the Means employed to bring it about, and with those which were employed to frustrate his Intentions.

While he was thus industriously employed, he was not without the Rewards that deserved to follow such Abilities, joined to so much Affiduity. In *July 1712*, he was created Baron *St. John*, of *Lidyard Tregoze*, in *Wiltshire*, and Viscount *Bolingbroke*, by the last of which Titles he is now generally known, and is likely to be talked of by Posterity: He was also the same Year appointed Lord Lieutenant of the County of *Essex*. By the Titles of *Tregoze* and *Bolingbroke*, he united the Honours of the elder and younger Branch of his Family; and thus transmitted into one Channel, the opposing Interests of two Races that had been distinguished, one for their Loyalty to King *Charles I.* the other for their Attachment to the Parliament that opposed him. It was afterwards his Boast, that he steered clear



clear of the Extremes for which his Ancestors had been distinguished, having kept the Spirit of Freedom of the one, and acknowledged the Subordination that distinguished the other.

*Bolingbroke* being thus raised very near the Summit of Power, began to perceive more nearly the Defects of him who was placed there. He now began to find that Lord *Oxford*, whose Party he had followed, and whose Person he had esteemed, was by no Means so able or so industrious as he supposed him to be. He now began from his Heart to renounce the Friendship which he once had for his Coadjutor; he began to imagine him treacherous, mean, indolent, and invidious; he even began to ascribe his own Promotion to *Oxford's* Hatred, and to suppose that he was sent up to the House of Lords only to render him contemptible. These Suspicions were partly true, and partly suggested by *Bolingbroke's* own Ambition; being sensible of his own superior Importance and Capacity, he could not bear to see another take the Lead in public Affairs, when he knew they owed their chief Success to his own Management. Whatever might have been his Motives, whether of Contempt, Hatred, or Ambition, it is certain an irreconcilable Breach began between these two Leaders of their Party; their mutual Hatred was so great, that even their own common Interest, the Vigour of their Negotiations, and the Safety of their Friends, were entirely sacrificed to it. It was in vain that *Swift*, who was admitted into their Counsels, urged the unseasonable Impropriety of their Disputes; that while they were thus at Variance within the Walls, the Enemy were making irreparable Breaches without. *Bolingbroke's* Antipathy was so great, that even Success would have been hateful to him, if Lord *Oxford* were to be a Partner. He abhorred him to that Degree, that he could not bear to be

joined with him in any Case; and even some Time after, when the Lives of both were aimed at, he could not think of concerting Measures with him for their mutual Safety, preferring even Death itself to the Appearance of a temporary Friendship.

Nothing could have been more weak and injudicious than their mutual Animosities at this Juncture; and it may be asserted with Truth, that Men who were unable to suppress or conceal their Resentments upon such a trying Occasion, were unfit to take the Lead in any Measures, be their Industry or their Abilities ever so great. In Fact, their Dissentions were soon found to involve not only them, but their Party in utter Ruin; their Hopes had for some Time been declining, the Whigs were daily gaining Ground, and the Queen's Death soon after totally destroyed all their Schemes with their Power.

Upon the Accession of *George I.* to the Throne, Dangers began to threaten the late Ministry on every Side; whether they had really Intentions of bringing in the Pretender, or whether the Whigs made it a Pretext for destroying them, is uncertain; but the King very soon began to shew, that they were to expect neither Favour nor Mercy at his Hands. Upon his Landing at *Greenwich*, when the Court came to wait upon him, and Lord *Oxford* among the Number, he studiously avoided taking any Notice of him, and testified his Resentment by the Carresses he bestowed upon the Members of the opposite Faction. A Regency had been some Time before appointed to govern the Kingdom, and *Addison* was made Secretary. *Bolingbroke* still maintained his Place of State Secretary, but subject to the Contempt of the Great, and the Insults of the Mean. The first Step taken by them to mortify him, was to order all Letters and Packets directed to the Secretary of State, to be sent to Mr. *Addison*; so that *Bolingbroke* was in Fact removed from his Office,  
that

that is, the Execution of it, in two Days after the Queen's Death. But this was not the worst, for his Mortifications were continually heightened, by the daily Humiliation of waiting at the Door of the Apartment where the Regency sat, with a Bag in his Hand, and being all the Time, as it were, on Purpose, exposed to the Insolence of those who were tempted by their natural Malevolence, or who expected to make their Court to those in Power by abusing him.

Upon this sudden Turn of Fortune, when the Seals were taken from him, he went into the Country, and having received a Message from Court, to be present when the Seal was taken from the Door of the Secretary's Office, he excused himself, alledging, that so trifling a Ceremony might as well be performed by one of the Under Secretaries; but at the same Time requested the Honour of kissing the King's Hand, to whom he testified the utmost Submission. This Request however was rejected with Disdain: the King had been taught to regard him as an Enemy, and threw himself entirely on the Whigs for Safety and Protection.

The new Parliament, mostly composed of Whigs, met the 17th of *March*; and in the King's Speech from the Throne, many inflaming Hints were given, and many Methods of Violence were chalked out to the two Houses. 'The first Steps,' (says Lord *Bolingbroke*, speaking on this Occasion) 'in both were perfectly answerable; and to the Shame of the Peerage be it spoken, I saw at that Time several Lords concur to condemn, in one general Vote, all that they had approved in a former Parliament, by many particular Resolutions. Among several bloody Resolutions proposed and agitated at this Time, the Resolution of impeaching me of High Treason was taken; and I took that of leaving *England*, not in a panic Terror, improved by



‘ the Artifices of the Duke of *Marlborough*, whom I  
‘ knew even at that Time too well to act by his Ad-  
‘ vice or Information, in any Case, but on such  
‘ Grounds as the Proceedings which soon followed  
‘ sufficiently justified, and such as I have never re-  
‘ pented building upon. Those who blamed it in  
‘ the first Heat, were soon after obliged to change  
‘ their Language: For what other Resolution could  
‘ I take? The Method of Prosecution designed  
‘ against me, would have put me out of a Condi-  
‘ tion immediately to act for myself, or to serve those  
‘ who were less exposed than me, but who were  
‘ however in Danger. On the other Hand, how  
‘ few were there on whose Assistance I could de-  
‘ pend, or to whom I would even in these Circum-  
‘ stances be obliged. The Ferment in the Nation  
‘ was wrought up to a considerable Height; but  
‘ there was at that Time no Reason to expect that  
‘ it could influence the Proceedings in Parliament,  
‘ in Favour of those who should be accused; left  
‘ to its own Movement, it was much more proper  
‘ to quicken than slacken the Prosecutions; and  
‘ who was there to guide its Motions? The To-  
‘ ries, who had been true to one another to the last,  
‘ were a Handful, and no great Vigour could be  
‘ expected from them: the Whimsicals, disappointed  
‘ of the Figure which they hoped to make, began  
‘ indeed to join their old Friends. One of the prin-  
‘ cipal among them, namely, the Earl of *Anglesea*,  
‘ was so very good as to confess to me, that if the  
‘ Court had called the Servants of the late Queen to  
‘ Account, and stopped there, he must have confi-  
‘ dered himself as a Judge, and acted according to  
‘ his Conscience, on what should have appeared to  
‘ him: but that War had been declared to the  
‘ whole Tory Party, and that now the State of  
‘ Things were altered. This Discourse needed no  
‘ Commentary, and proved to me, that I had never  
‘ erred

'erred in the Judgment I made of this Set of Men.  
 'Could I then resolve to be obliged to them, or to  
 'suffer with *Oxford*? As much as I still was heated  
 'by the Disputes, in which I had been all my Life  
 'engaged against the Whigs, I would sooner have  
 'chosen to owe my Security to their Indulgence,  
 'than to the Assistance of the Whimsicals: but I  
 'thought Banishment, with all her Train of Evils,  
 'preferable to either.'

Such was the miserable Situation to which he was  
 reduced upon this Occasion; of all the Number of  
 his former Flatterers and Dependants, scarce one  
 was found remaining. Every Hour brought fresh  
 Reports of his alarming Situation, and the Dangers  
 which threatened him and his Party on all Sides.  
*Prior*, who had been employed in negotiating the  
 Treaty of *Utrecht*, was come over to *Dover*, and  
 had promised to reveal all he knew. The Duke of  
*Marlborough* planted his Creatures round his Lord-  
 ship, who artfully endeavoured to increase the  
 Danger; and an Impeachment was actually pre-  
 paring, in which he was accused of High Treason.  
 It argued therefore no great Degree of Timi-  
 dity in his Lordship, to take the first Opportunity to  
 withdraw from Danger, and to suffer the first Boil-  
 ings of popular Animosity, to quench the Flame  
 that had been raised against him: accordingly, hav-  
 ing made a gallant Shew of despising the Machina-  
 tions against him, having appeared in a very un-  
 concerned Manner at the Play-House in *Drury-Lane*,  
 and having bespoke another Play for the Night en-  
 suing; having subscribed to a new Opera that was  
 to be acted some Time after, and talked of making  
 an elaborate Defence, he went off that same Night  
 in Disguise to *Dover*, as a Servant to *Le Vigne*, a  
 Messenger belonging to the *French King*; and there  
 one *William Morgan*, who had been a Captain in

General *Hill's* Regiment of Dragoons, hired a Vessel, and carried him over to *Calais*, where the Governor attended him in his Coach, and carried him to his House with all possible Distinction.

The News of Lord *Bolingbroke's* Flight was soon known over the whole Town; and the next Day, a Letter from him to Lord *Lansdowne*, was handed about in Print, to the following Effect:

MY LORD,

‘ I left the Town so abruptly, that I had no  
 ‘ Time to take Leave of you or any of my Friends.  
 ‘ You will excuse me, when you know that I had  
 ‘ certain and repeated Informations, from some who  
 ‘ are in the Secret of Affairs, that a Resolution was  
 ‘ taken by those who have Power to execute it, to  
 ‘ pursue me to the Scaffold. My Blood was to have  
 ‘ been the Cement of a new Alliance, nor could my  
 ‘ Innocence be any Security, after it had once been  
 ‘ demanded from Abroad, and resolved on at Home,  
 ‘ that it was necessary to cut me off. Had there  
 ‘ been the least Reason to hope for a fair and open  
 ‘ Trial, after having been already prejudged unheard  
 ‘ by two Houses of Parliament, I should not have  
 ‘ declined the strictest Examination. I challenge  
 ‘ the most inveterate of my Enemies to produce any  
 ‘ one Instance of a criminal Correspondence, or the  
 ‘ least Corruption of any Part of the Administration  
 ‘ in which I was concerned. If my Zeal for  
 ‘ the Honour and Dignity of my Royal Mistress,  
 ‘ and the true Interest of my Country, has any where  
 ‘ transported me to let slip a warm or unguarded Ex-  
 ‘ pression, I hope the most favourable Interpretation  
 ‘ will be put upon it. It is a Comfort that will re-  
 ‘ main with me in all my Misfortunes, that I served  
 ‘ her Majesty faithfully and dutifully, in that espe-  
 ‘ cially which she had most at heart, relieving her  
 ‘ People from a bloody and expensive War, and that

‘ I



‘ I have also been too much an *Englishman*, to sacrifice the Interest of my Country to any foreign Ally ; and it is for this Crime only that I am now driven from thence. You shall hear more at large from me shortly. Yours, &c.’

No sooner was it universally known that he was retired to *France*, than his Flight was construed into a Proof of his Guilt ; and his Enemies accordingly set about driving on his Impeachment with redoubled Alacrity. Mr. afterwards, Sir *Robert Walpole*, who had suffered a good deal by his Attachment to the Whig Interest during the former Reign, now undertook to bring in and conduct the Charge against him in the House of Commons. His Impeachment consisted of six Articles, which *Walpole* read to the House, in Substance as follows. First, That whereas the Lord *Bolingbroke* had assured the *Dutch* Ministers, that the Queen his Mistress would make no Peace but in Concert with them, yet he had sent Mr. *Prior* to *France*, that same Year, with Proposals for a Treaty of Peace with that Monarch, without the Consent of the Allies. Secondly, That he advised and promoted the making a separate Treaty or Convention with *France*, which was signed in *September*. Thirdly, That he disclosed to M. *Mesnager*, the *French* Minister at *London*, this Convention, which was the preliminary Instructions to her Majesty’s Plenipotentiaries at *Utrecht*. Fourthly, That her Majesty’s final Instructions to her Plenipotentiaries, were disclosed by him to the Abbot *Gualtier*, who was an Emissary of *France*. Fifthly, That he disclosed to the *French* the Manner how *Tournay* in *Flanders* might be gained by them. And lastly, That he advised and promoted the yielding up *Spain* and the *West Indies* to the Duke of *Anjou*, then an Enemy to her Majesty. These were urged by *Walpole* with great Vehemence, and aggravated

with all the Eloquence of which he was Master. He challenged any Person in the House to appear in Behalf of the Accused; and asserted, that to vindicate, were in a Manner to share his Guilt. In this universal Consternation of the Tory Party, none was for some Time seen to stir; but at length General *Ross*, who had received Favours from his Lordship, boldly stood up, and said he wondered that no Man more capable was found to appear in Defence of the Accused. However, in attempting to proceed, he hesitated so much that he was obliged to sit down, observing, that he would reserve what he had to say to another Opportunity. It may easily be supposed, that the Whigs found no great Difficulty in passing the Vote for his Impeachment through the House of Commons. It was brought into that House on the 10th of *June* 1715, it was sent up to the House of Lords on the 6th of *August* ensuing, and in Consequence of which he was attainted by them of High Treason on the 10th of *September*. Nothing could be more unjust than such a Sentence; but Justice had been long drowned in the Spirit of Party.

*Bolingbroke* thus finding all Hopes cut off at Home, began to think of improving his wretched Fortune upon the Continent. He had left *England* with a very small Fortune, and his Attainder totally cut off all Resources for the future. In this depressed Situation, he began to listen to some Proposals which were made him by the Pretender, who was then residing at *Barr*, in *France*, and who was desirous of admitting *Bolingbroke* into his secret Councils. A Proposal of this Nature had been made him shortly after his Arrival at *Paris*, and before his Attainder at Home; but while he had yet any Hopes of succeeding in *England*, he absolutely refused, and made the best Applications his ruined

ruined Fortune would permit, to prevent the Extremity of his Prosecution.

He had for some Time waited for an Opportunity of determining himself, even after he found it vain to think of making his Peace at Home. He let his Jacobite Friends in *England* know that they had but to command him, and he was ready to venture in their Service the little All that remained, as frankly as he had exposed all that was gone. At length, (says he, talking of himself) these Commands came, and were executed in the following Manner. The Person who was sent to me, arrived in the Beginning of *July 1715*, at the Place where I had retired to in *Dauphine*. He spoke in the Name of all the Friends whose Authority could influence me; and he brought me Word that *Scotland* was not only ready to take Arms, but under some Sort of Dissatisfaction to be withheld from beginning: that in *England* the People were exasperated against the Government to such a Degree, that far from wanting to be encouraged, they could not be restrained from insulting it on every Occasion; that the whole Tory Party was become avowedly Jacobites; that many Officers of the Army, and the Majority of the Soldiers, were well-affected to the Cause; that the City of *London* was ready to rise, and that the Enterprizes for seizing of several Places, were ripe for Execution; in a Word, that most of the principal Tories were in a Concert with the Duke of *Ormond*: for I had pressed particulary to be informed whether his Grace acted alone, or if not, who were his Council; and that the others were so disposed, that there remained no Doubt of their joining, as soon as the first Blow should be struck. He added, that my Friends were a little surprised, to observe that I lay neuter in such a Conjunction. He represented to me the Danger I ran of being prevented by People of all Sides from having the Merit of engaging



gaging early in this Enterprize, and how unaccountable it would be for a Man, impeached and attainted under the present Government, to take no Share in bringing about a Revolution so near at Hand, and so certain. He intreated that I would defer no longer to join the Chevalier, to advise and assist in carrying on his Affairs, and to solicit and negotiate at the Court of France, where my Friends imagined that I should not fail to meet a favourable Reception, and from whence they made no Doubt of receiving Assistance in a Situation of Affairs so critical, so unexpected, and so promising. He concluded, by giving me a Letter from the Pretender, whom he had seen in his Way to me, in which I was pressed to repair without Loss of Time to *Comercy*; and this Instance was grounded on the Message which the Bearer of the Letter had brought me from *England*. In the Progress of the Conversation with the Messenger, he related a Number of Facts, which satisfied me as to the general Disposition of the People; but he gave me little Satisfaction as to the Measures taken to improve this Disposition, for driving the Business on with Vigour, if it tended to a Revolution, or for supporting it to Advantage if it spun into a War. When I questioned him concerning several Persons whose Disinclination to the Government admitted no Doubt, and whose Names, Quality and Experience were very essential to the Success of the Undertaking; he owned to me that they kept a great Reserve, and did at most but encourage others to act by general and dark Expressions. I received this Account and this Summons ill in my Bed; yet important as the Matter was, a few Minutes served to determine me. The Circumstances wanting to form a reasonable Inducement to engage, did not excuse me; but the Smart of a Bill of Attainder tingled in every Vein, and I looked on my Party to be under Oppression, and to call for my Assist-

Assistance. Besides which, I considered first that I should be certainly informed, when I conferred with the Chevalier, of many Particulars unknown to this Gentleman; for I did not imagine that the *English* could be so near to take up Arms as he represented them to be, on no other Foundation than that which he exposed.

In this Manner having for some Time debated with himself, and taken his Resolution, he lost no Time in repairing to the Pretender at *Comercy*, and took the Seals of that nominal King, as he had formerly those of his potent Mistress. But this was a terrible Falling-off indeed; and the very first Conversation he had with this weak Projector, gave him the most unfavourable Expectations of future Success. He talked to me, (says his Lordship) like a Man who expected every Moment to set out for *England* or *Scotland*, but who did not very well know for which; and when he entered into the Particulars of his Affairs, I found, that concerning the former, he had nothing more circumstantial or positive to go upon, than what I have already related. But the Duke of *Ormond* had been for some Time, I cannot say how long, engaged with the Chevalier: he had taken the Direction of this whole Affair, as far as it related to *England*, upon himself, and had received a Commission for this Purpose, which contained the most ample Powers that could be given. But still, however, all was unsettled, undetermined, and ill understood. The Duke had asked from *France* a small Body of Forces, a Sum of Money, and a Quantity of Ammunition; but to the first Part of the Request he received a flat Denial, but was made to hope that some Arms and some Ammunition might be given. This was but a very gloomy Prospect; yet Hope swelled the depressed Party so high, that they talked of nothing less than an instant and ready Revolution.

tion. It was their Interest to be secret and industrious; but rendered sanguine by their Passions, they made no Doubt of subverting a Government with which they were angry, and gave as great an Alarm, as would have been imprudent at the Eve of a general Insurrection.

Such was the State of Things, when *Bolingbroke* arrived to take up his new Office at *Comercy*; and although he saw the deplorable State of the Party with which he was embarked, yet he resolved to give his Affairs the best Complexion he was able, and set out for *Paris*, in order to procure from that Court the necessary Succours for his new Master's Invasion of *England*. But his Reception and Negotiations at *Paris*, were still more unpromising than those at *Comercy*, and nothing but absolute Infatuation seemed to dictate every Measure taken by the Party. He there found a Multitude of People at work, and every one doing what seemed good in his own Eyes; no Subordination, no Order, no Concert. The Jacobites had wrought one another up to look upon the Success of the present Designs, as infallible: Every Meeting-house which the Populace demolished, as he himself says, every little drunken Riot which happened, served to confirm them in these sanguine Expectations; and there was hardly one among them who would lose the Air of contributing by his Intrigues to the Restoration, which he took for granted would be brought about in a few Weeks. Care and Hope, says our Author very humorously, sate on every busy *Irish* Face; those who could read and write, had Letters to shew, and those who had not arrived to this Pitch of Erudition, had their Secrets to whisper. No Sex was excluded from this Ministry; *Fanny Oglethorpe* kept her Corner in it, and *Olive Trant*, a Woman of the same mixed Reputation, was the great Wheel of this political Machine. The ridiculous Correspondence



spondence was carried on with *England* by People of like Importance, and who were busy in sounding the Alarm in the Ears of an Enemy, whom it was their Interest to surprise. By these Means, as he himself continues to inform us, the Government of *England* was put on its Guard, so that before he came to *Paris*, what was doing had been discovered. The little Armament made at *Havre de Grace*, which furnished the only Means to the Pretender of landing on the Coasts of *Britain*, and which had exhausted the Treasury of *St. Germain*, was talked of publicly. The Earl of *Stair*, the *English* Minister at that City, very soon discovered its Destination, and all the Particulars of the intended Invasion; the Names of the Persons from whom Supplies came, and who were particularly active in the Design, were whispered about at Tea-Tables and Coffee-houses. In short, what by the Indiscretion of the Projectors, what by the private Interests and ambitious Views of the *French*, the most private Transactions came to Light; and such of the more prudent Plotters, who supposed that they had trusted their Heads to the keeping of one or two Friends, were in Reality at the Mercy of Numbers. Into such Company, exclaims our noble Writer, was I fallen for my Sins. Still, however, he went on, steering in the wide Ocean without a Compass, till the Death of *Lewis XIV.* and the Arrival of the Duke of *Ormond* at *Paris*, rendered all his Endeavours abortive: Yet notwithstanding these unfavourable Circumstances, he still continued to dispatch several Messages and Directions for *England*, to which he received very evasive and ambiguous Answers. Among the Number of these, he drew up a Paper at *Chaville*, in concert with the Duke of *Ormond*, Marshal *Berwick*, and *De Torcy*, which was sent to *England* just before the Death of the King of *France*, representing that *France* could not  
 answer

answer the Demands of their Memorial, and praying Directions what to do. A Reply to this came to him through the *French* Secretary of State, wherein they declared themselves unable to say any Thing, till they saw what Turn Affairs would take on the Death of the King, which had reached their Ears. Upon another Occasion, a Message coming from *Scotland* to press the Chevalier to hasten their Rising, he dispatched a Messenger to *London* to the Earl of *Mar*, to tell him that the Concurrence of *England* in the Insurrection, was ardently wished and expected; but instead of that Nobleman's waiting for Instructions, he had already gone into the Highlands, and had actually put himself at the Head of his Clans. After this, in concert with the Duke of *Ormond*, he dispatched one Mr. *Hamilton*, who got all the Papers by heart, for fear of a Miscarriage, to their Friends in *England*, to inform them, that though the Chevalier was destitute of Succour, and all reasonable Hopes of it, yet he would land as they pleased in *England* or *Scotland*, at a Minute's Warning; and therefore they might rise immediately after they had sent Dispatches to him. To this Message Mr. *Hamilton* returned very soon, with an Answer given by Lord *Lansdowne*, in the Name of all the Persons privy to the Secret, that since Affairs grew daily worse, and would not mend by Delay, the Malecontents in *England* had resolved to declare immediately, and would be ready to join the Duke of *Ormond* on his Landing; adding, that his Person would be as safe in *England* as in *Scotland*, and that in every other Respect it was better he should land in *England*; that they had used their utmost Endeavours, and hoped the western Counties would be in a good Posture to receive him, and that he should land as near as possible to *Plymouth*. With these Assurances the Duke embarked, though he had heard before of the Seizure of many of his  
most

most zealous Adherents, of the Dispersion of many more, and the Consternation of all; so that upon his Arrival at *Plymouth*, finding nothing in Readiness, he returned to *Britanny*. In these Circumstances the Pretender himself sent to have a Vessel got ready for him at *Dunkirk*, in which he went to *Scotland*, leaving Lord *Bolingbroke* all this while at *Paris*, to try if by any Means some Assistance might not be procured, without which all Hopes of Success were at an End. It was during his Negotiation upon this miserable Proceeding, that he was sent for by Mrs. *Trant*, (a Woman who had some Time before ingratiated herself with the Regent of *France*, by supplying him with Mistresses from *England*) to a little House in the *Bois de Boulogne*, where she lived with Mademoiselle *Chauffery*, an old superannuated Waiting-Woman belonging to the Regent. By these he was acquainted with the Measures they had taken for the Service of the Duke of *Ormond*; although *Bolingbroke*, who was actual Secretary to the Negotiation, had never been admitted to a Confidence in their Secrets. He was therefore a little surprised, at finding such mean Agents employed without his Privy, and very soon found them utterly unequal to the Task. He quickly therefore withdrew himself from such wretched Auxiliaries, and the Regent himself seemed pleased at his Defection.

In the mean Time the Pretender set sail from *Dunkirk* for *Scotland*, and though *Bolingbroke* had all along perceived that his Cause was hopeless, and his Projects ill designed; although he had met with nothing but Opposition and Disappointment in his Service, yet he considered that this of all others was the Time he could not be permitted to relax in the Cause. He now therefore neglected no Means, forgot no Argument which his Understanding could suggest, in applying to the Court of *France*: But  
his



his Success was not answerable to his Industry. The King of *France*, not able to furnish the Pretender with Money himself, had writ some Time before his Death to his Grandson the King of *Spain*, and had obtained from him a Promise of Forty thousand Crowns. A small Part of this Sum had been received by the Queen's Treasurer at *St. Germans*, and had been sent to *Scotland*, or employed to defray the Expences which were daily making on the Coast: at the same Time *Bolingbroke* pressed the *Spanish* Ambassador at *Paris*, and solicited the Minister at the Court of *Spain*. He took Care to have a Number of Officers picked out of the *Irish* Troops which serve in *France*, gave them their Routes, and sent a Ship to receive and transport them to *Scotland*. Still however the Money came in so slowly, and in such trifling Sums, that it turned to little Account; and the Officers were on their Way to the Pretender. At the same Time he formed a Design of engaging *French* Privateers in the Expedition, that were to have carried whatever should be necessary to send to any Part of *Britain* in their first Voyage, and then to cruise under the Pretender's Commission. He had actually agreed for some, and had it in his Power to have made the same Bargain with others: *Sweden* on one Side, and *Scotland* on the other, could have afforded them Retreats; and if the War had been kept up in any Part of the Mountains, this Armament would have been of the utmost Advantage. But all his Projects and Negotiations failed, by the Pretender's precipitate Return, who was not above Six Weeks in his Expedition, and flew out of *Scotland* even before all had been tried in his Defence.

The Expedition being in this Manner totally defeated, *Bolingbroke* now began to think that it was his Duty as well as Interest, to save the poor Remains

mains of the disappointed Party. He never had any great Opinion of the Pretender's Success before he set off; but when this Adventurer had taken the last Step which it was in his Power to make, our Secretary then resolved to suffer neither him, nor the *Scotch*, to be any longer Bubbles of their own Credulity, and of the scandalous Artifices of the *French* Court. In a Conversation he had with the Marshal *De Huxelles*, he took Occasion to declare, that he would not be the Instrument of amusing the *Scotch*; and since he was able to do them no other Service, he would at least inform them of what little Dependence they might place upon Assistance from *France*. He added, that he would send them Vessels, which with those already on the Coast of *Scotland*, might serve to bring off the Pretender, the Earl of *Mar*, and as many others as possible. The Marshal approved his Resolution, and advised him to execute it as the only Thing which was left to do; but in the mean Time the Pretender landed at *Graveline*, and gave Orders to stop all Vessels bound on his Account to *Scotland*; and *Bolingbroke* saw him the Morning after his Arrival at *St. Germain's*, and he received him with open Arms.

As it was the Secretary's Business, as soon as *Bolingbroke* heard of his Return, he went to acquaint the *French* Court with it, when it was recommended to him to advise the Pretender to proceed to *Bar* with all possible Diligence; and in this Measure *Bolingbroke* entirely concurred. But the Pretender himself was in no such Haste, he had a Mind to stay some Time at *St. Germain's*, and in the Neighbourhood of *Paris*, and to have a private Meeting with the Regent: He accordingly sent *Bolingbroke* to solicit this Meeting, who exerted all his Influence in the Negotiation. He wrote and spoke to the Marshal *De Huxelles*, who answered him by

Word of Mouth and by Letters, refusing him by both, and assuring him that the Regent said the Things which were asked were Puerilities, and swore he would not see him. The Secretary, no Ways displeased with his ill Success, returned with this Answer to his Master, who acquiesced in this Determination, and declared he would instantly set out for *Lorrain*, at the same Time assuring *Bolingbroke* of his firm Reliance on his Integrity.

However the Pretender, instead of taking Post for *Lorrain*, as he had promised, went to a little House in the *Bois de Boulogne*, where his Female Ministers resided, and there continued for several Days, seeing the *Spanish* and *Swedish* Ministers, and even the Regent himself. It might have been in these Interviews that he was set against his new Secretary, and taught to believe that he had been remiss in his Duty, and false to his Trust: Be this as it will, a few Days after, the Duke of *Ormond* came to see *Bolingbroke*, and having first prepared him for the Surprise, put into his Hands a Note directed to the Duke, and a little Scrip of Paper directed to the Secretary; they were both in the Pretender's Hand-Writing, and dated as if written by him on his Way to *Lorrain*: But in this *Bolingbroke* was not to be deceived, who knew the Place of his present Residence. In one of these Papers the Pretender declared that he had no further Occasion for the Secretary's Service, and the other was an Order to him to give up the Papers in his Office; all which he observes, might have been contained in a Letter-Case of a moderate Size. He gave the Duke the Seals, and some Papers which he could readily come at; but for some others, in which there were several Insinuations under the Pretender's own Hand, reflecting upon the Duke himself, these he took care to convey by a safe Hand, since it would have been very improper that the Duke should



should have seen them. As he thus gave up without Scruple all the Papers which remained in his Hands, because he was determined never to make use of them, so he declares he took a secret Pride in never asking for those of his own which were in the Pretender's Hands; contenting himself with making the Duke understand how little Need there was to get rid of a Man in this Manner, who only wanted an Opportunity to get rid of the Pretender and his Cause. In Fact, if we survey the Measures taken on the one Side, and the Abilities of the Man on the other, it will not appear any Way wonderful that he should be disgusted with a Party who had neither Principle to give a Foundation to their Hopes, Union to advance them, or Abilities to put them in Motion.

*Bolingbroke* being thus dismissed from the Pretender's Service, he supposed that he had got rid of the Trouble and the Ignominy of so mean an Employment at the same Time, but he was mistaken: He was no sooner rejected from the Office than Articles of Impeachment were preferred against him, in the same Manner as he had before been impeached in *England*, though not with such effectual Injury to his Person and Fortune. The Articles of his Impeachment by the Pretender were branched out into seven Heads, in which he was accused of Treachery, Incapacity, and Neglect. The First was, That he was never to be found by those who came to him about Business; and if by Chance or Stratagem they got hold of him, he affected being in an Hurry, and by putting them off to another Time, still avoided giving them any Answer. The Second was, That the Earl of *Mar* complained by six different Messengers, at different Times, before the Chevalier came from *Dunkirk*, of his being in Want of Arms and Ammunition, and prayed a speedy Relief; and tho' the Things demanded were in my Lord's Power,

there was not so much as one Pound of Powder in any of the Ships, which by his Lordship's Directions parted from *France*. Thirdly, The Pretender himself, after his Arrival, sent General *Hamilton* to inform him, that his Want of Arms and Ammunition was such, that he should be obliged to leave *Scotland*, unless he received speedy Relief; yet Lord *Bolingbroke* amused Mr. *Hamilton* twelve Days together, and did not introduce him to any of the *French* Ministers, though he was referred to them for a particular Account of Affairs; or so much as communicated his Letters to the Queen, or any Body else. Fourthly, The Count *De Castel Blanco* had for several Months at *Havre*, a considerable Quantity of Arms and Ammunition, and did daily ask his Lordship's Orders how to dispose of them, but never got any Instructions. Fifthly, The Pretender's Friends at the *French* Court had for some Time past no very good Opinion of his Lordship's Integrity, and a very bad one of his Discretion. Sixthly, At a Time when many Merchants in *France* would have carried privately any Quantity of Arms and Ammunition into *Scotland*, his Lordship desired a public Order for the Embarkation, which being a Thing not to be granted, is said to have been done in order to urge a Denial. Lastly, The Pretender wrote to his Lordship by every Occasion after his Arrival in *Scotland*; and though there were many Opportunities of Writing in return, yet from the Time he landed there, to the Day he left it, he never received any Letter from his Lordship.

Such were the Articles, by a very extraordinary Reverse of Fortune, preferred against Lord *Bolingbroke*, in less than a Year after similar Articles were drawn up against him by the opposite Party at home. It is not easy to find out what he could have done, thus to disoblige all Sides; but he had learned by this Time to make out Happiness from the Consciousness

sciousness of his own Designs, and to consider all the rest of Mankind as uniting in a Faction to oppress Virtue.

But though it was mortifying to be thus rejected on both Sides, yet he was not remiss in vindicating himself from all. Against these Articles of Impeachment, therefore, he drew up an elaborate Answer, in which he vindicates himself with great Plausibility. 'He had long,' as he assures, 'wished to leave the Pretender's Service, but was entirely at a Loss how to conduct himself in so difficult a Resignation; but at length,' says he, 'the Pretender and his Council disposed of Things better for me than I could have done for myself. I had resolved on his Return from *Scotland*, to follow him till his Residence should be fixed somewhere; after which, having served the Tories in this, which I looked upon as their last Struggle for Power, and having continued to act in the Pretender's Affairs, till the End of the Term for which I embarked with him, I should have esteemed myself to be at Liberty, and should, in the civilest Manner I was able, have taken my Leave of him. Had we parted thus, I should have remained in a very strange Situation all the rest of my Life; on one Side, he would have thought that he had a Right on any future Occasion to call me out of my Retreat, the Tories would probably have thought the same Thing, my Resolution was taken to refuse them both, and I foresaw that both would condemn me: On the other Side, the Consideration of his having kept Measures with me, joined to that of having once openly declared for him, would have created a Point of Honour by which I should have been tied down, not only from ever engaging against him, but also from making my Peace at home. The Pretender cut this Gordian Knot asunder at one Blow; he broke the Links of that Chain



‘ which former Engagements had fastened on me,  
 ‘ and gave me a Right to esteem myself as free from  
 ‘ all Obligations of keeping Measures with him, as I  
 ‘ should have continued if I had never engaged in his  
 ‘ Interest.’

It is not to be supposed, that one so very delicate to preserve his Honour would previously have basely betrayed his Employer : A Man conscious of acting so infamous a Part, would have undertaken no Defence, but let the Accusations, which could not materially affect him, blow over, and wait for the Calm that was to succeed in Tranquillity. He appeals to all the Ministers with whom he transacted Business for the Integrity of his Proceedings at that Juncture ; and had he been really guilty, when he opposed the Ministry here after his Return, they would not have failed to brand and detect his Duplicity. The Truth is, that he perhaps was the most disinterested Minister at that Time in the Pretender’s Court ; as he had spent great Sums of his own Money in his Service, and never would be obliged to him for a Farthing, in which Case he believes that he was single. His Integrity is much less impeachable on this Occasion than his Ambition ; for all the Steps he took may be fairly ascribed to his Displeasure, at having the Duke of *Ormond* and the Earl of *Mar* treated more confidentially than himself. It was his Aim always to be foremost in every Administration, and he could not bear to act as a Subaltern in so paltry a Court as that of the Pretender.

At all Periods of his Exile, he still looked towards Home with secret Regret ; and had taken every Opportunity to apply to those in Power, either to soften his Prosecutions, or lessen the Number of his Enemies at Home. In accepting his Office under the Pretender, he made it a Condition to be at Liberty to quit the Post whenever he should think proper ;

per; and being now disgracefully dismissed, he turned his Mind entirely towards making his Peace in *England*, and employing all the unfortunate Experience he had acquired to undeceive his Tory Friends, and to promote the Union and Quiet of his native Country. It was not a little favourable to his Hopes, that about this Time, though unknown to him, the Earl of *Stair*, Ambassador to the *French* Court, had received full Power to treat with him whilst he was engaged with the Pretender; but yet had never made him any Proposals, which might be considered as the grossest Outrage. But when the Breach with the Pretender was universally known, the Earl sent one Monsieur *Saludin*, a Gentleman of *Geneva*, to Lord *Bolingbroke*, to communicate to him his Majesty King *George's* favourable Disposition to grant him a Pardon, and his own earnest Desire to serve him as far as he was able. This was an Offer by much too advantageous for *Bolingbroke* in his wretched Circumstances to refuse; he embraced it, as became him to do, with all possible Sense of the King's Goodness, and of the Ambassador's Friendship. They had frequent Conferences shortly after upon the Subject. The Turn which the *English* Ministry gave the Matter, was to enter into a Treaty to reverse his Attainder, and to stipulate the Conditions on which this Act of Grace should be granted him: But this Method of Negotiation he would by no Means submit to; the Notion of a Treaty shocked him, and he resolved never to be restored, rather than go that Way to Work. Accordingly he opened himself without any Reserve to Lord *Stair*, and told him, 'that he looked upon himself obliged in Honour and Conscience, to undeceive his Friends in *England*, both as to the State of Foreign Affairs, 'as to the Management of the Jacobite Interest 'abroad, and as to the Characters of the Persons; 'in every one of which Points he knew them to be

‘most grossly and most dangerously deluded.’ He observed, ‘that the Treatment he had received from the Pretender and his Adherents, would justify him to the World in doing this. That if he remained in Exile all his Life, that he might be assured that he would never have more to do with the Jacobite Cause; and that if he were restored, he would give it an effectual Blow, in making that Apology which the Pretender had put him under a Necessity of making. That in doing this, he flattered himself that he should contribute something towards the Establishment of the King’s Government, and to the Union of his Subjects.’ He added, ‘that if the Court thought him sincere in those Professions, a Treaty with him was unnecessary; and if they did not believe so, then a Treaty would be dangerous to him.’ The Earl of *Stair*, who has also confirmed this Account of Lord *Bolingbroke*’s, in a Letter to Mr. *Craggs*, readily came into his Sentiments on this Head, and soon after the King approved it upon their Representations: He accordingly received a Promise of Pardon from *George I.* who on the Second of *July 1716*, created his Father Baron of *Battersea*, in the County of *Surry*, and Viscount *St. John*. This seemed preparatory to his own Restoration; and instead of prosecuting any farther ambitious Schemes against the Government, he rather began to turn his Mind to Philosophy; and since he could not gratify his Ambition to its full Extent, he endeavoured to learn the Arts of despising it. The Variety of distressful Events that had hitherto attended all his Struggles, at last had thrown him into a State of Reflection, and this produced, by way of Relief, a *Consolatio Philosophica*, which he wrote the same Year, under the Title of Reflections upon Exile. In this Piece, in which he professes to imitate the Manner of *Seneca*, he with some Wit draws his own Picture, and represents



represents himself as suffering Persecution for having served his Country with Abilities and Integrity. A State of Exile thus incurred, he very justly shews to be rather Honourable than Distressful; and indeed, there are few Men that will deny, but that the Company of Strangers to Virtue is better than the Company of Enemies to it. Besides this Philosophical Tract, he also wrote this Year several Letters in Answer to the Charge laid upon him by the Pretender and his Adherents; and the following Year he drew up a Vindication of his whole Conduct with respect to the Tories, in the Form of a Letter, to Sir *William Wyndham*.

Nor was he so entirely devoted to the Fatigues of Business, but that he gave Pleasure a Share in his Pursuits. He had never much agreed with the Lady he first married, and after a short Cohabitation, they separated and lived ever after asunder. She therefore remained in *England*, upon his going into Exile, and by proper Application to the Throne, was allowed a proper Maintenance to support her with becoming Dignity: However, she did not long survive his first Disgrace, and upon his becoming a Widower, he began to think of trying his Fortune once more, in a State which was at first so unfavourable. For this Purpose, he cast his Eyes on the Widow of the Marquis of *Villette*, and Niece to the famous Madam *Maintenon*; a young Lady of great Merit and Understanding, possessed of a very large Fortune, but encumbered with a long and troublesome Law-suit. In the Company of this very sensible Woman he passed his Time in *France*, sometimes in the Country, and sometimes at the Capital, till the Year 1723, in which, after the Breaking up of the Parliament, his Majesty was pleased to grant him a Pardon as to his personal Safety, but as yet neither restoring him to his Family

mily Inheritance, his Title, or a Seat in Parliament.

To obtain this Favour had been the governing Principle of his Politics for some Years before; and upon the first Notice of his good Fortune, he prepared to return to his native Country, where, however, his dearest Connections were either dead, or declared themselves suspicious of his former Conduct in support of their Party. It is observable, that Bishop *Atterbury*, who was banished at this Time for a supposed treasonable Correspondence in Favour of the Tories, was set on Shore at *Calais*, just when Lord *Bolingbroke* arrived there on his Return to *England*. So extraordinary a Reverse of Fortune could not fail of strongly affecting that good Prelate, who observed with some Emotion, that he perceived himself to be exchanged: He presently left it to his Auditors to imagine, whether his Country were the Loser or the Gainer by such an Exchange.

Lord *Bolingbroke*, upon his Return to his Native Country, began to make very vigorous Applications for further Favours from the Crown; his Pardon, without the Means of Support, was but an empty, or, perhaps, it might be called a distressful Act of Kindness, as it brought him back among his former Friends, in a State of Inferiority his Pride could not endure. However, his Applications were soon after successful, for in about two Years after his Return, he obtained an Act of Parliament to restore him to his family Inheritance, which amounted to near three thousand Pounds a Year. He was also enabled by the same, to possess any Purchase he should make of any other Estate in the Kingdom; and he accordingly pitched upon a Seat of Lord *Tankerville's*, at *Dawley*, near *Uxbridge* in *Middlesex*, where he settled with his Lady, and laid himself out to enjoy the rural Pleasures in Perfection, since the more glorious ones  
of

of Ambition were denied him. With this Resolution he began to improve his new Purchase in a very peculiar Style, giving it all the Air of a Country Farm, and adorning even his Hall with all the Implements of Husbandry. We have a Sketch of his Way of Living in this Retreat, in a Letter of *Pope's* to *Swift*, who omits no Opportunity of representing his Lordship in the most amiable Points of View. This Letter is dated from *Dawley*, the Country Farm above-mentioned, and begins thus. ' I now hold the Pen for my Lord *Bolingbroke*, who is reading your Letter between two Hay-cocks; but his Attention is somewhat diverted, by casting his Eyes on the Clouds, not in Admiration of what you say, but for fear of a Shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the Triumvirate, between yourself and me: though he says he doubts he shall fare like *Lepidus*, while one of us runs away with all the Power, like *Augustus*, and another with all the Pleasure, like *Antony*. It is upon a Foresight of this, that he has fitted up his Farm, and you will agree that this Scheme of Retreat is not founded upon weak Appearances. Upon his Return from *Bath*, he finds all peccant Humours are purged out of him; and his great Temperance and Œconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my Constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much Money as to buy a Bishopric in *England*. As to the Return of his Health and Vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay-makers; but as to his Temperance, I can answer that for one whole Day, we have had nothing for Dinner, but Mutton-Broth, Beans and Bacon, and a Barn-door Fowl. Now his Lordship is run after his Cart, I have a Moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him Yesterday agree with a Painter for two hundred Pounds, to paint his Country Hall with Rakes, Spades, Prongs, &c. and other Ornaments, merely to countenance



tenance his calling this Place a *Farm*.? What *Pope* here says of his Engagements with a Painter, was shortly after executed; the Hall was painted accordingly in Black Crayons only, so that at first View it brought to mind the Figures often seen scratched with Charcoal, or the Smoke of a Candle, upon the Kitchen Walls of Farm Houses. The Whole however produced a most striking Effect, and over the Door at the Entrance of it, was this Motto: *Satis beatus ruris honoribus*. His Lordship seemed to be extremely happy in this Pursuit of moral Tranquility, and in the Exultation of his Heart, could not fail of communicating his Satisfaction to his Friend *Swift*. 'I am in my own Farm,' says he, 'and here I shoot strong and tenacious Roots: I have caught hold of the Earth, to use a Gardener's Phrase, and neither my Enemies nor my Friends will find an easy Matter to transplant me again.'

There is not, perhaps, a stronger Instance in the World than his Lordship, that an ambitious Mind can never be fairly subdued, but will still seek for those Gratifications which Retirement can never supply. All this Time he was mistaken in his Passion for Solitude, and supposed that to be the Child of Philosophy, which was only the Effects of Spleen: it was in vain that he attempted to take Root in the Shade of Obscurity; he was originally bred in the Glare of Public Occupation, and he secretly once more wished for Transplantation. He was only a titular Lord, he had not been thoroughly restored; and, as he was excluded from a Seat in the House of Peers, he burned with Impatience to play a Part in that conspicuous Theatre. Impelled by this Desire, he could no longer be restrained in Obscurity, but once more entered into the Bustle of Public Business, and disavowing all Obligations to the Minister, he embarked in the Opposition against him, in which he had several powerful Coadjutors: but previously he had taken

Care to prefer a Petition to the House of Commons, desiring to be reinstated in his former Emoluments and Capacities. This Petition at first occasioned very warm Debates; *Walpole*, who pretended to espouse his Cause, alledged that it was very right to admit him to his Inheritance; and when Lord *William Pawlett*, moved for a Clause to disqualify him from sitting in either House, *Walpole* rejected the Motion, secretly satisfied with a Resolution which had been settled in the Cabinet, that he should never more be admitted into any Share of Power. To this artful Method of evading his Pretensions, *Bolingbroke* was no Stranger; and he was now resolved to shake that Power, which thus endeavoured to obstruct the Increase of his own: taking therefore his Part in the Opposition with *Pultney*, while the latter engaged to manage the House of Commons, *Bolingbroke* undertook to enlighten the People: accordingly he soon distinguished himself by a Multitude of Pieces, written during the latter Part of *George* the First's Reign, and likewise the Beginning of that which succeeded. These were conceived with great Vigour and Boldness; and now, once more engaged in the Service of his Country, though disarmed, gagged, and almost bound, as he declared himself to be, yet he resolved not to abandon his Cause, as long as he could depend on the Firmness and Integrity of those Coadjutors, who did not labour under the same Disadvantages with himself. His Letters in a Paper called the *Craftsman*, were particularly distinguished in this political Contest; and though several of the most expert Politicians of the Times joined in this Paper, his Essays were peculiarly relished by the Public. However, it is the Fate of Things written to an Occasion, seldom to survive that Occasion: the *Craftsman*, though written with great Spirit and Sharpness, is now almost forgotten, although when it was published as a weekly Paper, it sold much  
more

more rapidly than even the *Spe&ator*. Besides this Work, he published several other separate Pamphlets, which were afterwards reprinted in the Second Edition of his Works, and which were very popular in their Day.

This political Warfare continued for Ten Years, during which Time he laboured with great Strength and Perseverance, and drew up such a System of Politics as some have supposed to be the most complete now existing. But as upon all other Occasions, he had the Mortification once more, to see those Friends desert him, upon whose Assistance he most firmly relied, and all that Web of fine-spun Speculation actually destroyed at once by the Ignorance of some, and the Perfidy of others. He then declared that he was perfectly cured of his Patriotic Phrenzy; he fell out not only with *Pultney* for his selfish Views, but with his old Friends the Tories, for abandoning their Cause as desperate, averring, that the faint and unsteady Exercise of Parts on one Side, was a Crime but one Degree inferior to the iniquitous Misapplication of them on the other. But he could not take leave of a Controversy in which he had been so many Years engaged, without giving a parting Blow, in which he seemed to summon up all his Vigour at once, and where, as the Poet says,

*Animam in vulnere posuit.*

This inimitable Piece is intituled, *A Dissertation on Parties*, and of all his masterly Pieces, it is in general esteemed the best.

Having finished this, which was received with the utmost Avidity, he resolved to take leave not only of his Enemies and Friends, but even of his Country; and in this Resolution, in the Year 1736, he once more retired to *France*, where he looked back to his native Country with a Mixture of Anger and Pity, and upon his former professing Friends, with a Share  
of



of Contempt and Indignation. ‘I expect little,’ says he, ‘from the principal Actors that tread the Stage at present. They are divided not so much as it seemed, and as they would have it believed, about Measures. The true Division is about their different Ends. Whilst the Minister was not hard pushed, nor the Prospect of succeeding to him near, they appeared to have but one End, the Reformation of the Government. The Destruction of the Minister was pursued only as a Preliminary, but of essential and indisputable Necessity, to that End: But when his Destruction seemed to approach, the Object of his Succession interposed to the Sight of many, and the Reformation of the Government was no longer their Point of View. They had divided the Skin, at least in their Thoughts, before they had taken the Beast. The common Fear of hastening his Downfall for others, made them all faint in the Chace. It was this, and this alone, that saved him, and put off his evil Day.’

Such were his cooler Reflections, after he had laid down his political Pen, to employ it in a Manner that was much more agreeable to his usual Professions, and his approaching Age. He had long employed the few Hours he could spare on Subjects of a more general and important Nature to the Interests of Mankind; but as he was frequently interrupted by the Alarms of Party, he made no great Proficiency in his Design. Still, however, he kept it in View, and he makes frequent Mention in his Letters to *Swift*, of his Intentions to give Metaphysics a new and useful Turn. ‘I know,’ says he, ‘in one of these, how little Regard you pay to Writings of this Kind; but I imagine, that if you can like any, it must be those that strip Metaphysics of all their Bombast, keep within the Sight of every well-constituted Eye, and never bewilder themselves,

‘ selves, whilst they pretend to guide the Reason of others.’

Having now arrived at the sixtieth Year of his Age, and being blessed with a very competent Share of Fortune, he retired into *France*, far from the Noise and Hurry of Party; for his Seat at *Dawley* was too near to devote the rest of his Life to Retirement and Study. Upon his going to that Country, as it was generally known that Disdain, Vexation, and Disappointment had driven him there, many of his Friends, as well as his Enemies, supposed, that he was once again gone over to the Pretender. Among the Number who entertained this Suspicion, was *Swift*, whom *Pope*, in one of his Letters, very roundly chides for harbouring such an unjust Opinion. ‘ You should be cautious,’ says he, ‘ of censuring any Motion or Action of Lord *Bolingbroke*, because you hear it only from shallow, envious, and malicious Reporters. What you writ to me about him, I find, to my great Scandal, repeated in one of yours to another. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the Profane? The Thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every Circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable Retirement, near *Fontainebleau*, and makes it his whole Business *vacare litteris*.’

This Reproof from *Pope* was not more friendly than it was true; Lord *Bolingbroke* was too well acquainted with the forlorn State of that Party, and the Folly of its Conductors, once more to embark in their desperate Concerns. He now saw that he had gone as far towards reinstating himself in the full Possession of his former Honours, as the mere Dint of Parts and Application could go, and was at length experimentally convinced, that the Decree was absolutely irreverfible, and the Door of the House of Lords finally shut against him, He therefore, at

*Pope's*

*Pope's* Suggestion, retired merely to be at Leisure from the Broils of Opposition, for the calmer Pleasures of Philosophy. Thus the Decline of his Life, though less brilliant, became more amiable; and even his Happiness was improved by Age, which had rendered his Passions more moderate, and his Wishes more attainable.

But he was far from suffering, even in Solitude, his Hours to glide away in torpid Inactivity. That active restless Disposition still continued to actuate his Pursuits; and having lost the Season for gaining Power over his Contemporaries, he was now resolved upon acquiring Fame from Posterity. He had not been long in his Retreat near *Fontainebleau*, when he began a Course of Letters on the Study and Use of History, for the Use of a young Nobleman. In these he does not follow the Methods of *St. Real* and others who have treated on this Subject, who make History the great Fountain of all Knowledge; he very wisely confines its Benefits, and supposes them to consist rather in deducing general Maxims from particular Facts, than in illustrating Maxims by the Application of Historical Passages. In mentioning Ecclesiastical History, he gives his Opinion very freely upon the Subject of the divine Original of the sacred Books, which he supposes to have no such Foundation. This new System of Thinking, which he had always propagated in Conversation, and which he began now to adopt in his more laboured Compositions, seemed no Way supported either by his Acuteness or his Learning. He began to reflect seriously on these Subjects too late in Life, and to suppose those Objections very new and unanswerable, which had been already confuted by Thousands. 'Lord Bolingbroke,' says *Pope*, 'in one of his Letters, is above trifling; when he writes of any Thing in this World, he is more than mortal. If ever he trifles, it must be when he turns Divine.'



In the mean Time, as it was evident, that a Man of his active Ambition, in chusing Retirement when no longer able to lead in public, must be liable to Ridicule in resuming a resigned philosophical Air: in order to obviate the Censure, he addressed a Letter to Lord *Bathurst*, upon the true Use of Retirement and Study; in which he shows himself still able and willing to undertake the Cause of his Country, whenever its Distresses should require his Exertion. I have, says he, renounced neither my Country, nor my Friends; and by my Friends I mean all those, and those alone, who are such to their Country. In their Prosperity they shall never hear of me; in their Distress, always. In that Retreat wherein the Remainder of my Days shall be spent, I may be of some Use to them, since even from thence I may advise, exhort, and warn them. Bent upon this Pursuit only, and having now exchanged the gay Statesman for the grave Philosopher, he shone forth with distinguished Lustre. His Conversation took a different Turn from what had been usual with him; and, as we are assured by Lord *Orrery*, who knew him, it united the Wisdom of *Socrates*, the Dignity and Ease of *Pliny*, and the Wit of *Horace*.

Yet still amidst his Resolutions to turn himself from Politics, and to give himself up entirely to the Calls of Philosophy, he could not resist embarking once more in the Debates of his Country; and coming back from *France*, settled at *Battersea*, an old Seat which was his Father's, and had been long in the Possession of the Family. He supposed he saw an impending Calamity, and though it was not in his Power to remove, he thought it his Duty to retard its fall. To redeem or save the Nation from Perdition, he thought impossible, since national Corruptions were to be purged by national Calamities;

mities; but he was resolved to lend his feeble Assistance, to stem the Torrent that was pouring in. With this Spirit he wrote that excellent Piece, which is intituled, *The Idea of a Patriot King*: in which he describes a Monarch uninfluenced by Party, leaning to the Suggestions neither of Whigs nor Tories, but equally the Friend and Father of all. Some Time after, in the Year 1749, after the Conclusion of the Peace, two Years before the Measures taken by the Administration seemed not to have been repugnant to his Notions of political Prudence for that Juncture; in that Year he wrote his last Production, containing Reflections on the then State of the Nation, principally with Regard to her Taxes and Debts, and on the Causes and Consequences of them. This Undertaking was left unfinished, for Death snatched the Pen from the Hand of the Writer.

Having passed the latter Part of his Life in Dignity and Splendor, his rational Faculties improved by Reflection, and his Ambition kept under by Disappointment, his whole Aim seemed to have been to leave the Stage of Life, on which he had acted such various Parts, with Applause. He had long wished to fetch his last Breath at *Battersea*, the Place where he was born; and Fortune, that had through Life seemed to traverse all his Aims, at last indulged him in this. He had long been troubled with a Cancer in his Cheek, by which excruciating Disease, he died on the Verge of fourscore Years of Age. He was consonant with himself to the last, and those Principles which he had all along avowed, he confirmed with his dying Breath, having given Orders that none of the Clergy should be permitted to trouble him in his latest Moments.

His Body was interred in *Battersea Church*, with those of his Ancestors; and a Marble Monument

erected to his Memory, with the following excellent Inscription.

Here lies

H E N R Y S T. J O H N,

In the Reign of Queen Anne

Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and  
Viscount Bolingbroke.

In the Days of King George I. and King George II.

Something more and better.

His Attachment to Queen Anne

Exposed him to a long and severe Persecution ;

He bore it with Firmness of Mind.

He passed the latter Part of his Time at home,

The Enemy of no national Party ;

The Friend of no Faction.

Distinguished under the Cloud of Proscription,

Which had not been entirely taken off,

By Zeal to maintain the Liberty,

And to restore the ancient Prosperity  
of Great-Britain.

He died the 12th of December, 1751,

Aged 79.

In this Manner lived and died Lord *Bolingbroke*; ever active, never depressed, ever pursuing Fortune, and as constantly disappointed by her. In whatever Light we view his Character, we shall find him an Object rather proper for our Wonder, than our Imitation; more to be feared than esteemed, and gaining our Admiration without our Love. His Ambition ever aimed at the Summit of Power, and nothing seemed capable of satisfying his immoderate Desires, but the Liberty of governing all Things without a Rival. With as much Ambition as great Abilities, and more acquired Knowledge than *Cæsar*, he wanted only his Courage to be as successful; but the Schemes his Head dictated, his Heart often refused to execute; and he lost the  
Ability



Ability to perform, just when the great Occasion called for all his Efforts to engage;

The same Ambition that prompted him to be a Politician, actuated him as a Philosopher. His Aims were equally great and extensive in both Capacities: unwilling to submit to any Power in the one, or any Authority in the other, he entered the Fields of Science, with a thorough Contempt of all that had been established before him, and seemed to think every Thing wrong, that he might shew his Faculty in the Reformation. It might have been better for his Quiet, as a Man, if he had been content to act a subordinate Character in the State; and it had certainly been better for his Memory as a Writer, if he had aimed at doing less than he attempted. Wisdom in Morals, like every other Art or Science, is an Accumulation that Numbers have contributed to increase; and it is not for one single Man to pretend, that he can add more to the Heap, than the thousands that have gone before him. Such Innovators more frequently retard, than promote Knowledge; their Maxims are more agreeable to the Reader, by having the Gloss of Novelty to recommend them, than those which are trite, only because they are true. Such Men are therefore followed at first with Avidity, nor is it till some Time that their Disciples begin to find their Error. They often, though too late, perceive, that they have been following a speculative Enquiry, while they have been leaving a practical good; and while they have been practising the Arts of Doubting, they have been losing all Firmness of Principle, which might tend to establish the Rectitude of their private Conduct. As a Moralist, therefore, Lord *Bolingbroke*, by having endeavoured at too much, seems to have done nothing: but as a political Writer, few can equal, and none can exceed him. As he was a practical Politician, his Writings are

less filled with those speculative Illusions, which are the Result of Solitude and Seclusion. He wrote them with a Certainty of their being opposed, sifted, examined, and reviled; he therefore took Care to build them up of such Materials, as could not be easily overthrown: they prevailed at the Times in which they were written, they still continue to the Admiration of the present Age, and will probably last for ever.

A N

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AN  
INTRODUCTION  
TO THE  
THEORY  
OF THE  
HUMAN MIND.

By J. USHER, Author of CLIO.

THE PREFACE.

**I**N the Contest carried on for some Years past between the Defenders of Christianity and *Deists*, the latter always appealed to Philosophy, and under that Shelter speciously defended themselves: their Procedure obliged the Champions of Christianity to follow and attack them within the Verge of Philosophy; but by the occasional shifting of Principles and Systems, and a dexterous Use of equivocal Language, the Dispute became a Kind of Chase through a Labyrinth, in which the Retreats were endless, and the Victory always incompleat: this Observation made me with the Principles of Philosophy that enter into the Dispute were more clear, limited, and decisive. It seemed reasonable to me to conclude, that true Religion cannot be inconsistent with true

Philosophy;



Philosophy; that if Men be obliged to any Duties in a State of Nature, such Duties are the indubitable Laws of God, and they cannot differ essentially from the Duties the Deity is pleased to require of us by Revelation. Hence I imagined that the Plan of the Mind of Man, if attentively observed, and faithfully delineated, must give Light into the Intention and End of his Creation; at least the eager Desire of each Party to reconcile Philosophy to their own religious Opinions, demonstrates the secret Sense Mankind have of the Necessity that true Philosophy should witness for Religion. Full of these Reflections, I set out in an Enquiry into the Nature of the human Mind, with a View, if possible, to discover some Traces of Duty and natural Religion; and to try if any Principles may be solidly established in public View, which may prove decisive in the Dispute between Christians and Deists.

Christians may object to the Trial of Religion by Philosophy, on Account of the Weakness and Uncertainty of human Reason; but Deists can have no Objections to it, without bidding Defiance to all equitable Principles of Decision; for Philosophy is their only Luminary to direct them, and their only Resource for the Defence of their Opinions: in fact, this is bringing the Dispute to that Tribunal they themselves set up against Revelation.

Having given some Account of my general Design, my present Business with my Reader is to inform him, that when I made some little Progress in my Observations on the human Mind, I found myself involved in Objections and Difficulties that arose from Ambiguities, and from a fraudulent Use of Language, peculiar to modern Philosophy: I found general Expressions passed current for Names of simple Ideas that come to the Imagination from Sensation; and this Cheat made use of to favour  
false

false Principles, of the most pernicious Influence to Virtue and Reason; and I found metaphorical Expressions adopted in Philosophy, for the Sake of making a deceitful Transition from the metaphorical to a proper Sense. The Confusion and perverse Train of Reasoning occasioned by these Abuses of Language, obliged me, before I could proceed in the Theory of Man, to clear away the Rubbish of Equivoque, by Way of Introduction; which I have attempted in the two first Sections of the following Sheets. I afterwards added a few Thoughts on human Instincts, which make the third Section; but having observed upon a Review that I unhinged many settled Opinions, and broke up so much of the Foundations of modern Philosophy, I thought proper to stop there, and publish the Introduction apart, in order to take the Sense of my Contemporaries upon these my Reflections, before I proceed any further.

There is one *Postulatum* I expect to be acknowledged by my candid Reader, at our setting out; it is, 'That there is a Possibility that the Body of the Learned may be imposed upon by the present Mode of Philosophy; and that false Principles in this Age we live in, may have their Currency from the Stamp and Fashion of the Times.' The various Revolutions in the Systems of the Learned, have abundantly proved the Possibility I spoke of; in Consequence of which, I hope my impartial Reader will grant me without Difficulty, that no Names, or Systems, however respectable, should be allowed any Weight against Evidence or Demonstration. I cannot indeed help owning, that the Obscurity of the Writer, and the great Names I have to contend with, make a Contrast, that with a little Irony may be wrought into a smart and humourous Critique: but this is the very Thing I protest against, since that Mode of Argument can never be satisfactory,  
that

that may be urged equally against every Author who ever ventured to think in a new Tract, and that may serve to defend every System however fantastic, that happens to be in fashion.

A N

## INTRODUCTION, &amp;c.

## S E C T. I.

*Of Pleasure, Pain, Self-Love, and Self-Interest.*

1. **P**LEASURE and Pain are general Terms, consequently they have no sensible or determined Idea annexed to them, no more than the Terms *Vegetable, Tree, Fruit, Colour*, or any other Word of general Import. To explain this Matter a little, I need only repeat some common-place Principles, that are to be met with in every Writer who has treated of the Conceptions of the human Understanding. They observe, that the Imagination is only capable of conceiving the Ideas that have been impressed on it by the Senses, or by a Perception of the Operations of the Mind itself; whence it is evident, that the whole Stock of its Ideas must consist in Particulars, that have been fixed upon the Memory by Experience.

2. In the Formation of Language, it was easy to give proper Names to Objects mutually known, to *William and Thomas*, to *Cowper's-Hill* and the *Thames*. But it often became necessary, to treat of Objects with which the Hearers had no Acquaintance. Here then would lie an insuperable Obstacle to the further Progress of Language, if general Similarities in the Objects of Nature, that are obvious at the first Glance, had not smoothed the Difficulty,



faculty, by parcelling them out into distinct Classes to the Imagination, and thus giving a Foundation to general Terms. This Advance in Language required little Trouble or Invention; for in looking over the particular Objects that occurred, it was impossible to pass, without Notice, the striking Similarity or Likeness that subsists between several Individuals, and that serves to cast them into separate Tribes or Species. This general Similitude found in Nature became a Model to Men, according to which they formed specific Names, each of which, on that Account, comprehends a *Sort* or *Species*, and distinguishes them from all others, such as the Words *Cow*, *Horse*, *Sheep*, *Oak*, *Ash*, *Elm*; One Oak Tree is so like to another in its Leaves, Fruit, Bark, Timber, and Growth, and so unlike to an Ash or Elm, as to give Occasion to the general Name *Oak*, under which that whole Species are distinguished; and thus specific Names were formed for the different and separate Tribes of Nature. After the Invention of general Names, the Communication between Men became easy; the Carpenter could send his Servant to the Wood, and tell him what Kind of Tree to fell for his Purpose; and the Traveller, speaking of the *Alps* and the *Euphrates*, is well understood, when he tells you that the first is a Chain of *Mountains*, and the last a *River*. If Language had stood at the first Step, and only expressed particular Objects, human Knowledge must have been for ever in an infant State; but by the Help of specific Terms, Men are enabled to transmit to Posterity, Maxims and Observations that shall hold good, as long as the Species continue on Earth.

3. Man was so far directed in the Formation of Language by the obvious Plan of the Creation; but his fruitful Invention carried him yet further, where his Directions were looser, and less distinct.

He

He united several Species under a more general Name, as Oak, Ash, Elm, &c. under the more extensive Word *Tree*; Kine, Sheep, Horse, under the Word *Cattle*; by which Management were parcelled out the Objects of Nature, into several great Wards or Divisions, called Generals or *Genus*; each of which comprehends several Species, as each Species takes in various Particulars; whence it is manifest, that general Expressions do not serve to represent or determine any Object of Nature, nor any Idea we receive from the Senses, which are always Particulars; but they are useful in Language, for their Property of being applicable to any One of divers Species out of View, and for determining the great Ward or Division in Nature, to which the particular Object or Species belongs. You may say those general Expressions represent *abstract Ideas* if you will; all that is necessary to my Purpose, is, to render it clear, that general or abstract Terms, call them as you please, do not represent any particular Objects existing in Nature, but are mere Creatures of the Mind, formed to class the Objects of Perception into Platoons or Divisions, for the Sake of Perspicuity and Order, and the Convenience of conveying general Knowledge.

4. Having premised these trite Observations, I proceed to shew that *Pleasure* and *Pain* are Terms of general Import, and therefore have no particular distinct Representation in the Mind. When I speak of Pleasure I enjoyed Yesterday, you are wholly at a loss for a distinct Conception answerable to it: you may search your Imagination, but you will find no sensible Idea annexed to the Word *Pleasure*, until, from the different Species of Pleasures, whereof you have had Experience, one particular Kind be singled out. You may apply that general Word to the Charms of Music, to a delicious Banquet, to Exercise, or Rest; but the Charms of Music, the  
pleasing

pleasing Taste of Food, agreeable Exercise, or Rest after Fatigue, are as different Species, and as distant in their Relation to each other, as Oak, Ash, and Elm; or Apples, Pomegranates, and Strawberries: We may in the same Manner speak of Pain; we have no particular or distinct Idea in the Imagination annexed to it, until we have, from amongst various Species of Evils, selected a particular Kind; a disagreeable Smell, a grating Sound, the Death of a Friend, the Rigors of Cold or Burning. Nothing can be more obvious, than that these Evils do not differ from each other, as greater or lesser of one Kind, but as Evils of different Kinds; the Truth of which is not the Issue of Reasoning, or Matter of Hesitation; it is the perfect Assurance of Sense and Feeling, of which I request my Reader to satisfy himself perfectly, at his Entrance on the Theory of Man, and try if the slightest Reflection on the Pleasures and Pains I mentioned, does not convince him without Liberty of doubting, that they are of different Kinds. If this be a Point then evident to Sense and Feeling, it is certain, that Mr. *Locke* contradicts the clearest Intuitions of the Mind, when he asserts that whatever delight or molest us are, on the one Side, different Degrees of the same Thing *Pleasure*, and on the other, different Degrees of the same Thing *Pain*; and that he is under the same Mistake, when he calls Pleasure and Pain simple Ideas.

5. To conceive the vast Extent of these Words, and the prodigious Distances by which the various Species of Pleasures and Pains are separated, we need only recollect, that Pleasures and Pains arrive to the Mind, by every one of the Senses. Some of the Sources of Pleasure may be wholly stopped up, and a Species of Delight interrupted by the Want of a Sense; so that we can have no Idea whatsoever of that Kind of Pleasure, while the Rest remain perfect,



perfect, within our Knowledge and Enjoyment. The Glory of Light, and the beautiful Variety of Colours, can have no Existence in the Imagination of a Man born blind. The Melody of Music, and the Charms of the human Voice, are not in the Possessions of a deaf Man. However wide and various the Extent of the Senses be, there is still a more distant Order of Pleasures that depend remotely upon the Senses, and are called Intellectual Pleasures.

6. The Manner in which we acquire a Knowledge of Pleasure and Pain; will direct us to the real particular Species, that give Occasion to the general Names. We never feel any but particular Pleasures and Pains. An Infant feels Hunger, Thirst, Cold, and Sickness; by advancing his Hand too near a Candle, he burns himself; when in Course of Time he comes to learn Language, he is taught to give these, and all other offensive Sensations of different Kinds, the Name of *Pain*, just as he learns the Use of other general Expressions: Pain at large then is nothing else but those different Sensations. Let us suppose a Statute, gradually endowed with Life and the human Character, first receiving indifferent Perception, such as glides over the Mind in a Revery or Inattention; in which State it is devoid of a Principle of Pain: Let it be next roused from a State of calm Perception, by the Appetite *Hunger*; here is one Door opened for Pleasure and Pain, although there be nothing distinct from the mere Appetite introduced into the Breast. Yet what are understood by the Words *Pleasure* and *Pain*, *Self-Love* and *Self-Interest*, have already found Footing there. Let there be added further, the whole Groupe of human Passions, Appetites, and Aversions; you have then before you the selfish Creature Man; and you see a Creation made of the Love of Pleasure, and Aversion to Pain, although in fact, there is not Existence given to any Thing,

Thing, beside the human Inclinations, Aversions, and Sensations; such as Hunger, Sickness, Thirst, Love, Pride, Ambition, &c. The Love of Pleasure and Aversion to Pain then is nothing different from the various Inclinations and Aversions we feel.

The Love of Pleasure, and Aversion to Pain, cannot therefore be Principles of Action in the Mind, nor indeed have any Existence there, but as general Terms. Here I must expect an Outcry against me, from the whole Race of selfish Philosophers. Are not the Love of Pleasure and Aversion to Pain, the original Principles, and radical Stems, from which the Passions, Appetites, and Inclinations, vegetate, and the Hinges on which they turn? If my indulgent Reader will please to give his Attention to the last Paragraph, he will find satisfactory Proofs, that the Appetites and Inclinations do not spring from the Love of Pleasure or Hatred to Pain, Self-love, or Interest; seeing that Pleasure, Pain, Self-love, and Interest, depend themselves ultimately on the Passions and Appetites; that is, we are not hungry because we love Pleasure, nor because it is our Interest to eat. Hunger is not the Effect of Judgment or Choice, it is involuntary. The Truth is, we are pleased with Eating because we are hungry, and not hungry because we are willing to be so, or have discovered that it is our Interest to nourish the Body with Food. We may say in the same Manner of Thirst, of Love, of Ambition, and Jealousy; they are not the Effects of Design and Choice, they proceed not from our Love of Pleasure, or Self-interest; but our Interests, our Pleasures, and Pains, are formed by them.

The whole Difficulty of conceiving what I say, consists in distinguishing clearly, between general and particular Expressions. Are we not sensible of such Motives in the human Breast, as *Pleasure* and *Pain*;  
and

and does not every one feel them, says a modern Philosopher? Yes, just as there are in the World such Things as *Trees* and *Fruit*; and every one who does not want his Sight sees them; but the Word *Tree* does not mean any Thing in Nature, distinct from the various Species of Trees, nor the Word *Fruit* any Thing distinct from the various Kinds of Fruit. In the like Manner, there are such Perceptions as Pleasure and Pain; we all feel them, when by those Words you mean to make a general Expression for the particular Pleasures and Pains we have experienced; abstracted from which, they are mere Sounds, that have no Reality in Life, but less than sick Mens Dreams.

7. From what has been observed, it is obvious that it can no more be said with Propriety or Truth, that Pleasures and Pains are the first Springs and Movers of human Action, when we have not a tacit Reference to the particular Species of Pleasures and Pains, than it can be said, that we make a Fire of Wood in general, without any particular Species of Wood: And as it is neither Self-love, nor a Love of Pleasure, makes an Infant eat when he is hungry, or drink when he is thirsty, but the Appetites; by looking closely into the Motives of human Actions, we shall find those universal Passions, that make such a Parade in modern Philosophy, wholly useless and inactive; and that all the Operations attributed to them, are really performed by Ambition, Envy, Pride, and the other particular Inclinations and Appetites of the human Breaſt,

8. Philosophers, in framing of Systems, generally take care to have a potent Principle in reserve, to perform all their Drudgery, and extricate them out of all Difficulties. The *Peripatetics* had their *substantial Forms*; the Adepts in the animal Motion have their *animal Spirits*; the eternal Drudges of modern Philosophy are *Self-love* and *Self-interest*:  
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But any one who has read the foregoing Lines attentively, must observe, that there is no Necessity for supposing the Existence of Self-love as an universal Principle: and that while we have natural Appetites and Passions to impel us, if we suppose the universal Agency of Self-love, we admit a double Principle, without any Occasion. Hunger alone is undoubtedly sufficient to impel a Man to eat, and Thirst to make him drink; what need then of looking out for any other original Principle, to persuade us to eat and drink.

9. If we suspend our Prejudices a Moment, and look at the Man of Nature, we will soon discover the Truth in this Case. We find ourselves, and see others blindly and involuntarily impelled by the Force of Inclination or Aversion, which we feel equally, whether the Enjoyment we seek be for our Interest or no: Nay, though we see plainly our Ruin depends upon it, we still feel the Desire, and often plunge deliberately into Destruction with our Eyes open. But, says Mr. *Locke*, this is the Force of present Desire or Uneasiness, acting against our deliberate Interest, and the greater visible Good: it is, I own it: Therefore we are not always determined by deliberate Self-interest, or the kind Wishes we have for ourselves, but must have some other Motive, and a strong one, that is thus able to insult and depose Self-interest. If Mr. *Locke* had proceeded a Step farther, he would have discovered the Truth, that the present Uneasiness or Desire is formed by the natural Inclinations and Appetites, the true Springs of human Actions.

It is plain, that if Self-love or Self-interest ultimately formed the Springs of Action and Plan of Life, we would never give up our Ease and Content, nor suffer the Growth of Pride, of Anxiety, Jealousy, nor Envy, those Torturers of the human Breast. When the modern Philosophers put Self-

interest at the Head of the Passions, they formed a Labyrinth, from which they were never able to extricate themselves; and put themselves under the Necessity of making a Variety of forced and painful Evolutions, and Countermarches in their System, to account for the Eagerness with which Men plunge into the Way of Cares, Fatigues, and Disappointments; and for their eternal Tendency to forsake Peace of Mind and Content, and act with their Eyes open against their Interests. The selfish Philosopher is obliged to shew us, how Self-love distresses us with Compassion, and make us take Part with the Unfortunate; how it betrays us into the Inquietudes of Love, and Tortures of Jealousy; how it makes us in the Midst of Despair, even then, eagerly foster and indulge the devouring Passion: He is obliged to explain how Interest inspires the yet innocent Virgin's Bosom with a Tenderness, whose End or Gratification she does not comprehend; and he must suppose that the same Motive whets the Appetite for Food, to repair the Decays of the Body, although we be not conscious that we are the Projectors of the Appetite, and know as little of the Causes of it, as we do of the Oeconomy of the Stomach after we have eaten. The Truth is, we know, by the clearest Intuition, that neither the Appetite for Food, nor the tender Passion, are designed or calculated by us; on the contrary, we are not surer of our own Existence, than that they are involuntary Emotions; and if neither Self-love nor Self-interest be the Motives of those Desires, which preserve our own Being, or the Continuation of the Species, it is in vain to suppose that they are the primary Springs of any other Passion or Appetite.

10. It is very carefully to be attended to, that I do not deny the Reality of *Self-love* and *Self-interest*: My View is only to reduce those Words, and the Ideas annexed to them, to the exact Standards of Nature,

Nature, and to that Part they really act in the human Mind. All the Signification we can attribute to the word *Self-love*, is, that we ourselves feel our own Inclinations and Aversions, and are stimulated by them. The word *Love*, when directed to external Objects, has quite a different Meaning from the same Word applied to *Self*: Properly speaking, Love signifies an Inclination of the Mind to enjoy in some Manner an external Object; in this Sense, we cannot love or desire ourselves. What is called Self-love is very foreign from this Idea, and means no more than that we feel our own Desires; that the Impulse or Inclination has a certain determined final End or Object, which when attained, the Uneasiness of the Desire ceases to goad the Mind, and we are restored to our former Ease and Tranquillity; but we feel not this Impulse, because we do love ourselves; Self-love ought therefore to be distinguished from the Inclination that attracts us to external Objects. In Fact, Mankind are so far from finding Attraction or Complacency in themselves, that they fly their own Conversation, and industriously disengage themselves from their own Company, by plunging into Amusement and Crowds: Even those who are fondest of Solitude, employ the Imagination on foreign and external Prospects, on Schemes of Grandeur, Poetic Scenes, or Dreams of Love. But when they lose the View of these, and such pleasing Visions, they are as miserable as the rest of Mankind, in a lonely and self-accompanied State.

11. There is also a Principle of *Self-interest* in the human Breast, to which most of our Actions, and our Plan of Life, is to be referred; but it is a subordinate Principle, and very different from the all-comprehending Self-interest that appears in the System of the selfish Philosophers. The true Account of it is as follows: Man, who is a sagacious and observant Animal, draws general Observations



and Conclusions from the past Part of Life to the future, and models his present Conduct to supply the Calls of his Hunger, Thirst, Pride, and of his other Passions and Desires, for the Time to come. A provident Scheme of Operations, that has in view our Inclinations, Appetites, and Aversions in future Life, is properly called Self-interest: But this Self-interest of the Man of Nature presupposes the Existence of the Appetites of the Mind and Body, and is subservient to them. If the Appetites cease, Self-interest and Self-love have no longer any Existence or Meaning. Let Pride, and the troublesome Sensations of Cold and Heat, be no more felt by our Species; in such Case, half the Sources of Self-love and Self-interest are stopped up; our Desires of Dress, or even of Covering, of Distinction, and agreeable Accomplishments, are extinguished; and so far should we be from affecting Palaces, or fine Houses, that hardly any one would be at the Trouble to build himself a Hut, and we should return back to sleep under Trees, or in Caves. If you would nearly take away the other Half of Self-interest, let Hunger and Thirst be known no more, or let Food, in its utmost Perfection, grow to our Hand, and only give us the Trouble of pulling it off from the bended Bough. In that Situation, the Miser would take no more Pains for Gold, than at present he does for broken Bits of Glass or Tinsel; and Self-interest would vanish like a River whose Fountains are dried up. Self-interest is distinguished from the Appetites and Inclinations, as the Foresight of a Passion is from the present Impulse of the same Passion; it is therefore more calm, moderate, and deliberate; it takes scope for a regular Plan of Life: At a Distance we view sedately the Objects of our Appetites and Inclinations, and are able to make a tacit Balance and Comparison, in Proportion to their Greatness and apparent Value, and to form our Conduct

Conduct accordingly: This Power of balancing Good and Evil, Present and Future, while the Mind is sedate and free, is the material Part of what we call *Reason*: But this even and regular Plan of Conduct is always disturbed by the exorbitant Pressure of the present Passion or Impulse, which, like a mighty Current, drags us perpetually out of the Course of Reason, in the Voyage of Life; whence it is, that those who indulge the present Passion, at the Expence of future Happiness of vastly greater Extent or Duration, are said to act irrationally; that is, they have not made a Balance in their own Minds; or if they have, they determined in Favour of the lesser Pleasure, because its Influence is present; or, to speak in Mr. *Locke's* Phrase, because it is just now attended with Uneasiness. Real Self-interest then is evidently a subordinate and dependant Principle, that owes its Existence to the Appetites and Passions. The Self-interest I would explode is that of the selfish Philosophy, which is supposed to be in human Nature the primary Spring and first Mover of our Actions; and in that frigid System is looked upon as the Parent of the Passions. When we have discovered that the Self-interest that obtains in Nature, is only the calm Desire of making Provision for our Passions and Appetites, then the Inclinations that impel us to action appear; the Plan of human Nature opens to view; we see why Men step coolly and considerately into Vice and Toil; and we get a Glimmering of the capricious Part which Reason generally sustains in the Drama of Life.

12. Having enquired into the true Value of the Words Pleasure, Pain, Self-love and Self-interest, I must add, that they are useful Terms in Conversation and Philosophy, when they are confined to their intrinsic Meaning and Value. Self-love is that secret, involuntary, impressed Force of unknown superior Power, by which the Passion or Appetite im-

pels us to the Enjoyment of the Object of Satiety, or drags us from the Object of Aversion; and Self-interest is a provident Preparation for the Entertainment and Satiety of our Passions and Appetites, at a future Regale: But these Terms have been wrested out of their natural Import, to make a Foundation for a wretched, debasing, and unnatural System of Philosophy, that has clouded common Sense, and in Theory darkened the clearest Intuitions of the Mind; that by a Kind of Magic peculiar to itself, has reversed the Order of Nature, and sent Men in a Circle to deduce the Motives of the human Heart from general and relative Ideas, that themselves depend on those very Motives.

13. Let us make the Distinction clearly, and set their exact Limits to the Terms *Pleasure*, *Pain*, and *Self-love*. In Observations and Discussions, we may substitute the general Terms to Particulars, and attribute human Actions at large to a Love of Pleasure and Aversion to Pain, just as we say, that Fruit are the Production of Fruit-trees. The Truth is, in accounting for the Whole of human Actions, we are obliged to place them to the Account of Generals, and not to particular Appetites or Passions, because they are not the Effect of any one Passion, Appetite, or Aversion, but of a great many; but when we speak of particular Effects, and treat of particular Actions, we must quit general and indistinct Principles, and single out the Passions or Appetites that influence Men. It would be equally obscure to attribute the Conduct of *Cromwell*, or of *Sextus Quintus*, to Self-love, or to a Love of Pleasure, which was really the Effect of their Ambition, as to attribute the peculiar Taste of a Pine-apple to the general Nature of Vegetables. Here we may see plainly the true Foundation of the selfish System, and where that System swells beyond the Foundation. When Philosophers derived human Actions in general from  
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a Love of Pleasure and Aversion to Pain, the Audience assented, because the Effects of a Variety of Motives in a general View, could only be attributed to an Abstract or general Idea, comprehending all those Motives; but when they proceeded to trace the particular Actions and Sentiments from the Love of Pleasure and Aversion to Pain, from Self-love or Self-interest, then they set the shadowy factitious verbal Representation, in the Place of the real Cause. There is little Need of further Illustration to a Point so plain: When we say that Fruit is the Produce of Fruit-trees, we speak very intelligibly, because there are many Kinds of Fruit-trees; but should a Traveller, in a Description of the *Indies*, tell us, there is a certain Vegetable there called a *Fruit-tree*, that bears Pine-apples, Nutmegs, Pistachio-nuts, Dates, Oranges, Cocoa, Mango, Pomegranates, and a vast Variety of other Fruit, of different Forms, Relish, and Flavour; some fit for one Use, and some for another; that the Leaves, Bark and Blossoms, as well as the Fruit of the *Indian Fruit-tree*, differ widely in Texture and Quality; no Person would judge this a just and proper Account of the Fruit-trees of *India*; yet such exactly, and equally exceptionable, is the selfish Philosopher's System, by which he attributes the various Effects of the human Inclinations, Aversions, and Appetites, to the Love of *Pleasure* and Hatred of *Pain*, which, like the Word *Fruit-tree*, are only general Terms.

14. The Difference between attributing human Actions to the general Love of Pleasure, and Aversion to Pain, or to Self-love; and attributing them to the Passions, Appetites, and various Species of Pains of Mind and Body that distress our Kind, does not appear upon a slight View, as wide as it really is. If the primary Spring of our Actions be Selfishness, and Interest be our ultimate View, then is Man always, and necessarily, under the Direction

of apparent Reason. For his own Sake he chuses always what seems to be right; and Right and Wrong are only Names for a true and a mistaken Interest; Vice is only a Name for innocent Error, for Misfortune, and a wrong Judgment; and all our lofty Ideas of Virtue, of Truth, of Fidelity, of Gratitude and Humanity, all the Props of Morality and Natural Religion, sink at once: Goodness is but exact Calculation; and Man, however specious his Pretences be, appears no more than an Animal of more extensive Cunning, without real Dignity or Worth, but that of being more potent than his dumb and unfociable Neighbours, the Wolves and Horses.

Every one, whose Sentiments are not wholly dislocated, and new set by System, finds this last too harsh a Conclusion; the generous Feelings of Men rebel against the Doctrine they hold in Theory. Many have acknowledged the Prevalence of Self-love and Self-interest, who have denied that they are the Principles of Virtue or Humanity; but they never went to the Bottom of the Error: They allowed Self-interest to be the mean Spring of the Appetites, and of most of the Passions; they only excepted Virtue, and gave it a nobler Origin. Their Arguments are undoubtedly good in this Reserve; but while they allowed the Agency of Self-love, as the first Mover and Cause of any of the human Appetites or Pursuits, they became only the Jest of the adverse Party; for if you allow besides Hunger, a second Cause, *Self-love*, to make you eat, why should not you allow Self-love, as a second Cause besides Compassion, to make you relieve the Distressed? If it be answered, that Hunger terminates in our own Support, I own there would be something in this Objection, if Men had calculated and created the Appetite for their Preservation; but Children who are Hungry before they know the Purpose of Nature  
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in the Appetite, are actually as disinterested in eating when they are hungry, as the Tender-hearted and Humane are in relieving the Unhappy and Miserable, whose Distresses make them uneasy, and melt them into Tears. I have often with Pity beheld the Friends of Virtue struggle in vain against Materialists and selfish Philosophers, while they admitted the Principles of Self-love or Self-interest to actuate the Breast of Man in any Case.

15. When we turn our Views to the real Motives that actuate the human Heart, we see vast Revolutions take Place in the Theory of Man: We see the subtle, unintelligible, selfish System, and a Variety of infidel Principles that hang upon it, vanish like a Cloud; and instead of these Phantoms, we see the original human Passions, Appetites and Aversions arise to View; the most sublime Object in Nature, the human Mind, emerges out of Obscurity, and presents to us Objects of Amazement and Grandeur, beyond the Reach of Description, that move us by the Feelings of our own Hearts: and what is of inestimable Importance, we shall probably in the human Plan, if we trace it carefully, meet with indubitable Marks of our Origin, and final End.

The Portrait Painter, who is desirous to prove that his Picture is a just Representation, placeth it beside the Original, that you may judge of the Exactness of the Similitude. In like Manner, in describing the human Motives, if we truly follow Nature, the Heart itself will in a Moment witness for them, and answer the Description. It brings an eternal Suspicion on the selfish System, that its Explications of the Movements and Operations of the Heart, are subtle and unintelligible: Whereas the Emotions that we perpetually feel must in the Description appear with the clearest Consciousness and Intimacy. To this Consciousness I appeal; I also hope that it will not appear unreasonable to require



require that you must not argue against the Reality of a Fact, because you cannot comprehend in what Manner the Fact exists. You shall not contend with me that you and I do not move while we walk, because we cannot account for Self-motion; nor must you say, that I have no Memory, because the Ideas I do not now think of are no where, and have no Existence.

*Some further Reflections upon the selfish System.*

As this is at present the prevalent System, and I am sensible of the enormous Power of Prejudice against me, I have added some further Reflections on my Subject, which may have some Degree of Weight.

1. There are two Schemes, either of which may be adopted by the selfish Philosopher who is willing to derive human Actions from Self-love:

First, he may suppose that we ourselves create our Sensations of Pleasure and Pain, in order to our Preservation and Happiness:

Or, secondly, allowing that our Sensations are independant on the Will, he may suppose that the Memory or remaining Sense of Pleasures and Pains having no Influence upon us, as long as it remains strong upon the Imagination, makes us choose the Good or Pleasant, and avoid the Bad or Painful, and that on this Choice our Passions turn; for Instance, any One, says he, reflecting upon the Thought he has of the Delight which any present or absent Object is apt to produce in him, has the Idea we call *Love*; on the contrary, the Thought of the Pain, which any Thing present or absent is apt to produce in us, is what we call *Hatred*.

2. The first of these Schemes is too absurd to be assented to by any one, although it be absolutely necessary to those who assert that Self-love is the main Spring of our Actions: The second Scheme is Mr. Locke's, and it seems to be plausible in general

neral Terms ; but when we come to particular Facts, we shall see it vanish, or fall into Inconsistence and Contradiction : let us put it to a Trial.

Upon Mr. Locke's Scheme, it is evident that Hunger must be the Effect of a Reflection made on the Benefit or Pleasure of Eating ; that when a Man has filled his Belly with good Grapes, and the Pleasure of eating them or of eating any Thing else is fresh on the Memory, he will then have the greatest Appetite ; and that in proportion to the Time he is fasting, and that the Idea of the Pleasure has been receding off his Memory, the Appetite for them must decrease : it also follows from this Scheme, which supposes the Love to follow from the Perception of Pleasure, that before young Men or Women fall in Love, it is necessary they should lead impure Lives ; consequently that no Person in a Virgin State could feel the tender Passion ; and that after the nuptial Happiness, the Ardours and Desires of Lovers should increase ; all of which are contrary to Fact, and demonstrate that our Passions and Appetites do not arise from our Perceptions of Pleasure or Pain ; on the contrary, there is nothing of which we have a clearer Knowledge than that the Enjoyment, instead of giving Birth to the Appetite, or raising it, satiates us, and that the Appetite is just laid when we have eat or drank to our utmost Satisfaction, while yet the Pleasure is freshest on the Memory, which is utterly inconsistent with Mr. Locke's Scheme.

3. In fact it is manifest, that it was the utter Repugnance of the Truth to his Scheme, that made him miss the Truth when he came so near to it as to acknowledge, that it was not the Idea of the greatest positive Good, or of the greatest Evil, that determines the Will or creates Desire, but the present Uneasiness : for if *Good, Happiness, Pleasure, Self-love, or Self-interest*, (for he has shifted thro' all these Changes) be the ruling Principle of Man ;

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by what Logick or Reasoning can it be supposed, that the lesser apprehended Good determines the Will more powerfully than the greater, which may not serve to prove that Two Pounds are heavier than three Pounds, and that Twelve Inches are longer than Twenty-four Inches; when he saw clearly that the greatest acknowledged positive Good, and the greatest Evil did not determine the Mind, but the greatest present Uneasiness: it was then very natural to ask the Question, What other Consideration, beside the greatest positive Good and Evil, forms the present Uneasiness? the Answer is readily found; the present Uneasiness is formed by the present Passion or Appetite; and consequently Good, Pleasure, Happiness, Self-Love or Self-Interest, are not the ruling Principles of Man, or the Springs of the Passions and Desires.

It had been happy for Man, if Pleasure and Pain formed the Spring-Head of his Actions, and the Memory of Good and Evil directed him through Life; but the human State is governed in a very different Manner: our Inclinations and Appetites impel us with Tyranny, and the Returns they make us in Pleasure, are inadequate and trifling; we see and acknowledge the Emptiness and Vanity of our Pursuits, we know with the clearest Conviction that they are not worth the Trouble; and yet when the Inclination or Appetite calls upon us anew, we fly, and obey it with Passion and Alacrity.

## S E C T. II.

*Of the Words Motive, Impression, and Substance, applied to the Mind.*

1. If Men had been originally in a lonely and disjointed State, they must at their first Advances to Society and to a common Language, have struggled with almost infinite Difficulties, to make each other comprehend what Ideas they annexed to their Words.

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It was easy to fix a Name or Expression for any visible Body or for any Attitude that often occurred, and could be readily pointed out. It was not difficult to get a Child to call this a Chair, that a Table; to call One Motion *Running*, another *Walking*, and a third *Stooping*. It was also easy to establish Names for Passions, whose Symptoms are striking and manifest to the Eye or Ear; such as Anger, Grief, Joy; or for those Inclinations that determine us to familiar Actions, and towards familiar Objects; such as Hunger and Thirst; but how shall a Man distinguish by Words the slighter Emotions of the Mind, whose Symptoms are transient and hardly discernible, and that terminate in no particular visible Object, such as *Reflection*, *Apprehension*, *Disturbance*, *Disgust*, &c.

2. This Difficulty, however, the Invention of Man got over, and to unravel the Manner of doing it we must recur to a peculiar Power in the human Mind, of discovering at a Glance Analogies, Similitudes and Likenesses in the most distant Objects: This fine Faculty I speak of, is perhaps the Spirit of Poetry in the human Bosom; at least Poesy derives from it, the Whole of its creating Power and Enchantment; such as its Similitudes, Metaphors, and Invention; and this subtle and remarkable Faculty it is that assists us to express intelligibly the slightest and most latent Emotions of the Mind. We may suppose proper Expressions found for the visible Motions of the Body, and for the Circumstances of our Appetites: These being fixed and known familiarly, we are enabled, by our quick Sense of Similitude, to apply to every Emotion of the Mind, however delicate and transitory, the Denomination of any sensible Motion or Circumstance that bears an Analogy thereto, however distant in other Respects: for Instance, *imagine*, *reflect*, *apprehend*, *adhere*, *disturb*; which Words, and their proper Ideas, are actual Hieroglyphics of  
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the internal Emotions of the Mind, and become Substitutes, by much the same Kind of Artifice by which a Painter, in order to express a Passion, paints a Face with certain Distortions. The Painting of the Operations of the Mind, which do not come under the Cognizance of the Senses, by Words borrowed from Objects of Sense, is called *Metaphor*. It is easy to apprehend from what I have said, that Metaphors should be for the most Part taken from Objects of Vision, from Motion, and Light, whose Ideas are most lively and distinct, which is agreeable to Fact. From these Observations it follows, that the Words *imagine, reflect, apprehend, disturb.* &c. were not made Use of, because Nature in the naming of Things, suggested unawares, that sensible Ideas are the Origin of all human Knowledge, as Mr. *Locke* seems to think ; but because the Ideas of Intellect, although equally real, known, and felt with the Ideas of Sense, cannot be distinctly and clearly pointed out to a Person who is learning Signs or Language, unless they be thus represented by sensible Ideas, that readily occur, and bring along with them to the Imagination, the Analogy that serves to interpret the hieroglyphic.

3. The Word *Motive*, applied to the Idea that determines the Mind ; and the Word *Motion*, applied to the Resolution taken, are Metaphors ; and the Analogy extremely remote. We see that one Body striking against another, communicates its Motion to that other ; the fanciful and visionary Imagination just catches an Allusion, between this sensible Effect and the Determination of the Mind by an Object that affects it. But the Moment you attempt to contemplate the Analogy or Similitude between the Collision of Bodies, and the Manner in which Motives affect the Mind, it disappears wholly, and you lose it ; for the Idea did not roll along, nor change Place in the Mind ; it was there, but it did not impinge on it, nor was the Mind put out

out of its Situation by the Stroke; the Idea, which is a real distinct Essence or Being, having its own proper Qualities, has neither Solidity nor Extension; it has not Length, nor Breadth, nor Resistance, nor Motion, nor a Capacity for moving any Thing. You have an Idea in a Dream, or you recollect People long dead; these Ideas tho' real, are not material, nor are they capable of moving any material Being by impinging on it: neither are Ideas homogeneous with the Mind, as Bodies are that obtrude against each other; an Idea is evanescent, and its Essence, as a great Writer observes, consists in its being *perceived*; but the Soul is not transitory, and it becomes sensible of its own Existence, *by perceiving*. Whence it appears, that the Analogy between the Collision of Bodies, and the Determinations of the Mind, is so extremely shadowy and remote, that the Moment you desire to fix upon it as an Object of View, and endeavour to find the Analogy or Point of Likeness, it recedes from your Apprehensions, and is utterly lost; and that when Materialists or Fatalists draw Arguments from the Words *Motive*, or *Impulse*, to shew the passive or material Nature of the Mind, they lose Sight of their Subject, and have not the Nature or Properties of Mind in Contemplation, but the Qualities which passive, inert Matter, discovers in its Concussions and Motions.

4. The Word *Impression*, when applied in a proper Sense to Mind, is equally inadequate and illusive. An Impression on Paper, or a Pedestal, is most legible and plain when new made; it is of a considerably permanent Nature, but when obliterated, its Existence is no more: but the Impressions on the Mind, however vivid, are, by changing the Discourse, or by the Wandering of the Imagination, immediately obliterated, and a new Impression succeeds; the new vanishes in turn, and leaves a *Charte blanche* for a third Impression; those that



are out of View, are no where; they are in utter Non-existence; yet they are not irretrievable: we can recollect them again, and as it were new create them; thus, by a surprizing Power of restoring to Existence that which had no Being any where, Memory brings back the Impressions of the lost Objects and renews an obliterated Scene; the Imagination, by a perpetual Vicissitude, demonstrates that the Nature of the Mind is wholly different from that of a Tablet or Sheet of Paper; that it does not retain the Inscriptions made on it, like a *rasa Tabula*, but by a Law wholly peculiar to itself, that distinguishes it clearly from all material Substances. In like Manner, the Passions spring up and vanish. When Love is impressed upon the Heart deeply, a sudden Voice, the Appearance of an Acquaintance, Hunger, Sleep, or the Yelping of a Cur, annihilates it: the Mind loses the Impression, and no Vestiges of it remain in being: yet the Passion, on the first vacant Moment, by its Return, will demonstrate to you that it is not like an Inscription, which being obliterated, returns no more; and it will convince you, that the Mind is not like a Tablet, or like Paper; whence it is evident, that the Terms *Inscription*, *Imprinting*, *Impression*, and such like, applied to the Mind, are highly metaphorical and improper, and should be used only in an emblematic and loose Sense; and that we must not draw any Consequences from these Words, or their Ideas, in our Enquiries into the real Nature of the human Mind.

5. The Term *Substance*, even when applied to Body or Matter, is a very remote Metaphor. It was supposed by certain Philosophers, whose Opinions came into such Repute, as to give a Bias to the Language of the Learned, that besides the simple Ideas of sensible Qualities, which united give us the Idea of Body, there is a latent Subject of Union, different from the sensible Qualities, which fixes them,

them, and holds them together. The Relation between this unknown ideal Subject of Union, and the Qualities to which it was supposed to give a permanent Consistence, seemed to bear some Allusion or Similitude to that between the *Foundation* and the *Superstructure*; between a *Body supporting*, and a *Body supported*; on Account of which Analogy, it was called *Substance*; and when it is said that Qualities inhere in the Substance, we have an Idea somewhat like a Mountain with its incumbent Rocks and Trees upon it: but the Metaphor is so exceeding inadequate, and so remote from Common Sense, that the whole Body of the Learned in Succession, who seemed to have Language in their own Hands, and actually corrupted it in other Instances, have not been able to give this Word a Currency in that Sense, beyond the Doors of Colleges and Closets; for in the common Phrase, *Substance* signifies Goods or Chattels.

It is plain, that whether there exists an obscure Something in which the Qualities cohere, or no, the Analogy I speak of is exceeding remote; and that Qualities bear not the same Relation to their Substance, that a superior Body does to that on which it rests; and that the Relation between the Qualities and the Substance, is wholly different from that between the Foundation and the Superstructure: so that, when we turn our Imagination from the Metaphor, and consider the real Existence of Qualities, we find every Idea of Substance and of Superincumbence vanish into Emblem. But the Word *Substance*, carried on from Body, and transferred to Mind, as the Support of intellectual Qualities, is the Metaphor of a Metaphor; for as I just before observed, neither Ideas nor Passions reside in Mind as Qualities do in Body; the Ideas, the Desires and Appetites, are of a fugitive evanescent Nature, and Ideas are themselves real Beings, having their own

Qualities; to call the Mind therefore a Substance, or an immaterial Substance, is to paint the Hieroglyphic of an Hieroglyphic; which however may be done in common Discourse, provided we carry in our Minds the Impropriety, and do not pretend, like *Spinoza* and his Followers, to draw any Consequences from the Term, concerning the Nature of the Soul.

6. It is true, we have very clear Ideas of Motion, and of Impulse by which Motion is communicated from one Body to another. We know what Printing is on Paper, and Engraving on Marble; and we easily conceive a Horse, or a Joint Stool, standing under a Load. The Words *Motive*, *Impression*, and *Substance*, bring familiar Ideas to the Imagination; but when we take our Eye off from the Metaphor or Emblem, and direct our Thoughts to the human Mind, those familiar Ideas appear to be only Reflexion and Shade. The very Similitude almost vanishes, and we find ourselves receding into Obscurity, because it is indeed the Obscurity of the Objects that force Men originally to betake themselves to Metaphor for Illustration.

7. There are Men who pretend to reflect and reason, who tell you, that they can conceive the Mind only as *moved*, *impressed*, and a *Substance*; and therefore conclude that it must be actually moved, impressed, and material. These Gentlemen speak exactly like Children, who seeing the Names of the Passions printed under their Pictures, tell you, that Anger, and Love, and Jealousy, are made of Paper and Colours, and deny that there are any other, because you cannot tell them the Dimensions of Anger, the Length of Jealousy, or Colour of Love; whereas, they say our printed Passions are clear Objects of Sense and Conception.

7. Let us distinguish what we really know, from what we only imagine confusedly: the Mind is determined,



terminated, without being moved; it has Ideas and Inclinations without Impressions; and it exists, without being Substance: the true Result of which is, that Mind is of a different Nature from Body, and obeys Laws wholly repugnant and unrelated to the Laws of Matter. The Gentlemen who complain, that when you strip the Mind of all Motion, Inscription and Substance, you take away every Thing conceivable from it, and seemingly annihilate it, have certainly been imposed upon; they never had any Conception of the Mind, and although they used the Word, and spoke of Soul and Spirit, all that filled their Imagination was, *Paper, a Tablet, Balls in Motion*, and such external Objects of Vision. I need not tell my ingenious Reader who is acquainted with Mr. *Locke's* Essay, that he has made numberless Inferences which he applied to the Mind, that appear obviously, from what I have said, to be applicable only to Paper, Pedestals, and Bodies at Motion or Rest. These Observations are necessary to be made in an Enquiry into the Nature of the human Mind, to keep our Thoughts free from Metaphors, and emblematic Objects, that lead us astray in our Reasoning, and to keep our Attention close to the Operations of the Spirit of Man, and to the real Laws under which it displays its Powers. By a Defect, obvious in the very Nature of Language or of artificial Signs, we cannot represent Ideas of the Mind that are attended with no remarkable Symptom, by a proper Word. This Impediment to Language put the Genius of Man upon the most subtle Contrivance perhaps of which he is capable, the Substitution of allegorical Expressions, where a Gleam of Likeness is discernible; and now the common Use of the most remote metaphorical Expressions, makes us take no Notice of the superlative Sagacity that at first discovered this shadowy Similitude; in common Use they pass current, be-

cause they are often used, and discover our most incommunicable Thoughts: but where Men in strict Reasonings, and philosophic Researches, mistake the Metaphor for a proper Word, they make strange Confusion in Philosophy. I think I may safely assert, that the natural Inability of Man to express his intellectual Ideas, and the Abuse of Language consequent thereto has led Men into greater Errors in Philosophy, than all the other Abuses of Language put together.

### S E C T. III. *Of Instinct.*

The Infant Mind at coming to the World, is a meer *rasa Tabula*, destitute of all Ideas and Materials of Reflection. It is a *Charte blanche*, ready for receiving the Inscriptions of Sense; yet it behoves us carefully to observe, that it differs from a *rasa Tabula* or a Sheet of clean Paper, in the following Respect; that you may write on clean Paper, *that Sugar is bitter, Wormwood sweet, Fire and Frost in every Degree pleasing and sufferable; that Compassion and Gratitude are base; Treachery, Falshood, and Envy, noble; and that Contempt is indifferent to us*: Yet no human Art or Industry are able to make those Impressions on the Mind: in Respect to them, the Mind discovers not a passive Capacity, but it resists them with the Force of Fate: the Signification of the Words may indeed be altered; but then we take our Attention off from the Words, and place it on the Ideas, I mean, that no human Power is able to impress the Ideas I speak of, on the Mind of Man, in the Order and Relation I write them. The Infant Mind then is justly compared to a Sheet of clean Paper, in being pure of all Ideas, and susceptible of a vast Variety; but it cannot be compared to a Sheet of clean Paper in this other Respect, that prior to the Impression, they are both equally indifferent to the

the Inscription they are to bear. For the human Mind hath several predetermined Tastes and Sentiments, which arise from a Source that lies beyond Experience, Custom or Choice; that with absolute Authority decides the *good* and *bad* of the Ideas we receive.

2. To conceive proper Notions of the Predispositions of the Minds of animated Creatures, let us turn aside, and make a small Excursion amongst the Brute Creation, in whom Instinct is less disguised and less complicated than in Man: Brutes nursed and bred up in the same great Common, display very different Dispositions, and follow various Occupations in Life. If they had been all originally of one Temper and Frame of Mind, and had the same directing Principles of Action from Nature, their untutored Dispositions would appear for ever the same, and they would only differ according to their various Powers of Action, nearly as Sparrow-Hawks do from Eagles, as *Swift's* Houyhnhnms from a Nation of Philosophers, or as *Locke's* wonderful Parrot from a tractable Servant; they would run along one Course of Life, as large and small Waves pursue each other down the same Current.

But in the Common of Nature, and in the same Scenes, in Woods, Plains and Desarts, we meet with Inhabitants of very different Characters and Occupations; we meet with Tyrants who lay waste the Forest, and roam in Search of Blood: we meet with peaceable Colonies, who yet retain the Dispositions of the Golden Age, and feed only on Vegetables; and with Tribes of industrious Labourers, who work in Wood, or live by Fishing, or by weaving Nets in which to take their Prey. That the Occupations and Manner of Life of the Brute Creation, are not the Effects of Custom, or Experience of their Powers or Capacities of Action, but of a predetermined, innate Disposition, appears from num-



berless Instances; Cocks strike with their Legs before their Spurs grow, and Bulls push before their Horns appear: the Puppies of all Beasts of Prey, while they are yet offenceless and innocent of Blood, play and exercise themselves in the Arts of Destruction; while the helpless Animals, who are devoted to be their Prey, practise, in unexperienced Youth, the Shifts of Flight and Escape. Ducklings just parted from the Shell, and hatched by a Hen, rejoice at the Water, and the Moment they come to it, launch thereon with the utmost Security, accomplished Sailors before they row, or strike the first Oar; young Birds hatched in a Cage by a Step-mother, and brought along with her to a Country, where none of the Species ever dwelt before, shall not follow the Step-mother's Plan, or be led aside by acquired Knowledge, but if they find Materials, build exactly in the Model of their Ancestors, without the least Deviation; as they never quit the Plan of their Forefathers, neither do they improve by Time and Experience, or perform any Work of Fancy. No bird was ever known to alter the Form of his Family Nest, or to contrive a more commodious Nursery for her Young; nor, as an ingenious Writer observes, did any Hive of Bees ever add or retrench a single Angle in the Building of their Cells.

3. In looking over the Instincts of Animals, there are two Observations we can hardly miss: the one is, that they are the Effects of Calculation and Design, which has so finely adapted them to their Powers of Execution; and the second is, that this Calculation is not theirs. How destructive had it been to the Species of Ducks, if they had such Boldness to plunge into the Waves without an Oar to strike, or an unknown Means of keeping out the Water from penetrating their Feathers. The prodigious Ornament of the Lion is but the external

Part

Part of the Design of Nature: when you discover that the taming of this fierce Animal is the most difficult Undertaking imaginable, and that his Wrath and Thirst of Blood are not to be subdued, you then see the Meaning of the Armament of the destructive Creature. It is equally remarkable, that in the regular stated Actions of very stupid Animals, who have hardly any Traces of Prudence or Reflection, we discover an Intimacy *a priori* with the most secret Powers of Nature. Hens and Turkies perform Operations very familiarly, which after they are known, and become the Objects of our Enquiry, no Depth of Philosophy can account for. Shall we say, that the Hen and Turkey, foreseeing Powers and Effects, which Sir *Isaac Newton* could not calculate, nor even explain, undertook the Office of Hatching? Is it not evident that we must attribute the Process to some Being, who is acquainted with the Seeds of Life in the Egg, who knows the Powers of Heat, and the just Degree necessary for warming the Embrio into Life?

There is no Need of heaping Instances of an CEconomy, that is taken Notice of by every Writer of Natural History, and occurs to every one in familiar Life. I will proceed to lay it down as a general Maxim, that it is the common Method of Nature to direct her animal Creation by Instinct or unacquired Disposition; and from it I draw this undeniable Conclusion, that it is equally practicable for Nature to direct Man as the Brute by Instinct or Predisposition; I do not mean from the Possibility to bring an Argument for the Fact, but only to shew, that there is no Violence in supposing human Instincts, and that no Argument lies against them from the Difficulty of conceiving their Nature or Operation, seeing that the same Difficulties remain in Force against the Instinct of Brutes, which nevertheless are certain and real.

4. But it must be carefully noted, that Instincts and Predispositions do not infer innate Ideas, Rules, Maxims, or Inscriptions on the Imagination. I already observed, that the Use of the words *Inscription*, *Imprinting*, and *Impression*, applied to the Mind in a proper Sense, has led the modern Philosophers into great Confusion and Error. I likewise took Notice, that the human Inclinations, Appetites, Sentiments, and even Ideas, pass away totally off the Mind, and have no Existence; yet by their Return, they demonstrate that they are not lost like a defaced Inscription, and that they are in the Mind in a Manner very different from a Proposition on Paper, or an Inscription on a Pedestal. I own at the same Time, there is no conceiving how a Man can have a Sentiment, a Taste for Music in his Frame of Mind, or an Idea in his Memory, without perceiving them there. We see nothing in Matter correspond to this Property of the intellectual Part of Man; yet I must here call to my Assistance the Axiom I premised, that we must not argue against the Reality of the Fact, which we intuitively know, merely because we do not comprehend the Manner of its Existence.

5. When we withdraw our Thoughts from metaphorical Images, and place them on the real Operations of the Mind, we find that some Instincts of great Influence do not appear until certain Seasons of Life, and certain preordained Ideas call them forth to Action; nothing can be more different from the Nature of Inscriptions on Paper or Stone: Inscriptions are clearest and most legible when they are fresh, but the Instincts of Animals are sometimes imperceptible in tender Youth, and are displayed only when the Mind comes to Maturity, and the Season of Passion is arrived; the mutual Inclinations of the Sexes in Birds is warmed into a Flame by the Approach of Spring, and every Bird then discovers  
without



without Mistake the Object of his Engagements: By this Observation we are led to take Notice of the universal Design that runs through the Creation, and governs all the animated Inhabitants of the Earth. The Minds of Animals are calculated for the Objects that in Process of Time are to attach them; at the Presence of those Objects they feel a new Desire, which is the secret Intelligence of Nature, and it is this Pre-engagement that forms their Characters, and leads them to their different Occupations and Course of Life: It directs the various Tribes or Species to their peculiar hereditary Estates in the Common of Nature; it Peoples Lakes and Bogs, Mountains and particular Trees, with their proper Inhabitants, who feel a real *amor Patriæ*, that will suffer them to reside no where else; and this divine Intelligence instructs them in their different Occupations by which they live, and is the ingenious Arbitrator of their Pleasures and Enjoyments.

6. What I have been saying requires the fullest and clearest Light, in order to bring us acquainted with the Laws of the Mind. A modern Philosopher objects to me, and says, 'Let us take the following Propositions: A Thrush in the Spring courts the Company of his Mate; a Man has a Taste for Music; these Propositions are formed of Ideas; the Ideas are not innate, neither are the Propositions that are formed of them.' I own it, learned Sir; but I neither said Propositions nor Ideas are innate; on the contrary, I am convinced they are not; and yet it is certainly true, that the Mind is so framed before the Reception of the Idea, as upon its Appearance to feel a Passion, an Appetite, or Inclination, that was before out of Perception, and was neither engraved nor imprinted, so as to be perceivable. The Duckling has no original Idea of Water, yet the Moment he descries it, he is moved with a new Desire to swim; he flings himself upon it

it the first Moment with perfect Security, and before he draws a Stroke is an accomplished Rower. The Bee has no innate Ideas of Honey, of Flowers, or of Wax; yet he is a perfect Virtuoso in these Matters, and without Line or Compass, or studying a Problem in *Euclid*, sets out no ordinary Geometrician and Architect. It is certain, that Instincts do not require innate Ideas, and that Dispositions and Tastes belong to the Mind unperceived, ready to be put in Motion by the Scene which is to direct their Operations.

7. Let us now quit this Excursion into the Department of Brutes, to return to the human System; and let us examine whether or no Man has his Instincts to direct him in the Concerns of Life. I hope that the Explanations I have already made, will keep me free from Cavils that interfere not with my Meaning or Design. I am not going in quest of innate Characters, nor innate Propositions impressed on the Understanding; but, in order to give the most distinct Idea possible of the Object of my Enquiry, I will quote a Passage from Mr. *Locke*, that comes up exactly to my Purpose: ‘ I deny not that there are  
 ‘ natural Tendencies imprinted on the Minds of  
 ‘ Men; and that from the very first Instances of  
 ‘ Sense and Perception, there are some Things that  
 ‘ are grateful, and others unwelcome to them; some  
 ‘ Things that they incline to, and others that they  
 ‘ fly: But this makes nothing for innate Characters  
 ‘ on the Mind, which are to be the Principles of  
 ‘ Knowledge, regulating our Practice; such natural  
 ‘ Impressions on the Understanding are so far from  
 ‘ being confirmed hereby, that this is an Argument  
 ‘ against them; since, if there were certain Characters  
 ‘ imprinted by Nature on the Understanding as the  
 ‘ Principles of Knowledge, we could not but perceive them constantly operate in us, and influence  
 ‘ our Knowledge, as we do those others on the Will  
 ‘ and

‘ and Appetite, which never cease to be the constant Springs and Motives of all our Actions, to which we perpetually feel them strongly impelling us.’ It is plain from this Passage, that he distinguishes between natural Tendencies imprinted on the Minds of Men, which are the constant Springs and Motives of our Actions; and innate Characters, which are the Principles of Knowledge, and appear in the Form of Rules and Maxims: The First he acknowledges, and only argues against the Second. Here then, once for all, before I proceed to the Theory of the Human Mind, I declare that I think it extremely absurd to imagine that Infants come to the World with Rules, Maxims, Principles, or Ideas imprinted on their Understanding; and that my Attempt is only to bring to open Light, Tendencies or Instincts that cannot be acquired by Reason, and which are distinguished from Principles or Propositions in this Respect, that no Reason can be given for them; and as they are not acquired, they appear to be Appendages to human Nature universally felt, that may be traced in every Nation and Society of Men, that ever came to our Knowledge, whether savage or civilized.

8. To proceed then; Mankind know by Instinct the Passions on the human Countenance, when they become violent, and are not disguised. This is a Science so clearly settled by Nature, that Painters are able to represent the Passions with Force and Life to all Nations upon Earth, so that the wildest Savages the Moment they cast their Eyes on the Picture, shall understand with the utmost Evidence, the Emotions of Mind delineated; it is because all the Race of Man know the Passions by Instinct, that the Statues of ancient Greece and Rome speak their Emotions this Day as intelligibly to the Travellers of all Countries, as they did to the Sculptor’s Contemporaries and Acquaintances. Love, Grief,



Grief, Anger, Envy, corporal Pain, Pity, have each their unerring Symptoms that discover the Agitations of the Soul at a Glance. It may be alledged, that these Symptoms were at first used by Accident, and continued after by Custom so constantly, that every one learns them, and understands the Passions to which they are become Signs; as by Use, the Words which indisputably are facitious, bring to our Thoughts their correspondent Ideas; in short, that the Symptoms of the Passions acquired in Youth, and by constant Use, are become an universal Language.

The Symptoms of the Passions indeed form an universal Language well understood; but they do so, only because they are taught by Nature. An artificial Language is alterable, and, like all the other Works of Man, is subject to Variation and Decay; and there is no such Thing as fixing it for a Perpetuity, while it continues in public Use. Affectation and Novelty will be always busy, making Changes and Deviations, which although slender in any one Age, yet, like the slow Touches of Time, they become sensible at length; but the picturesque Language of the Passions has never varied a Tittle, nor is it within the Reach of human Art or Power to vary them. *Alexander* or *Cæsar*, who governed the known World, were not able to make a Laughter pass for a Sign of Melancholy, or a Frown for the Expression of Approbation: Besides, every one is conscious of the superior Force of the Expressions of Nature to that of Words, and consequently of their Difference. It is idle to pursue this Argument farther, because hardly any one who can see, will dispute that the Symptoms of the Passions are both produced and understood by Instinct.

The Passions also discover themselves by peculiar Sounds; a Sigh, a Groan, Laughter, the piercing Cries of Agony, and the slow Wailings of Sorrow,  
are

are understood by every Ear. There are still slighter Emotions, and gentler Modulations of Sound taught by eloquent Nature, that enter into familiar Discourse, and are understood by every one without Grammar or Profody, that concur much to the Charms of Elocution, and discover a Sensibility of Taste. The soft bewitching Tone of Love, as well as the Smile, give a brief, but a very intelligible Account of the Heart. Raillery, Grief, Anger, Fear, vary the Sound as well as the Features, and discover to us, by the Light of Instinct, the Speaker's Sentiments, although he uses a Language we do not understand.

The Attitudes and Flexions of the Body also, strongly express the Motions of the Mind; whence it is, that Orators choose to speak standing, and in a moving Posture. These three I have mentioned, the Gesture, Tone and Attitude, form the Spirit and Soul of Language: And if Nature had not endowed Man with an instinctive Knowledge of them, he would be hardly capable of Speech: The Use they are of to us, in rendering us intelligible to each other, and smoothing the Way to Language, may be observed in the Gestures and Modulations of Children, who come slowly to the Power of Speech, and of Strangers who endeavour to converse and become intelligible, without understanding each other's Language; for in such Cases, Necessity brings them back to the Principles and Elements of natural Expression.

9. There is nothing has puzzled Philosophers more than the peculiar Marks and Diagnostics of the human Species: It is not that they are unknown, or that they are not obvious; it is manifest that every one perceives and knows them by the Ability of every one to distinguish a Man; but the Difficulty lies in selecting out those universal Marks. Is it not surprising, that however easy this Task appears,

appears, the whole Succession of Philosophers missed of it, and were not able to tell what every Clown and Savage easily perceives? In short, the distinguishing Marks of the Species, are the Symptoms of the human Mind appearing in open View, in the Countenance and Gesture, modulating the Voice to the Hearer's conscious Feelings, and painting to both the Senses, if I may say so, the well-known Emotions and Sentiments of the Mind: Untaught Instinct discovers them, and these being found constantly joined to the human Shape and Countenance, and being naturally expressed by them, as I just observed, the Shape and Countenance serve, as a Label does on a Grocer's Chest, to let us know the Repository of the human Mind, even although Sleep at present seals up the Man's Intellects. It is here proper to observe, that human Madness or Folly are peculiar to the Mind of Man, and characterize it equally with its calm common Sense. Its Pride and Ambition appear as real under a Crown of Straw, as a Crown of Gold. Its Passions, its Gesture, and Characters appear as distinctly in *Bedlam* as at a City Committee; and in the Extravagance of a Mad-man, we know the human Mind disconcerted and out of Arrangement, with the same Certainty, that we know Household-furniture in the Ruins of a House that has been overturned by a Storm. Gesture and Modulation are more preserved in the Languages of the South Part of *Europe*, and in the same Climate round the Earth, than in the Climates to the North; the Cause is unknown, but the Effect indubitable, which forbids Oratory to arrive at the same Perfection, or to have the same Powers as in *Greece* and *Rome*. For the same Reason, pantomime Entertainments are the Growth of *Italy* and Exotics in our cold Climate, like their Oranges; but although the northern Inhabitants want the Expressions of  
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Nature, they have not lost the Taste; as Men who are themselves no Poets, are sensible of the Beauties of Poetry: whence it has happened, that while the northern Critics cease not to ridicule the silent conscious Expressions of Pantomime, their Women, Children, and the Illiterate, who are happy in knowing no Rule but the Rule of Instinct, flock to those Exhibitions of the Soul. I am here persuaded to give a Hint that I think may be useful to Preachers, Lawyers, and others who are destined to speak in public; it is, that they often practise before a Glass or good Judges, the pure Expression of Nature, free from the Bluster and Confusion of Words, and fix an habitual Propriety and Grace of Gesture, which few of our Countrymen are happy in.

II. Music, with a superior Power that is not acquired, and cannot be resisted, seizes on the human Mind, and opens the Springs of the Passions. The Effects of Music is the Subject of the finest Lines in our Language; my Reader of Taste is sensible I mean Dryden's Feast of *Alexander*. We comprehend by Instinct, without the Assistance of Reason, that Music is related to Poetry. The principal Object of both, is something beyond Conception rapturous and elevating; when we would fix our View upon it, we find that it lies yet below our Horizon, and only appears in a Dawn whose Splendor surprises us. accordingly, there is a Perfection, *a plus ultra* still behind, beyond Expression and Attainment in both, of which great Poets and Musicians have a confused Idea, without Ability ever to arrive at it. But although they know it not, they are sensible when they approach to it, by the noble Elevation that seizes the Soul, the Raptures in which it struggles as it were to get loose, and approach to the unknown object, that seems at the same Time to appear and hide from the Imagination. Music, like Poetry, hath its Tragedy and Comedy, and often

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often a fantastic Mixture of both ; which latter seems to be the present Taste.

Music, like all Sciences whose Standard is in Nature, can only be corrupted by the Professors, or the Learned in Music, because the Sense of the untutored Part of Mankind is the true Standard, and can never be wrong ; but the Learned are always liable to be corrupted by Vanity and Affectation : The same Thing happens in Eloquence ; the Sense of the Crowd is the true Standard of Eloquence ; yet from the Time Oratory became an Art, it has been seldom free from the false Beauties of the Learned in Oratory. The true Beauties of Music affect every Ear that is not corrupted by Art, but the Masters are often led, by a false Emulation of displaying a Master-hand, to introduce what may properly enough be called the Puns and Quibbles of Music ; these they at present cultivate with great Care and Perseverance, while they neglect the wild Graces, the nobly-plaintive Strains, the Sounds that charm and elevate, that assuage the petulant Cares of this Life, that wrap us in golden Visions, and bring forward lofty Passions, which we never knew before, and now perceive in Song with Surprise and Ecstasy.

There appears little Reason to judge that our instinctive Taste of Music has been communicated to any other Species, or is any other than a Charm relative to the human Mind, and confined to it. Every Species of Birds who sing, have, it is true, their own hereditary Strain, at least sufficient to distinguish them to the other Sex within the Species ; but however we admire the Variety of the Song, yet it is not Music to us, although it be to them the irresistible Breathing of the Voice of Love, that melts them into Passion, and distinguishes the Lover, ordained by Fate for the Nuptials.

12. The Transition from Music to Beauty is easy and natural. Beauty is not absolute no more than Music, but relative, and the well known Symbol of pre-ordained Union. Every Creature finds the Object of Desire in his own Species; and there are few Temptations to transgress those Bounds: An Appetite indeed of Mind or Body, may be depraved or warped in a few Instances, but it never can be lost or altered, nor yet so far misled to a wrong Object, as not to leave the Intention of Nature very clear and obvious. Man does not discover the Beauty that gives Birth to Passion, until both himself and the Fair arrive near the Summit of Youth. I am obliged to be the more explicit on this Inclination that unites the Sexes, and ensures the Continuation of the Species, because it clearly decides a Point of the utmost Importance to be known in the Theory of Man; it is, that the natural Springs of human Actions, although they be the instinctive Impressions of Nature on the Breast, yet they are not impressed strongest on Children; and some, for Instance this I speak of, do not appear until after a considerable Advance in Life. Man beheld Beauty and a good Air from his Infancy, but the unutterable Elegance that forms the Soul of Beauty, and kindles tender Desires, lay hid from him in puerile Youth. What is this Grace which Lovers and Poets feel while they mourn their Inability to express their Thoughts; It is the conscious Symptom of the Season of Life, intended by Nature for the human Nuptials, when the Passion, just opening into Bloom in the Breast, seeks for an Object of its Tenderneſs, and throws resistless Embellishment and Softneſs over the Manner and Expression; these Symptoms are best understood by Savages, but they are more affected and practised by polite Nations, who imitate the Graces of Nature, and make them submit to established Rules of Art. Al-

though this conscious Grace generally fades and dies along with the Season of Passion, yet in some Women it is fixed by Education and Habit, and communicates a Tincture of Beauty and Softness to the Actions, until old Age utterly defaces it.

It is sufficient to my present Purpose, to shew in a few Instances that Man hath his Instincts, his natural Directions, and innate Lights, which depend not on Deduction, Design, or Reason; but are the Revelations of Nature, made to him by a silent Notice to his Heart, without Pains or Reflection; and that these tacit Revelations form his common Sense, his Character, and Course of Life. A Man's Sense of Beauty confines him sufficiently to the Mother and Nurse of his Species, and the kind Companion of his Cares; the Sympathy of Countenance and Gesture, and the innumerable Flexions and Modulations of his Voice, both expressive of the human Mind, discover to Man his Society, and form the Out-strokes of Language, which is the Chain that binds together the Members of the great Leviathan.

13. We find then that the Minds of Animals in regard to the Instincts or primary Springs of Action, are very improperly compared to a *rasa Tabula*, or Sheet of clean Paper: But in an infant State, they may be more justly compared to the nearest Image of animated Life, a Tree. In Winter, naked Fruit-trees of different Species seem little distinguishable; but when Spring and powerful Suns invigorate them, and call forth their innate Properties, then different Kinds of Blossoms, Leaves and Fruit appear, whose Existence were before unperceivable. Thus the Instincts and Dispositions of Animals that lie unperceived in the infant Mind, open and appear in the active and destined Season of Life, when their respective Objects call them forward into Operation.

Instinct



Instinct appears with various Degrees of Clearness and Certainty in various Animals; in Bees, Ducks, and perhaps in most Insects, it is decisive and perfect at their Entrance upon an active Life; in Dogs and other Animals that approach the human Sagacity, it is at first obscure, and requires an Exercise and Discipline which they naturally fall into, to bring it to Perfection; in Man, Instinct is more latent, complicated, and restrained by opposite and irreconcilable Desires, and therefore more liable to be perverted, mistook, or misled by Habit; yet its Intelligence throughout the Species will for ever remain clear enough to shew its End, and the Views of Nature.

14. However obvious Instinct appears in the Actions of Animals, and in determining their Characters and Course of Life, it finds no Room in modern Philosophy. The Instincts of the brute Creation are equally inconsistent with its Principles, as the Instincts of Men: This Observation is sufficient to make an unbiassed Person strongly suspect, that the modern System of the human Mind is imperfect, and in fact, while the current Philosophy treats with minute and tedious Exactness of sensible Ideas, which are only fortuitous and fugitive Objects in the Mind, it leaves in Oblivion the Soul itself: The Lights of Philosophy are held to us carefully through all the trifling Objects of the Understanding, and we are committed to utter Darkness, where only it is of the greatest Consequence to us to have some Knowledge.

Whoever has read the foregoing Reflections attentively, and is acquainted with Mr. *Locke's* Arguments against innate Ideas, may easily see that the celebrated Dispute he has entered into on that Subject is merely verbal, and that the Question to be decided with him is, only whether Instincts should be called Ideas or Principles, or should not? If

<sup>t</sup>he Term *Idea*, agreeable to the proper Import, be taken to signify the Representatives we have in the Mind of Objects of Sense, or our Reflections on them, which is the Meaning Mr. *Locke* has taken the Word in; then it is certain there are no innate Ideas; and indeed the Proposition is not worthy of such a formal Induction of Proofs, as Mr. *Locke* has made, seeing that nothing can be added in Evidence clearer than the Position itself, viz. *that sensible Ideas are derived from Sense, and consequently are not innate*. What is said of sensible Ideas, holds equally of Principles formed of them. Principles made of sensible Ideas can no more be innate than the Ideas of which they are formed.

But then, when we have concluded that we have no innate Ideas or Principles, it is necessary that another Proposition should be established, in order to give Men some useful Knowledge of the Nature of the human Spirit; it is, that in the human Mind, there are Instincts not acquired by Sense, and therefore distinguishable from both Ideas and Principles, that rise into Perception and Influence, as the Powers of the Soul open and display themselves. But this most important Part of the Knowledge of the Mind has been neglected by Mr. *Locke*, and indeed appears inconvenient to his System, and when it is established, his System appears partial and trifling; sensible Ideas, of which he so largely treats, are only Passengers in the Mind, that occasionally take up a short Abode there, and pass away; the Theory of them is therefore proportionably unimportant; but Instincts are the essential distinguishing Qualities of the Mind, and the permanent Laws of its Actions and Feelings.

When the Instincts of animated Beings are taken no Notice of in Philosophy, and only mere transitory Perception is attended to, then no Distinction appears in the intellectual Creation but the Degrees of  
of

of Capacity, or greater and lesser Powers, and Philosophy becomes barren and unimportant; but when we distinguish Animals by their Instincts, the various Designs of Providence appear full in View, and the all-governing Spirit acts, directs and rules thro' the Prospect of Nature, and gives their separate Code of Laws to every Species on Earth, from which there is no Appeal. From the human Instincts it is, that we may expect to discover, by the Light of Nature, and by the Testimony of Analogy, the End and Purpose of that great, miserable, and complicated Creature, Man. I shall only add to what I have said concerning Mr. *Locke's* Arguments against innate Ideas and innate Principles, that he has not advanced One Syllable against unacquired Instincts, and that his Reasonings on those Subjects conclude nothing against what I have contended for in this last Section.

15. Upon the Whole, I flatter myself that I have in the foregoing Tracts proved, with sufficient Evidence, that the System which supposes Self-interest to be the Parent of the Passions, and the ultimate Mover of human Actions, is a Figment and a Deception, formed by substituting general Expressions which have no Ideas or Reality annexed to them, for the particular Inclinations and Aversions which are the real Sources of our Desires. That the Mind is not *moved*, or *impressed* as Matter is; that these Expressions which are borrowed from material Objects, are metaphorical and improper in the highest Degree when applied to the Mind, and afford no Sanction to the usual Reasonings of the Materialists; on the Contrary, that the Mind obeys Laws wholly different from, and inconsistent with the Laws of Matter; and that the human Mind hath, in Embrio, Dispositions, Sentiments, and Tastes, prior to the Impressions of Sense, which determine and form the human Character and



Course of Life, and that we are by an invisible Power, enlightened and led by the Hand, whose Directions we always feel with sufficient Clearness.

Having displayed the Errors of those Systems that distorted modern Philosophy, the Way at least is cleared to the sacred Springs of Morality and Virtue, and a Path opened to the human Plan, which it concerns us so much in this Age of Infidelity and Enquiry, to be perfectly acquainted with.

*P. S.* Every One who is acquainted with Mr. *Locke's* Essay on the Human Understanding, will readily see that no Two Systems can be more opposite than his, and this I have just sketched out. When it is proved that the Judgments and common Sense of Men are directed by Instincts, then the Design of Mr. *Locke's* Chapters against innate Ideas and innate Principles is overturned, as well as his whole subsequent System, as far as it is founded on the Principles begun in those celebrated Chapters, and carried on throughout the whole Body of his Essay; Self-Interest, which, agreeable to his general Plan, forms every Law that binds Mankind, which directs their Judgment, and moves them to Action, falls to the Ground; and Virtue and Morality must appear under a very different Character, and different Laws from those which his Plan admits. Sensible of the prodigious Authority that lies against me, and of the general Assent given to Mr. *Locke's* Scheme, I would not venture to oppose it, if I had not the strongest Assurance of the Truth of the Opinions I advance, and a Conviction that the Cause of Virtue and Morality is deeply interested in the Dispute. With such Reflections I thought proper to communicate my Thoughts to the Public, that they may have a fair Trial, notwithstanding any Authority upon Earth: This is a Freedom of Examination that  
Mr.

Mr. *Locke* himself has taken, and strenuously contended for.

My intelligent Reader will easily foresee, that in the Prosecution of this Subject, the next Attempt should be to enquire what are the Instincts peculiar to Man, that distinguish him from the other known Animals who share this Earth with him; whether, amongst the human Instincts, there be any, that form fixed and universally-felt Fountain-heads of Religion and Duty; and if it appears that we really have such, then it is evidently of the greatest Importance to point them out, and to examine what they plainly infer, and what they teach us concerning the End and Destination of Man.

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THE  
L I F E  
O F  
THOMAS PARNELL, D.D.

ARCHDEACON of CLOGHER.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

THE Life of a Scholar seldom abounds with Adventure. His Fame is acquired in Solitude. And the Historian who only views him at a Distance, must be content with a dry Detail of Actions by which he is scarce distinguished from the Rest of Mankind. But we are fond of talking of those who have given us Pleasure, not that we have any Thing important to say, but because the Subject is pleasing.

*Thomas Parnell*, D.D. was descended from an ancient Family, that had for some Centuries been settled at *Congleton* in *Cheshire*. His Father, *Thomas Parnell*, who had been attached to the Commonwealth Party, upon the Restoration went over to *Ireland*; thither he carried a large Personal Fortune, which he laid out in Lands in that Kingdom. The Estates he purchased there, as also that of which he was possessed in *Cheshire*, descended to our Poet, who was his eldest Son, and still remain in the Family.

Thus



Thus Want, which has compelled many of our greatest Men into the Service of the Muses, had no Influence upon *Parnell*; he was a Poet by Inclination.

He was born in *Dublin*, in the Year 1679, and received the first Rudiments of his Education at the School of Doctor *Jones* in that City. Surprising Things are told us of the Greatness of his Memory at that early Period, as of his being able to repeat by Heart forty Lines of any Book at the first Reading; of his getting the third Book of the *Iliad* in one Night's Time, which was given in order to confine him for some Days. These Stories, which are told of almost every celebrated Wit, may perhaps be true. But for my own Part, I never found any of those Prodigies of Parts, although I have known enow that were desirous, among the Ignorant of being thought so.

There is one Presumption, however, of the early Maturity of his Understanding. He was admitted a Member of the College of *Dublin* at the Age of Thirteen, which is much sooner than usual, as at that University they are a great Deal stricter in their Examination for Entrance, than either at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. His Progress through the College Course of Study was probably marked with but little Splendour; his Imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold Logic of *Burgersdicius*, or the dreary Subtleties of *Smiglecius*; but it is certain, that as a classical Scholar, few could equal him. His own Compositions shew this, and the Difference which the most eminent Men of his Time paid him upon that Head, put it beyond a Doubt. He took the Degree of Master of Arts the ninth of *July*, 1700; and in the same Year, he was ordained a Deacon, by *William*, Bishop of *Derry*, having a Dispensation from the Primate, as being under twenty-three Years of Age. He was admitted into  
Priest's

Priest's Orders about three Years after, by *William*, Archbishop of *Dublin*, and on the Ninth of *February*, 1705, he was collated by Sir *George Ashe*, Bishop of *Clogher*, to the Archdeaconry of *Clogher*. About that time also he married Miss *Anne Minchin*, a young Lady of great Merit and Beauty, by whom he had two Sons, who died young, and one Daughter, who is still living. His Wife died some Time before him, and her Death is said to have made so great an Impression on his Spirits, that it served to hasten his own. On the thirty-first of *May*, 1716, he was presented, by his Friend and Patron Archbishop *King*; to the Vicarage of *Finglass*, a Benefice worth about four hundred Pounds a Year, in the Diocese of *Dublin*, but he lived to enjoy his Preferment a very short Time. He died at *Chester*, in *July*, 1717, on his Way to *Ireland*, and was buried in *Trinity Church* in that Town, without any Monument to mark the Place of his Interment. As he died without Male Issue, his Estate devolved to his only Nephew, Sir *John Parnell*, Baronet, whose Father was younger Brother to the Archdeacon, and one of the Justices of the *King's Bench* in *Ireland*.

Such is the very unpoetical Detail of the Life of a Poet. Some Dates, and some few Facts scarce more interesting than those that make the Ornaments of a Country Tomb-stone, are all that remain of one, whose Labours now begin to excite universal Curiosity. A Poet, while living, is seldom an Object sufficiently great to attract much Attention; his real Merits are known but to a few, and these are generally sparing in their Praises. When his Fame is increased by Time, it is then too late to investigate the Peculiarities of his Disposition; the Dews of the Morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the Chace by the meridian Splendour.

There

There is scarce any Man but might be made the Subject of a very interesting and amusing History, if the Writer, besides a thorough Acquaintance with the Character he draws, were able to make those nice Distinctions which separate it from all others. The strongest Minds have usually the most striking Peculiarities, and would consequently afford the richest Materials: but in the present Instance, from not knowing Doctor *Parnell*, his Peculiarities are gone to the Grave with him, and we are obliged to take his Character from such as knew but little of him; or who, perhaps, could have given very little Information if they had known more.

*Parnell*, by what I have been able to collect from my Father and Uncle, who knew him, was the most capable Man in the World to make the Happiness of those he conversed with, and the least able to secure his own. He wanted that Evenness of Disposition which bears Disappointment with Phlegm, and Joy with Indifference. He was ever very much elated or depressed; and his whole Life spent in Agony or Rapture. But the Turbulence of these Passions only affected himself, and never those about him: he knew the Ridicule of his own Character, and very effectually raised the Mirth of his Companions, as well at his Vexations as at his Triumphs.

How much his Company was desired, appears from the Extensiveness of his Connexions, and the Number of his Friends. Even before he made any Figure in the literary World, his Friendship was sought by Persons of every Rank and Party. The Wits at that Time differed a good deal from those who are most eminent for their Understanding at present. It would now be thought a very indifferent Sign of a Writer's good Sense to disclaim his private Friends for happening to be of a different Party in Politics; but it was then otherwise, the Whig Wits held the Tory Wits in great Contempt, and these

retal-



retaliated in their Turn. At the Head of one Party were *Addison*, *Steele*, and *Congreve*; at that of the other, *Pope*, *Swift*, and *Arbuthnot*. *Parnell* was a Friend to both Sides, and with a Liberality becoming a Scholar, scorned all those trifling Distinctions, that are noisy for the Time, and ridiculous to Posterity. Nor did he emancipate himself from these without some Opposition from Home. Having been the Son of a Commonwealth's man, his Tory Connexions on this Side of the Water, gave his Friends in *Ireland* great Offence; they were much enraged to see him keep Company with *Pope*, and *Swift*, and *Gay*; they blamed his undistinguishing Taste, and wondered what Pleasure he could find in the Conversation of Men who approved the Treaty of *Utrecht*, and disliked the Duke of *Marlborough*. His Conversation is said to have been extremely pleasing, but in what its peculiar Excellence consisted is now unknown. The Letters which were written to him by his Friends, are full of Compliments upon his Talents as a Companion, and his Good Nature as a Man. I have several of them now before me. *Pope* was particularly fond of his Company, and seems to regret his Absence more than any of the rest. A Letter from him follows thus:

DEAR SIR,

London, July 29.

‘ I Wish it were not as ungenerous as vain to complain too much of a Man that forgets me, but  
 ‘ I could expostulate with you a whole Day upon  
 ‘ your inhuman Silence; I call it inhuman; nor  
 ‘ would you think it less, if you were truly sensible  
 ‘ of the Uneasiness it gives me. Did I know you  
 ‘ so ill as to think you proud, I would be much  
 ‘ less concerned than I am able to be, when I know  
 ‘ one of the best-natured Men alive neglects me;  
 ‘ and

' and if you know me so ill as to think amiss of me,  
 ' with Regard to my Friendship for you, you really  
 ' do not deserve half the Trouble you occasion me.  
 ' I need not tell you, that both Mr. *Gay* and my-  
 ' self have written several Letters in vain; and that  
 ' we are constantly enquiring of all who have seen  
 ' *Ireland*, if they saw you, and that (forgotten as  
 ' we are) we are every Day remembering you in  
 ' our most agreeable Hours. All this is true, as  
 ' that we are sincerely Lovers of you, and Deplo-  
 ' rers of your Absence, and that we form no Wish  
 ' more ardently than that which brings you over to  
 ' us, and places you in your old Seat between us.  
 ' We have lately had some distant Hopes of the  
 ' Dean's Design to revisit *England*; will not you  
 ' accompany him? or is *England* to lose every Thing  
 ' that has any Charms for us, and must we pray for  
 ' Banishment as a Benediction?—I have once been  
 ' Witness of some, I hope all of your splenetic Hours,  
 ' come and be a Comforter in your Turn to me; in  
 ' mine. I am in such an unsettled State, that I  
 ' can't tell if I shall ever see you, unless it be this  
 ' Year; whether I do or not, be ever assured, you  
 ' have as large a Share of my Thoughts and good  
 ' Wishes as any Man, and as great a Portion of  
 ' Gratitude in my Heart as would enrich a Monarch,  
 ' could he know where to find it. I shall not die  
 ' without testifying something of this Nature, and  
 ' leaving to the World a Memorial of the Friend-  
 ' ship that has been so great a Pleasure and Pride to  
 ' me. It would be like writing my own Epitaph,  
 ' to acquaint you what I have lost since I saw you,  
 ' what I have done, what I have thought, where I  
 ' have lived, and where I now repose in Obscurity.  
 ' My Friend *Jervas*, the Bearer of this, will in-  
 ' form you of all Particulars concerning me, and Mr.  
 ' *Ford* is charged with a thousand Loves, and a  
 ' thousand Commissions to you on my Part. They  
 ' will

' will both tax you with the Neglect of some Pro-  
 ' mises which were too agreeable to us all to be for-  
 ' got; if you care for any of us tell them so, and  
 ' write so to me. I can say no more, but that I  
 ' love you, and am, in Spite of the longest Neglect  
 ' of Happiness,

DEAR SIR,

' Your most faithful affectionate Friend

' And Servant,

' A. POPE.

' *Gay* is in *Devonshire*, and from thence goes to  
 ' *Bath*; my Father and Mother never fail to com-  
 ' memorate you.'

Among the Number of his most intimate Friends  
 was Lord *Oxford*, whom *Pope* has so finely compli-  
 mented upon the Delicacy of his Choice.

For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,  
 Fond to forget the Statesman in the Friend;  
 For *Swift* and him, despis'd the Farce of State,  
 The sober Follies of the Wise and Great;  
 Dextrous, the craving, fawning Crowd to quit,  
 And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

*Pope* himself was not only excessively fond of his  
 Company, but under several literary Obligations to  
 him for his Assistance in the Translation of *Homer*.  
*Gay* was obliged to him upon another Account; for  
 being always poor, he was not above receiving from  
*Parnell*, the Copy-money which the latter got for his  
 Writings. Several of their Letters now before me,  
 are Proofs of this, and as they have never appeared  
 before, it is probable the Reader will be much bet-  
 ter pleased with their idle Effusions, than with any  
 Thing I can hammer out for his Amusement.

*Binfield,*



LIFE OF DR. PARNELL. 191

*Binfield, near Oakingham, Tuesday.*

DEAR SIR,

‘ I Believe the Hurry you were in hindered your  
 ‘ giving me a Word by the last Post, so that I  
 ‘ am yet to learn whether you got well to Town or  
 ‘ continue so there? I very much fear both for your  
 ‘ Health and your Quiet; and no Man living can  
 ‘ be more truly concerned in any Thing that touches  
 ‘ either than myself. I would comfort myself, how-  
 ‘ ever, with hoping that your Business may not be  
 ‘ unsuccessful for your Sake; and that at least it may  
 ‘ soon be put into other proper Hands. For my  
 ‘ own, I beg earnestly of you to return to us as soon  
 ‘ as possible. You know how very much I want  
 ‘ you, and that however your Business may depend  
 ‘ upon any other, my Business depends entirely upon  
 ‘ you, and yet still I hope you will find your Man,  
 ‘ even though I lose you the mean while. At this  
 ‘ Time, the more I love you, the more I can spare  
 ‘ you; which alone will, I dare say, be a Reason  
 ‘ to you to let me have you back the sooner. The  
 ‘ Minute I lost you, *Eustathius* with nine hundred  
 ‘ Pages, and nine thousand Contractions of the  
 ‘ *Greek* Characters, arose to view! *Spendanus*, with  
 ‘ all his Auxiliaries, in Number a thousand Pages,  
 ‘ (value Three Shillings) and *Dacier’s* three Vo-  
 ‘ lumes, *Barnes’s* two, *Valterie’s* three, *Cuperus*, half  
 ‘ in *Greek*, *Leo Allatius*, three Parts in *Greek*; *Sca-*  
 ‘ *liger*, *Macrobius*, and (worse than them all) *Aulus*  
 ‘ *Gellius*! All these rushed upon my Soul at once,  
 ‘ and whelmed me under a Fit of the Headach. I  
 ‘ cursed them all religiously, damn’d my best Friends  
 ‘ among the Rest, and even blasphemed *Homer* him-  
 ‘ self. Dear Sir, not only as you are a Friend, and  
 ‘ a good-natured Man, but as you are a Christian  
 ‘ and a Divine, come back speedily, and prevent the  
 Increase

' Increase of my Sins; for at the Rate I have begun  
 ' to rave, I shall not only damn all the Poets and  
 ' Commentators who have gone before me, but be  
 ' damn'd myself by all who come after me. To be  
 ' serious; you have not only left me to the last De-  
 ' gree impatient for your Return, who at all Times  
 ' should have been so (though never so much as  
 ' since I knew you in best Health here) but you have  
 ' wrought several Miracles upon our Family; you  
 ' have made old People fond of a young and gay  
 ' Person, and inveterate Papists of a Clergyman of  
 ' the Church of *England*; even Nurse herself is in  
 ' Danger of being in Love in her old Age, and (for  
 ' all I know) would even marry *Dennis* for your  
 ' Sake, because he is your Man, and loves his  
 ' Master. In short, come down forthwith, or give  
 ' me good Reasons for delaying, though but for a  
 ' Day or two, by the next Post. If I find them  
 ' just, I will come up to you, though you know  
 ' how precious my Time is at present; my Hours  
 ' were never worth so much Money before; but  
 ' perhaps you are not sensible of this, who give  
 ' away your own Works. You are a generous Au-  
 ' thor, I a hackney Scribbler; you a *Grecian*, and  
 ' bred at an University; I a poor *Englishman*, of my  
 ' own educating; you a reverend Parson, I a Wag;  
 ' in short, you are *Dr. Parnelle* (with an *E* at the  
 ' End of your Name) and I

' Your most obliged and

' Affectionate Friend and

' Faithful Servant,

' A. POPE.

' My hearty Service to the Dean, *Dr. Arbuthnot*,  
 ' Mr *Ford*, and the true genuine Shepherd, *J. Gay*  
 ' of *Devon*. I expect him down with you.'

We

We may easily perceive by this, that *Parnell* was not a little necessary to *Pope* in conducting his Translation; however he has worded it so ambiguously, that it is impossible to bring the Charge directly against him. But he is much more explicit, when he mentions his Friend *Gay*'s Obligations in another Letter, which he takes no Pains to conceal.

DEAR SIR,

I Write to you with the same Warmth, the same Zeal of good Will and Friendship with which I used to converse with you two Years ago, and can't think myself absent, when I feel you so much at my Heart; the Picture of you, which *Jervas* brought me over, is infinitely less lively a Representation, than that I carry about with me, and which rises to my Mind whenever I think of you; I have many an agreeable Reverie, through those Woods and Downs, where we once rambled together; my Head is sometimes at the *Bath*, and sometimes at *Letcomb*, where the Dean makes a great Part of my imaginary Entertainment, this being the cheapest Way of treating me; I hope he will not be displeased at this Manner of paying my Respects to him, instead of following my Friend *Jervas*'s Example, which, to say the Truth, I have as much Inclination to do as I want Ability. I have been ever since *December* last in greater Variety of Business than any such Men as you (that is, Divines and Philosophers) can possibly imagine a reasonable Creature capable of. *Gay*'s Play, among the rest, has cost much Time and long Suffering, to stem a Tide of Malice and Party, that certain Authors have raised against it; the best Revenge upon such Fellows, is now in my Hands, I mean your *Zoilus*, which really transcends the Expectation I had conceived of it. I



' have put it into the Press, beginning with the Poem  
 ' *Batrachom*: For you seem by the first Paragraph  
 ' of the Dedication to it, to design to prefix the  
 ' Name of some particular Person. I beg therefore  
 ' to know for whom you intend it, that the Publi-  
 ' cation may not be delayed on this Account, and  
 ' this as soon as is possible. Inform me also upon  
 ' what Terms I am to deal with the Bookseller, and  
 ' whether you design the Copy-money for *Gay*, as  
 ' you formerly talked, what Number of Books you  
 ' would have yourself, &c. I scarce see any Thing  
 ' to be altered in this whole Piece; in the Poems  
 ' you sent I will take the Liberty you allow me: the  
 ' Story of *Pandora*, and the *Eclogue upon Health*, are  
 ' two of the most beautiful Things I ever read. I  
 ' do not say this to the Prejudice of the Rest, but  
 ' as I have read these oftner. Let me know how far  
 ' my Commission is to extend, and be confident of  
 ' my punctual Performence of whatever you enjoin.  
 ' I must add a Paragraph on this Occasion in regard  
 ' to Mr. *Ward*, whose Verses have been a great  
 ' Pleasure to me; I will contrive they shall be so to  
 ' the World, whenever I can find a proper Oppor-  
 ' tunity of publishing them.

' I shall very soon print an entire Collection of  
 ' my own Madrigals, which I look upon as making  
 ' my last Will and Testament, since in it I shall  
 ' give all I ever intend to give, (which I'll beg your's  
 ' and the Dean's Acceptance of). You must look on  
 ' me no more a Poet, but a plain Commoner, who  
 ' lives upon his own, and fears and flatters no Man.  
 ' I hope before I die to discharge the Debt I owe to  
 ' *Homer*, and get upon the Whole just Fame enough  
 ' to serve for an Annuity for my own Time, though  
 ' I leave nothing to Posterity.

' I beg our Correspondence may be more frequent  
 ' than it has been of late. I am sure my Esteem  
 ' and Love for you never more deserved it from you,

or

‘or more prompted it from you. I desired our  
 ‘Friend *Jervas*, (in the greatest Hurry of my Busi-  
 ‘ness) to say a great Deal in my Name, both to  
 ‘yourself and the Dean, and must once more re-  
 ‘peat the Assurances to you both, of an unchange-  
 ‘ing Friendship and unalterable Esteem.

‘I am, dear Sir, most entirely,

‘Your affectionate, faithful,

‘Obliged Friend and Servant,

‘A. POPE.’

From these Letters to *Parnell*, we may conclude, as far as their Testimony can go, that he was an agreeable, a generous, and a sincere Man. Indeed he took care that his Friends should always see him to the best Advantage; for when he found his Fits of Spleen and Uneasiness, which sometimes lasted for Weeks together, returning, he returned with all Expedition to the remote Parts of *Ireland*, and there made out a gloomy Kind of Satisfaction, in giving hideous Descriptions of the Solitude to which he retired. It is said of a famous Painter, that being confined in Prison for Debt, his whole Delight consisted in drawing the Faces of his Creditors in Caricatura. It was just so with *Parnell*. From many of his unpublished Pieces which I have seen, and from others that have appeared, it would seem, that scarce a Bog in his Neighbourhood was left without Reproach, and scarce a Mountain rear’d its Head unsung. ‘I can easily,’ says *Pope*, in one of his Letters, in answer to a dreary Description of *Parnell’s*, ‘I can easily image to my Thoughts the solitary  
 ‘Hours of your eremitical Life in the Mountains,  
 ‘from something parallel to it in my own Retirement at *Binfield*.’ and in another Place, ‘We  
 ‘are both miserably enough situated, God knows;  
 ‘but of the two Evils, I think the Solitudes of the  
 ‘South are to be preferred to the Desarts of the  
 O 2 ‘West.’

‘West.’ In this Manner *Pope* answered him in the Tone of his own Complaints; and these Descriptions of the imagined Distresses of his Situation, served to give him a temporary Relief: They threw off the Blame from himself, and laid upon Fortune and Accident, a Wretchedness of his own creating.

But though this Method of quarrelling in his Poems with his Situation served to relieve himself, yet it was not so easily endured by the Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood, who did not care to confess themselves his Fellow-sufferers. He received many Mortifications upon that Account among them; for being naturally fond of Company, he could not endure to be without even theirs, which however, among his *English* Friends, he pretended to despise. In Fact, his Conduct, in this Particular, was rather splendid than wise; he had either lost the Art to engage, or did not employ his Skill, in securing those more permanent, though more humble Connexions, and sacrificed for a Month or two in *England* a whole Year’s Happiness by his Country Fire-side at home.

However, what he permitted the World to see of his Life was elegant and splendid; his Fortune (for a Poet) was very considerable, and it may easily be supposed he lived to the very Extent of it. The Fact is, his Expences were greater than his Income, and his Successor found the Estate somewhat impaired at his Decease. As soon as ever he had collected in his annual Revenues, he immediately set out for *England*, to enjoy the Company of his dearest Friends, and laugh at the more prudent World that were minding Business and gaining Money. The Friends to whom, during the latter Part of his Life, he was chiefly attached, were *Pope*, *Swift*, *Arbuthnot*, *Jervas*, and *Gay*. Among these he was particularly happy, his Mind was entirely at Ease, and gave a  
Loose



Loose to every harmless Folly that came uppermost. Indeed it was a Society, in which, of all others, a wise Man might be most foolish without incurring any Danger or Contempt. Perhaps the Reader will be pleased to see a Letter to him from a Part of this Junto, as there is something striking even in the Levities of Genius. It comes from *Gay*, *Fervas*, *Arbutnot*, and *Pope*, assembled at a Chop-house near the *Exchange*, and is as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,

I Was last Summer in *Devonshire*, and am this Winter at Mrs. *Bonyer's*. In the Summer I wrote a Poem, and in the Winter I have published it; which I have sent to you by Dr. *Elwood*. In the Summer I eat two Dishes of Toad-stools of my own gathering, instead of Mushrooms; and in the Winter I have been sick with Wine, as I am at this Time, blessed be God for it, as I must bless God for all Things. In the Summer I spoke Truth to Damsels; in the Winter I told Lies to Ladies: Now you know where I have been, and what I have done. I shall tell you what I intend to do the ensuing Summer; I propose to do the same Thing I did last, which was to meet you in any Part of *England*, you would appoint; don't let me have two Disappointments. I have longed to hear from you, and to that Intent I teased you with three or four Letters; but having no Answer, I feared both yours and my Letters might have miscarried. I hope my Performance will please the Dean, whom I often wish for, and to whom I would have often wrote; but for the same Reasons I neglected writing to you. I hope I need not tell you how I love you, and how glad I shall be to hear from you; which, next to seeing you, would be the greatest Satisfaction to your most affectionate Friend and humble  
 Servant, J. G.

Dear Mr. ARCHDEACON,

‘ Though my Proportion of this Epistle should  
 ‘ be but a Sketch in Miniature, yet I take up half  
 ‘ this Page, having paid my Club with the good  
 ‘ Company both for our Dinner of Chops and for  
 ‘ this Paper. The Poets will give you lively De-  
 ‘ scriptions in their Way; I shall only acquaint you  
 ‘ with that which is directly my Province. I have  
 ‘ just set the last Hand to a Couplet, for so I may  
 ‘ call two Nymphs in one Piece. They are *Pope’s*  
 ‘ Favourites: and though few, you will guess must  
 ‘ have cost me more Pains than any Nymphs can be  
 ‘ worth. He has been so unreasonable to expect that  
 ‘ I should have made them as beautiful upon Canvas  
 ‘ as he has done upon Paper. If this same Mr. P—  
 ‘ should omit to write for the dear Frogs, and the  
 ‘ *Pervigilium*, I must intreat you not to let me lan-  
 ‘ guish for them, as I have done ever since they  
 ‘ crossed the Seas: Remember by what Neglects,  
 ‘ &c. we missed them when we lost you, and there-  
 ‘ fore I have not yet forgiven any of those Triflers  
 ‘ that let them escape and run those Hazards. I am  
 ‘ going on at the old Rate, and want you and the  
 ‘ Dean prodigiously, and am in Hopes of making  
 ‘ you a Visit this Summer, and of hearing from you  
 ‘ both now you are together. *Fortescue*, I am sure,  
 ‘ will be concerned that he is not in *Cornhill*, to set  
 ‘ his Hand to these Presents, not only as a Witness,  
 ‘ but as a  
 ‘ *Serviteur tres humble*  
 ‘ C. JERVAS.

‘ It is so great an Honour to a poor *Scotchman* to  
 ‘ be remembered at this Time a-day, especially by  
 ‘ an Inhabitant of the *Glacialis Ierne*, that I take it  
 ‘ very thankfully, and have, with my good Friends,  
 ‘ remembered you at our Table in the Chop-house

‘ in *Exchange-Alley*. There wanted nothing to com-  
 ‘ pleat our Happiness but your Company, and our  
 ‘ dear Friend the Dean’s. I am sure the whole En-  
 ‘ tertainment would have been to his Relish. *Gay*  
 ‘ has got so much Money by his *Art of Walking the*  
 ‘ *Streets*, that he is ready to set up his Equipage :  
 ‘ He is just going to the *Bank* to negotiate some  
 ‘ Exchange Bills. *Mr. Pope* delays his second Vo-  
 ‘ lume of his *Homer* till the martial Spirit of the  
 ‘ Rebels is quite quelled, it being judged that the  
 ‘ first Part did some harm that way. Our Love  
 ‘ again and again to the dear Dean, *fuimus Torys*, I  
 ‘ can say no more.

‘ ARBUTHNOT.’

‘ When a Man is conscious that he does no  
 ‘ Good himself, the next Thing is to cause others  
 ‘ to do some. I may claim some Merit this Way,  
 ‘ in hastening this Testimonial from your Friends  
 ‘ above-writing : Their Love to you indeed wants  
 ‘ no Spur, their Ink wants no Pen, their Pen wants  
 ‘ no Hand, their Hand wants no Heart, and so  
 ‘ forth, (after the Manner of *Rabelais* ; which is  
 ‘ betwixt some Meaning and no Meaning ; ) and yet  
 ‘ it may be said, when present Thought and Oppor-  
 ‘ tunity is wanting, their Pens want Ink, their  
 ‘ Hands want Pens, their Hearts want Hands, &c.  
 ‘ till Time, Place and Conveniency, concur to set  
 ‘ them a Writing, as at present, a sociable Meet-  
 ‘ ing, a good Dinner, warm Fire, and an easy  
 ‘ Situation do, to the joint Labour and Pleasure of  
 ‘ this Epistle.

‘ Wherein if I should say nothing I should say  
 ‘ much, (much being included in my Love) tho’  
 ‘ my Love be such, that if I should say much, I  
 ‘ should yet say nothing, it being (as *Cowley* says)  
 ‘ equally impossible either to conceal or to ex-  
 ‘ press it.



‘ If I were to tell you the Thing I wish above  
 ‘ all Things, it is to see you again; the next is  
 ‘ to see here your Treatise of *Zoilus*, with the *Batra-*  
 ‘ *chomomachia*, and the *Peruigilium Veneris*, both  
 ‘ which Poems are Master-pieces in several Kinds;  
 ‘ and I question not the Prose is as excellent in its  
 ‘ Sort, as the *Essay on Homer*. Nothing can be  
 ‘ more glorious to that great Author, than that the  
 ‘ same Hand that raised his best Statue, and decked  
 ‘ it with its old Laurels, should also hang up the  
 ‘ Scare-crow of his miserable Critick, and gibbet  
 ‘ up the Carcase of *Zoilus*, to the Terror of the Wit-  
 ‘ lings of Posterity. More, and much more, upon  
 ‘ this and a thousand other Subjects, will be the  
 ‘ Matter of my next Letter, wherein I must open  
 ‘ all the Friend to you. At this Time I must be  
 ‘ content with telling you, I am faithfully your most  
 ‘ affectionate and humble Servant,

‘ A. POPE.’

If we regard this Letter with a critical Eye, we shall find it indifferent enough; if we consider it as mere Effusion of Friendship, in which every Writer contended in Affection, it will appear much to the Honour of those who wrote it. To be mindful of an absent Friend in the Hours of Mirth and Feasting, when his Company is least wanted, shews no slight Degree of Sincerity. Yet probably there was still another Motive for writing thus to him in Conjunction. The above-named, together with *Swift* and *Parnell*, had some time before formed themselves into a Society, called the *Scribblerus Club*, and I should suppose they commemorated him thus, as being an absent Member.

It is past a Doubt that they wrote many Things in Conjunction, and *Gay* usually held the Pen. And yet I do not remember any Productions which were the joint Effort of this Society, as doing it Honour.

There

There is something feeble and quaint in all their Attempts, as if Company repressed Thought, and Genius wanted Solitude for its boldest and happiest Exertions. Of those Productions in which *Parnell* had a principal Share, that of the Origin of the Sciences from the Monkies in *Ethiopia*, is particularly mentioned by *Pope* himself, in some manuscript Anecdotes which he left behind him. The Life of *Homer* also, prefixed to the Translation of the *Iliad*, is written by *Parnell* and corrected by *Pope*; and as that great Poet assures us in the same Place, this Correction was not effected without great Labour. 'It is still stiff,' says he, 'and was written still stiffer: as it is, I verily think it cost me more Pains in the Correcting, than the Writing it would have done.' All this may be easily credited; for every Thing of *Parnell*'s, that has appeared in Prose, is written in a very awkward inelegant Manner. It is true, his Productions teem with Imagination, and shew great Learning, but they want that Ease and Sweetness for which his Poetry is so much admired, and the Language is also most shamefully incorrect. Yet, though all this must be allowed, *Pope* should have taken Care not to leave his Errors upon Record against him, or put it in the Power of Envy to tax his Friend with Faults that do not appear in what he has left to the World. A Poet has a Right to expect the same Secrecy in his Friend as in his Confessor; the Sins he discovers are not divulged for Punishment but Pardon. Indeed *Pope* is almost inexcusable in this Instance, as what he seems to condemn in one Place, he very much applauds in another. In one of the Letters from him to *Parnell*, above mentioned, he treats the Life of *Homer* with much greater Respect, and seems to say, that the Prose is excellent in its Kind. It must be confessed however, that he is by no Means inconsistent; what he says in both Places may very easily be reconciled to

to Truth; but who can defend his Candour and his Sincerity?

It would be hard, however, to suppose that there was no real Friendship between these great Men. The Benevolence of *Parnell's* Disposition remains unimpeached; and *Pope*, though subject to Starts of Passion and Envy, yet never missed an Opportunity of being truly serviceable to him. The Commerce between them was carried on to the common Interest of both. When *Pope* had a Miscellany to publish, he applied to *Parnell* for poetical Assistance, and the latter as implicitly submitted to him for Correction. Thus they mutually advanced each other's Interest or Fame, and grew stronger by Conjunction. Nor was *Pope* the only Person to whom *Parnell* had recourse for Assistance. We learn from *Swift's* Letters to *Stella*, that he submitted his Pieces to all his Friends, and readily adopted their Alterations. *Swift*, among the Number, was very useful to him in that Particular; and Care has been taken that the World should not remain ignorant of the Obligation.

But in the Connexion of Wits, Interest has generally very little Share; they have only Pleasure in View, and can seldom find it but among each other. The *Scribblerus Club*, when the Members were in Town, were seldom asunder, and they often made Excursions together into the Country, and generally on Foot. *Swift* was usually the Butt of the Company, and if a Trick was played, he was always the Sufferer. The whole Party once agreed to walk down to the House of Lord B——, who is still living, and whose Seat is about twelve Miles from Town. As every one agreed to make the best of his Way, *Swift*, who was remarkable for Walking, soon left all the Rest behind him, fully resolved, upon his Arrival, to chuse the very best Bed for himself, for that was his Custom. In the mean Time



Time *Parnell* was determined to prevent his Intentions, and taking Horse, arrived at Lord B——'s, by another Way, long before him. Having apprized his Lordship of *Swift's* Design, it was resolved at any Rate to keep him out of the House, but how to effect this was the Question. *Swift* never had the Small-pox, and was very much afraid of catching it: As soon therefore as he appeared striding along at some Distance from the House, one of his Lordship's Servants was dispatched, to inform him, that the Small-pox was then making greater Ravages in the Family, but that there was a Summer-house with a Field-bed at his Service, at the End of the Garden. There the disappointed Dean was obliged to retire, and take a cold Supper that was sent out to him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last, they took Compassion on him; and upon his promising never to chuse the best Bed again, they permitted him to make one of the Company.

There is something satisfactory in these Accounts of the Follies of the Wise; they give a natural Air to the Picture, and reconcile us to our own. There have been few poetical Societies, more talked of, or productive of a greater Variety of whimsical Conceits than this of the Scribblerus Club, but how long it lasted I cannot exactly determine. The Whole of *Parnell's* poetical Existence was not of more than Eight or Ten Years Continuance; his first Excursions to *England* began about the Year 1706, and he died in the Year 1718, so that it is probable the Club began with him, and his Death ended the Connexion. Indeed the Festivity of his Conversation, the Benevolence of his Heart, and the Generosity of his Temper, were Qualities that might serve to cement any Society, and that could hardly be replaced when he was taken away. During the Two or Three last Years of his Life, he was

was more fond of Company than ever, and could scarce bear to be alone. The Death of his Wife, it is said, was a Loss to him that he was unable to support or recover. From that Time he could never venture to court the Muse in Solitude, where he was sure to find the Image of her who first inspired his Attempts. He began therefore to throw himself into every Company, and to seek from Wine, if not Relief, at least Insensibility. Those Helps that Sorrow first called in for Assistance, Habit soon rendered necessary, and he died before his fortieth Year, in some Measure a Martyr to conjugal Fidelity.

Thus in the Space of a very few Years, *Parnell* attained a Share of Fame, equal to what most of his Contemporaries were a long Life in acquiring. He is only to be considered as a Poet; and the universal Esteem in which his Poems are held, and the reiterated Pleasure they give in the Perusal, are a sufficient Test of their Merit. He appears to me to be the last of that great School that had modelled itself upon the Ancients, and taught *English* Poetry to resemble what the Generality of Mankind have allowed to excel. A studious and correct Observer of Antiquity, he set himself to consider Nature with the Lights it lent him, and he found that the more Aid he borrowed from the One, the more delightfully he resembled the other. To copy Nature is a Task the most bungling Workman is able to execute; to select such Parts as contribute to Delight, is reserved only for those whom Accident has blest with uncommon Talents, or such as have read the Ancients with indefatigable Industry. *Parnell* is ever happy in the Selection of his Images, and scrupulously careful in the Choice of his Subjects. His Productions bear no Resemblance to those tawdry Things, which it has for some Time been the Fashion to admire; in writing which the Poet sits  
down

down without any Plan, and heaps up splendid Images without any Selection; where the Reader grows dizzy with Praise and Admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarce tell why. Our Poet, on the contrary, gives out his Beauties with a more sparing Hand; he is still carrying his Reader forward, and just gives him Refreshment sufficient to support him to his Journey's End. At the End of his Course the Reader regrets that his Way has been so short, he wonders that it gave him so little Trouble, and so resolves to go the Journey over again.

His poetical Language is not less correct than his Subjects are pleasing. He found it at that Period, in which it was brought to its highest Pitch of Refinement; and ever since his Time it has been gradually debasing. It is indeed amazing, after what has been done by *Dryden*, *Addison*, and *Pope*, to improve and harmonize our native Tongue, that their Successors should have taken so much Pains to involve it in pristine Barbarity. These misguided Innovators have not been content with restoring antiquated Words and Phrases, but have indulged themselves in the most licentious Transpositions, and the harshest Constructions, vainly imagining, that the more their Writings are unlike Prose, the more they resemble Poetry. They have adopted a Language of their own, and call upon Mankind for Admiration. All those who do not understand them are silent, and those who make out their Meaning, are willing to praise, to shew they understand. From these Follies and Affectations, the Poems of *Parnell* are entirely free; he has considered the Language of Poetry as the Language of Life, and conveys the warmest Thoughts in the simplest Expression.

*Parnell* has written several Poems besides these published by *Pope*, and some of them have been made



made public with very little Credit to his Reputation. There are still many more that have not yet seen the Light, in the Possession of Sir John Parnell his Nephew, who from that laudable Zeal which he has for his Uncle's Reputation, will probably be slow in publishing what he may even suspect will do it Injury. Of those in the following Collection, some are indifferent, and some moderately good, but the greater Part are excellent. A slight Stricture on the most striking, shall conclude this Account, which I have already drawn out to a disproportioned Length.

*Hesiod*, or the *Rise of Woman*, is a very fine Illustration of an Hint from *Hesiod*. It was one of his earliest Productions, and first appeared in a Miscellany, published by *Tonson*.

Of the three Songs that follow, two of them were written upon the Lady he afterwards married; they were the genuine Dictates of his Passion, but are not excellent in their Kind.

The Anacreontic, beginning with, *When Spring came on with fresh Delight*, is taken from a French Poet whose Name I forget, and as far as I am able to judge of the *French* Language, is better than the Original. The Anacreontic that follows, *Gay Bacchus*, &c. is also a Translation of a Latin Poem, by *Aurelius Augurellus*, an *Italian* Poet, beginning with,

*Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos  
Comum, Jocum, Cupidinem.*

*Parnell*, when he translated it, applied the Characters to some of his Friends, and as it was written for their Entertainment, it probably gave them more Pleasure than it has given the Public in the Perusal. It seems to have more Spirit than the Original; but it is extraordinary that it was published as an Original and not as a Translation. *Pope* should have acknowledged it, as he knew.

The

The *Fairy Tale* is incontestably one of the finest Pieces in any Language. The old Dialect is not perfectly well preserved, but that is a very slight Defect where all the rest is so excellent.

The *Pervigilium Veneris*, (which, by the bye, does not belong to *Catullus*) is very well versified, and in general all *Parnell's* Translations are excellent. The *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, which follows, is done as well as the Subject would admit; but there is a Defect in the Translation, which sinks it below the Original, and which it was impossible to remedy. I mean the Names of the Combatants, which in the *Greek* bear a ridiculous Allusion to their Natures, have no Force to the *English* Reader. A *Bacon Eater* was a good Name for a Mouse, and *Pternotraëtas* in *Greek*, was a very good sounding Word, that conveyed that Meaning. *Puff-cheek* would sound odiously as a Name for a Frog, and yet *Physignathos* does admirably well in the Original.

The letter to Mr. *Pope* is one of the finest Compliments that ever was paid to any Poet; the Description of his Situation at the End of it is very fine, but far from being true. That Part of it where he deploras his being far from Wit and Learning, as being far from *Pope*, gave particular Offence to his Friends at Home. Mr. *Coote*, a Gentleman in his Neighbourhood, who thought that he himself had Wit, was very much displeased with *Parnell* for casting his Eyes so far off for a learned Friend, when he could so conveniently be supplied at Home.

The Translation of a Part of the Rape of the Lock into monkish Verse, serves to shew what a Master *Parnell* was of the *Latin*; a Copy of Verses made in this Manner, is one of the most difficult Trifles that can possibly be imagined. I am assured that it was written upon the following Occasion.

sion. Before the Rape of the Lock was yet completed, *Pope* was reading it to his Friend *Swift*, who sat very attentively, while *Parnell*, who happened to be in the House, went in and out without seeming to take any Notice. However he was very diligently employed in listening, and was able, from the Strength of his Memory to bring away the whole Description of the Toilet pretty exactly. This he versified in the Manner now published in his Works, and the next Day when *Pope* was reading his Poem to some Friends, *Parnell* insisted that he had stolen that Part of the Description from an old monkish Manuscript. An old Paper with the *Latin* Verses was soon brought forth, and it was not till after some Time that *Pope* was delivered from the Confusion which it at first produced.

The *Book-Worm* is another unacknowledged Translation from a *Latin* Poem by *Beza*. It was the Fashion with the Wits of the last Age, to conceal the Places from whence they took their Hints or their Subjects. A trifling Acknowledgement would have made that lawful Prize, which may now be considered as Plunder.

The *Night Piece* on *Death*, deserve every Praise, and I should suppose, with very little Amendment, might be made to surpass all those Night Pieces and Church-yard Scenes that have since appeared. But the Poem of *Parnell*'s best known, and on which his best Reputation is grounded, is the *Hermit*. *Pope*, speaking of this, in those manuscript Anecdotes already quoted, says, *That the Poem is very good. The Story*, continues he, *was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howel had translated it into Prose, and inserted it in one of his Letters. Addison liked the Scheme, and was not disinclined to come into it.* However this may be, Dr. Henry More, in his Dialogues, has the very same Story; and



and I have been informed by some, that it is originally of *Arabian* Invention.

With respect to the Prose Works of *Parnell*, I have mentioned them already; his Fame is too well grounded for any Defects in them to shake it. I will only add, that the Life of *Zoilus*, was written at the Request of his Friends, and designed as a Satire upon *Dennis* and *Theobald*, with whom his Club had long been at variance. I shall end this Account with a Letter to him from *Pope* and *Gay*, in which they endeavour to hasten him to finish that Production.

DEAR SIR,

*London, March 18.*

I Must own I have long owed you a Letter, but you must own, you have owed me one a good deal longer. Besides, I have but two People in the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* to take care of; the Dean and you: but you have several who complain of your Neglect in *England*. Mr. *Gay* complains, Mr. *Harcourt* complains, Mr. *Jarvis* complains, Dr. *Arbuthnot* complains, my Lord complains; I complain. (Take notice of this Figure of Iteration, when you make your next Sermon). Some say, you are in deep Discontent at the new Turn of Affairs; others, that you are so much in the Archbishop's good Graces, that you will not correspond with any that have seen the last Ministry. Some affirm, you have quarrelled with *Pope* (whose Friends they observe daily fall from him on account of his satirical and comical Disposition); others, that you are insinuating yourself into the Opinion of the ingenious Mr. *What-do-ye-call-him*. Some think you are preparing your Sermons for the Press, and others that you will transform them into Essays and moral Discourses.

' But the only Excuse, that I will allow, is, your  
 ' Attention to the Life of *Zoilus*. The Frogs already  
 ' seem to croak for their Transportation to *England*,  
 ' and are sensible how much that Doctor is cursed and  
 ' hated, who introduced their Species into your Na-  
 ' tion; therefore, as you dread the Wrath of St.  
 ' *Patrick*, send them hither, and rid your King-  
 ' dom of those pernicious and loquacious Ani-  
 ' mals.

' I have at length received your Poem out of Mr.  
 ' *Addison's* Hands, which shall be sent as soon as you  
 ' order it, and in what Manner you shall appoint.  
 ' I shall in the mean Time give Mr. *Tooke* a Packet  
 ' for you, consisting of divers merry Pieces. Mr.  
 ' *Gay's* new Farce, Mr. *Burnet's* Letter to Mr. *Pope*,  
 ' Mr. *Pope's* Temple of Fame, Mr. *Thomas Bur-*  
 ' *net's* Grumbler on Mr. *Gay*, and the Bishop of *Ail-*  
 ' *sbury's* Elegy, written either by Mr. *Cary* or some  
 ' other Hand.

' *Mr. Pope is reading a Letter, and in the mean*  
 ' *Time, I make use of the Pen* to testify my Uneasi-  
 ' ness in not hearing from you. I find Success, even  
 ' in the most trivial Things, raises the Indignation  
 ' of Scribblers: for I, for my What-d'-ye call-it,  
 ' could neither escape the Fury of Mr. *Burnet*, or  
 ' the *German* Doctor; then where will Rage end,  
 ' when *Homer* is to be translated? Let *Zoilus* hasten  
 ' to your Friend's Assistance, and envious Criticism  
 ' shall be no more. I am in hopes that we may  
 ' order our Affairs so as to meet this Summer at the  
 ' *Bath*; for Mr. *Pope* and myself have Thoughts of  
 ' taking a Trip thither. You shall preach, and we  
 ' will write Lampoons; for it is esteemed as great  
 ' an Honour to leave the *Bath*, for fear of a broken  
 ' Head, as for a *Terræ Filius* of *Oxford* to be ex-  
 ' pelled. I have no Place at Court, therefore,  
 ' that I may not entirely be without one every  
 ' where,

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‘ where, shew that I have a Place in your Remembrance;

‘ Your most affectionate,

‘ Faithful Servant,

‘ A. POPE, and J. GAY.

‘ Homer will be published in Three Weeks.’

I cannot finish this Trifle, without returning my sincerest Acknowledgments to Sir *John Parnell*, for the generous Assistance he was pleased to give me, in furnishing me with many Materials, when he heard I was about writing the Life of his Uncle; as also to Mr and Mrs. *Hayes*, Relations of our Poet; and to my very good Friend Mr. *Steevens*, who, being an Ornament to Letters himself, is very ready to assist all the Attempts of others.



THE  
S T A T E  
OF THE  
GENERAL INFIRMARY  
AT  
L E I C E S T E R.

By J. CRADDOCK, Esq.

**M**OST Ages have borne some characteristic Mark of their Excellence and Attainments—It is the peculiar Happiness of the present to be equally distinguished for its Progress in the Arts, as for its rapid Advancements in the Duties of Humanity. The many public Buildings which have of late Years been erected, are living Monuments of the vast Improvements that have been made in modern Architecture; and the various Purposes for which they have been applied, as well as the known Utility which has been received from them, have alike evinced, that Charity has gone hand in hand with Magnificence. So many Hospitals are now interspersed through the whole Kingdom, that there is scarce any Part of the Wretched, who do not in  
some

some Degree feel their good Effects; but this Species (of which we now give an Account) seems to be the most highly entitled to our Attention and Regard,—for it is founded on the soundest Principles of political Wisdom as well as Piety—is addressed to those who from their very Occupations must experience the utmost Rigours of inclement Elements—who breathe as it were Disease from the Instruments they use, and the Materials they employ, to those who in the Hand of Providence are the Bulwarks and Security of our national Welfare.—And where can Relief be so readily supplied as in public Infirmaryes? The Patients receive every requisite Help; the most able Advice, the most proper Medicines, and in a Manner which the Rich can rarely experience even in their own Houses,—in short what do they not experience, but the most effectual Means towards the Accomplishment of the best End?

In the Infancy of this Charity a Prejudice prevailed (and where has it not?) that Trials of Skill were to be made, and that the Torture of the Patient was the Experience of the Physician—the Prejudice is as ill founded as it is illiberal, and has only been propagated by those who wished for some specious Pretence for with-holding their Subscriptions—this, like most other Prejudices, carries the Height of Absurdity on the very Face of it—for what is it but in other Words to say, that the Skilful assemble to defeat their own Art, and a Set of Gentlemen are employed, at a vast Expence, to erect a Charity, to destroy the very Purposes of its Institution.

The Poor, who have hitherto benefited by this Charity, have not proved themselves unworthy of the Care that has been shown for them; and we have Reason to hope that they will ever most thankfully express their Sense of Gratitude for the Aid

## 214 STATE of LEICESTER INFIRMARY.

they have received in this merciful Asylum, as they are now fully convinced of its Use and Efficacy.

Of the Continuance of such Blessings little more need be said than that the Charity (as it was at first founded) is still supported by Men of Character and Integrity, who will watch with Assiduity and Care the good Work they have begun, and ensure (as far as human Power can ensure) that the same Care and Assiduity shall be transmitted to Posterity of which themselves are such eminent Examples.

Such is the Nature of that Charity we so strongly recommend, a Charity beneficial to Individuals, and most useful to the Public—for though the Good Man would in every Age, from the generous Impulse of his own Heart, in some Degree, supply the Want of such Establishments, by ‘casting his Bread upon the Waters,’ yet he has now the happier Consolation to reflect, that under the judicious Regulation of them, he gives *that* ‘Bread to the hungry.’

## EPITAPH



E P I T A P H  
ON A  
GENTLEMAN'S SON  
OF  
NINE YEARS OLD.

By J. CRADDOCK, Esq.

HERE rests the fairest Bud of Hope  
That e'er to fondest Wish was given;  
If thou wold'st know it's happier State,  
Repent—and seek the Flower in Heaven.

## E L E G Y

T O A

## L A D Y

Who wished not to hear the Toll of a  
Bell on the Evening of the late Prin-  
cess Dowager's Funeral.

By J. CRADDOCK, Esq.

AND why not hear the Sound of yonder Bell?  
Ah why from serious Thought for ever fly?  
It tolls a sober, awful, solemn Knell,  
A wish'd-for Knell to Immortality.

Think not a Round of Folly's mad Career,  
Can always shield thee from Reflection's Pow'r;  
The Young, the Fond, the Rich, the Gay, must fear,  
Too long regardless of an awful Hour.

Think not that beauteous Form that now you wear,  
That Glow of Crimson—those inspiring Eyes  
Must linger ever here—they all declare—  
They speak aloud their Kindred to the Skies.

Do not the Hour, the Day, the Month the Year  
All in their Course expire?—But all renew;  
All Nature shews alas! a Prospect drear;  
All Nature shews there's Happiness in view.

Long

Long tost in Storms, do Mariners repine  
 When the glad Pilot distant Land descries?  
 Ah see them eager trace the solid Line,  
 See their Hopes kindle as the Objects rise!

And shall my Fair, with brightest Hopes in Store,  
 Not once look up beyond this barren Clod?  
 Shall she alone her Destiny deplore,  
 Her Anchor Heaven! and her Pilot God?

## E P I G R A M

ON THE

## Four Translations of HOMER.

**I**N *Ogilby's* dull Strains lay *Homer* dead;  
*Hobbs* tried in vain to make him lift his Head;  
 He rose to live in *Pope's* immortal Verse,  
 And now lies buried in *Mac—son's* Erse.

A N



A N  
O D E  
ON THE  
AUTHOR'S BIRTH-DAY.

By HAWKINS BROWN, Esq.

ONCE more the Sun his yearly Tour  
Hath finish'd since in plaintive Mood  
I usher'd in my natal Hour,  
A Prey to joyless Solitude;  
As then to joyless Solitude a Prey,  
Now Muse begin a more harmonious Lay.

For lo! She comes: the Queen of Love  
Propitious comes, and by her Side,  
The Graces musically move;  
Leading with gentle Hand a Bride,  
Fairer than e'er inspir'd a Poet's Dreams,  
When Fancy with its lov'd Idea teems.

Blind to Events, in vain we pry  
Thro' future Life's mysterious Scene;  
Oft from the dark and sullen Sky  
Breaks forth a Sunshine unforeseen,  
As now bright Hymen's Lamp, with sudden Blaze,  
Dispell'd the Gloom that hover'd o'er my Days!

Thanks that my once-thought cruel Fate,  
Check'd the fond Hopes of youthful Rage,

And, that Desire on Choice might wait,  
Reserv'd me for maturer Age,  
When Truth and Friendship, and Affections pure,  
Feed the soft Flame, and lasting Joys assure.

Thanks to the Muse, that o'er my Birth  
Presiding, gave me to despise  
All the gay-seeming Dross of Earth,  
The Wealth, the Pomp that others prize;  
These let Ambition seek, instead of these  
Grant a kind Consort, and domestick Ease.

'Twas thus I pray'd, nor vain my Pray'r,  
Heaven, all-indulgent, hath bestow'd  
A Consort kind, domestick Fair,  
Wife, faithful, amiable and good,  
With every Virtue, every Grace supply'd,  
And, to adorn my Station, Weal h beside.

Hence Æra of my Days proceed,  
The past was all a void Forlorn:  
'Tis from this Date I live indeed  
To Hymeneal Solace born:  
Unwedded Hours the same dull Circle run,  
Life without Love is Earth without a Sun.

A N

## AUTHOR TO BE LET.

B E I N G

A PROPOSAL humbly addressed to the Consideration of the Knights, Esquires, Gentlemen, and other worshipful and weighty Members of the solid and ancient

## SOCIETY OF THE BATHOS.

By their Associate and Well-wisher,

ISCARIOT HACKNEY.\*

— *Evil be thou my Good.*

SATAN.

GENTLEMEN,

**I** AM glad to find you meddle with the dirty Work of your Brother Journalists. To be inoffensive is a puritannical Spirit, and will never succeed in a free-thinking Age. What is Gold itself (says the Philosopher) but Dirt? It is dug out of dirty Mines; and, as a Proof it retains its Nature, we come at it easiest through dirty Means. Be assured, a Scavenger of Wit is a more gainful Occupation than that of a delicate, moral Writer.

By this I mean to let you see my Ability, and to proffer my Service. You must know when my Mo-

\* *Richard Savage* was the Author of this Pamphlet, which was published about the Year 1730. It is much commended by Dr. *Samuel Johnson* in his Life of that Gentleman.

ther



ther was pregnant of me, she once dream'd she was delivered of a Monster. It was observed also, at the Time of my Birth, that a Weezle was heard to shriek; and a Bat (though at Noon-Day) flew into the Room, and settled upon the Midwife's Wrist, just as she received me. While in the Cradle I was very froward. Early at School I discovered a promising Genius for Mischief. I carried Tales from one Boy to another to set them a fighting, and afterwards to the Master, to have them whipped. I had always Cunning enough, when I committed a Fault, to lay the Blame upon another, and laugh'd to see him suffer for it. (A sure Prognostick of my future Judgment in Politicks!) I was fond of tearing away the Legs and Wings of Flies, of picking out the Eyes of some little Bird, or laming some favourite Lap-Dog, meerly by way of Amusement. This was only a Sign, that one Time or other I should have Ill-nature enough for a *great Wit*. Now I understand to be a *great Wit*, is to take a Pleasure in giving every body Pain, and to shew no Mercy to a Reputation, which is dearer to some Fools than perhaps a Limb, or an Eye. I was also given to pilfer whatever lay in my Way; a Proof only that I would never scruple being a Plagiary, should I turn Author. I was expert at almost every thing except learning my Book; but neither Encouragement nor Correction could bring me to any Sense of Duty. I was always very sullen after being corrected; and if my Master forgave, and admonished me in a friendly Manner, I all the while ridiculed the old *Pat* (as I then called him) by making Mouths or Horns over his Shoulder. This shewed I had always Wit enough to laugh at the common Notion of Gratitude. I hooted at any unfortunate, ill-dress'd Person in the Street, if he looked like a Gentleman, and never failed to mock the Infirmities of *old Age*. When at a Sermon, I was very full of Play myself, and fond of  
of

of interrupting the Devotion of others; so that (I thank my Stars!) in my Youth I had a fashionable Contempt for Religion. I came young into the World, with little Education, less Money, and no visible Way of living: However I qualified myself (though of mean Birth) for a Gentleman of Wit and Humour about Town. I have naturally a Sourness of Temper, a droll Solemnity of Countenance, and a dry Manner of joking upon such Accidents, as Fools who value themselves upon Humanity, would be apt to compassionate. I have also a Propensity to sneer upon all Mankind, and particularly upon those who fancy they can oblige me. These elegant Qualities recommended me early to the Friendship of *Dick Morley*, Author of *Mother Wiseborn*. We met frequently at a little snug Gaming-House, never yet discovered by informing Constables. A Similitude of Circumstances and Sympathy of Souls endeared us to each other; and to him I owe the Improvements of my afore-mentioned Faculties. These he cultivated, and many others implanted in me of the like Nature.

We commenced Authors together. At my first setting out I was hired by a reverend Prebend to libel Dean *Swift* for Infidelity. Soon after I was employed by *Curll* to write a merry Tale, the Wit of which was its Obscenity. This we agreed to palm upon the World for a posthumous Piece of Mr. *Prior*. However, a certain Lady, celebrated for certain Liberties, had a Curiosity to see the real Author. *Curll*, on my Promise that if I had a Present, he should go Snacks, sent me to her. I was admitted while her Ladyship was *shifting*; and on my Admittance, Mrs. *Abigail* was ordered to withdraw. What passed between us, a Point of Gallantry obliges me to conceal; but after some extraordinary Civilities, I was dismissed with a Purse of Guineas, and a Command to write a Sequel to my Tale.

Tale. Upon this I turned out smart in Dress, bit Curll of his Share, and run out most of the Money in printing my Works at my own Cost. But some Years after (just at the Time of his starving poor *Pattison*) the Varlet was revenged. He arrested me for several Months Board, brought me back to my Garret, and made me drudge on in my old dirty Work. 'Twas in his Service that I wrote Obscenity and Profaneness, under the Names of *Pope* and *Swift*. Sometimes I was Mr. *Joseph Gay*, and at others *Theory Burnett* or *Addison*. I abridg'd Histories and Travels, translated from the *French* what they never wrote, and was expert at finding out new Titles for old Books. When a notorious Thief was hanged, I was the *Plutarch* to preserve his Memory; and when a great Man died, mine were his Remains, and mine the Account of his last Will and Testament. Had Mr. *Oldmixon* and Mr. *Curll* agreed, my Assistance had probably been invited into Father *Bobour's* Logick, and the critical History of *England*.

But before all this happened, a young Nobleman gratified me for letting some Verses of mine be handed about at Court in Manuscript under his Name. This was the first Time that I ever heard my Writings generally commended. But alas! how short-lived the Applause? They unfortunately stole into print, lost their Reputation at once, and I am now ashamed to write any more, as a Person of Quality. I am a great Joker, and deal in Clenches, Puns, Quibbles, Gibes, Conudrums, and Carry-which-its. Many a good Time have I lashed the whole Body of Clergy, and crack'd many a smart Joke upon the Trinity. One of my Books had the Honour of being presented for a Libel by the Grand-Jury, and another was made a Burnt-Offering by the Hands of the Common Hangman. If an Author writes a Piece that has

Success



Success in his own Character, I abuse him; but if in a fictitious one, I endeavour to personate him, and write a second Part to his Work. I am very deeply read in all Pieces of Scandal, Obscenity, and Profaneness, particularly in the Writings of Mrs. *Haywood*, *Henley*, *Wolsted*, *Morley*, *Roxton*, *Cooke*, *De Foo*, *Norton*, *Woolston*, *Dennis*, *Ned Ward*, *Concanen*, *Journalist-Pit*, and the Author of the *Rival Modes*. From these I propose to compile a very grand Work, which shall not be inferior to *Utopia*, *Carimania*, *Gulliverania*, *Art of Flogging*, *Daily Journal*, Epigrams on the *Dunciad*, or *Oratory Transactions*; and, as this is designed for the Use of young Templers, it is hoped they will promote my Subscription. Since private Vices have been proved to be publick Benefits, I would venture to call it, *An Useful Body of IMMORALITY*, and print it in a broad, pompous *Folio*; but such a one as may very well be bound up with Dean *Smedley's* intended *Body of Divinity*.

By the Help of Indexes, and technical Dictionaries, I work on every Branch of Learning. I pore often over the Volumes of State Tracts, whence I collect Paragraphs, which I mix with Remarks of my own, and range under several Heads. Those against a discarded Minister I send to the *London Journal*, or *Concanen's Daily*, or *Weekly Papers*. \* *Concanen* is a precious Fellow! I once loved him for his Ingratitude to *Dean Swift*; I now adore him for his dull Humour, and malevolent blundering *Billingsgate* against my *Lord Bolingbroke*. Other Paragraphs more virulent against a Prime Minister (for I naturally hate my Superiors) are for my very good Friend the *Craftsman*. How long have I

\* In thy felonious Heart, tho' Malice lies,  
It does but touch thy *Hisb* Pen, and dies.

DRYDEN.

called

called up the Shades of *Sejanus*, *Buckingham*, and *Wolfey*, to compare them to one who mortifies me by laughing at the Comparison? How long shall I still press on one, whom I continually call *State-plunderer*, and *wicked Minister*? Perhaps till the World will maliciously liken me to a *Taylor's Goose* †, which is at once *hot* and *heavy*. Rather than stand out of Play, I have penned Panegyricks in *Mist* or *Fog* on *Rich's* Pantomimes, and *Theobald's Shakespeare Restored*. I am always listed by Mr. *Lun* the Harlequin, to hiss the first Night at any of the *Drury-Lane* Performances. Sometimes I draw up Challenges for the Champions of Mr. *Figg's* Amphitheatre, and sometimes for the Disputants of Mr. *Henley's* Oratory.

I have an excellent Knack at Birth-day Odes, Elegies, Acrosticks, Anagrams, Epithalamiums, Prologues, Recommendatory Poems, Rhimes for Almanack-Makers, and witty Distichs for the Signs of Country-inns and Ale-houses. When with an audible Voice I spout forth my own Verses, marvellous is their Effect! The very Bell-man has been touched with Envy—An Author, who like Mr. *Ralph* \*, has distinguished himself by *Night*; the Shrillness of my clamorous, dunning Landlady has been charmed into a still Attention! Nay, the very Bailiff, in act to rush upon me, has stopp'd short to listen, and for a Minute suspended the rapacious Palm that was to fall upon my Shoulders!

I have well perused the Writings of *Luke Milbourn*, *Shadwell*, *Settle*, *Blackmore*, and many others of our Stamp, notable for salt Wit upon *Dryden*. From these I have extracted curious Hints to assist *Wolsted* in his new Satire against *Pope*, which was once (he told me) to have been christened *Labes*.

† A Comparison of Dr. *Couth's*.

\* Author of a Poem called *Night*.

'Tis yet an Embrio, and there are divers Opinions about the Birth of it. Some expect it will spring from his wife Noddle, like *Minerva* from the Head of *Jupiter*, and work Wonders. Others, that it will resemble *Milton's* Figure of *Sin* coming from the Brain of the Father of Lies. Then, say they it will damn its Parent's Reputation. But most are of Opinion, that my Brother has no Reputation to lose, and therefore the Brat will be still-born. 'Tis possible also, he may miscarry of his second Epistle to Mr. *Pope*, though *James Moore Smythe, Esq.* is to officiate Man-Mid-wife.

When a Man of Quality is distinguished for a Wit, or an Encourager of it, I endeavour to strike him for a Dedication; but I have generally been so unhappy as to disgust my Patrons, by praising them in the Wrong Place. For want of being acquainted with polite Life, I have unwittingly complimented a Person for an illustrious Birth, who really owed his Rise entirely to his Merit. Thus have I caused his Enemies to sneer, and, perhaps, to libel him for my squab Compliment; when, had I left him to his Choice, he had rather chose my Satire than my Panegyrick.

I am as famous as one of the Suitors in *Homer's Odyssey*, for dead-born Jest. Many a Sonnet of mine, and several *Bouts Rimez* that were filled up by me, has *Moore* read, with his usual Modesty, at *White's* and the Drawing-Room, for his own; but as they were mere Slips of my Pen, and could be of no Advantage to my Reputation (low as it stands) I am contented to humour his Vanity, and forbear to claim them. I assisted in a pretty Play of Words on the Letter *P*, and the *Advertisement* of the *Lady's Writing-Desk*. Soon after I chopp'd Sides, and wrote the *History of the Norfolk Dumpling*, the Verses on the *Norfolk Lanthorn*, *Robin's Reign*, *Robin's Game*, *The Fall of Mortimer*, and many other



popular Libels on Persons who least deserved them; but the Reason of that was, because they were of the Ministry.

Now is the Session of Parliament, and the Poetical Quarrels must give way to the Political. Consequently the Affairs of State (as *Abel* in the Play of the *Committee* observes) *will lie heavy upon my Neck and Shoulders*. It is a Custom among great Generals to send Spies into an Enemy's Camp, and among Politicians, to employ them in foreign Courts. I have therefore (as I am determined to oppose the Ministry) settled a secret Correspondence with several Gentlemen of the Party coloured Cloth; Men of Dignity! such as have no less an Honour than that of holding a Plate in the Presence of some certain Knights of the Blue Ribbon. My Bribe is a Pot of Ale, and my Intelligence the Scraps of Conversation that fall at the Table of great Ministers. By these I am enabled to discuss the Matters in Debate at the *House of Commons*, and the Congress of *Soissons*, to state the Debts of the Nation, to arraign the Conduct of those at the Helm, and to hold the Balance of *Europe*, with as much Ease as a Monkey does a Chesnut, in my own Paw.

The Time has been, when, after an Evening's hard Boosing, my Brother Bards (who have been what we call seedy, or crop-sick) have bilked the publick House, and barbarously left me in Pawn for the Reckoning. On this Emergency I have written an Account of a *sharp and bloody Fight*; a *Vision in the Air*, or a *Wonderful Prophecy* to be hawked about the Streets: And (would you believe it?) even these Productions of mine have passed for designed Wit, and I have silently sneered, to find the Merit of them claimed and boasted of by *Jemmy Moore*.

I have sometimes taken it in my Head, that I might make a Fortune by writing for the Stage. As a Proof that I have an excellent Taste, I always de-

spised the Tragedies of *Shakespeare*, *Otway*, *Young*, and *Thomson*; and preferred with Admiration a certain Person's Operas at the *Hay-Market*. I wonder that the Success of the latter should be applied to Mr. *Handell's* Musick, or the Performances of *Senesino*, *Faustina*, and *Cutzoni*: The Town in this have been shamefully blind to the Merit of that Gentleman. He has followed the Ancients so closely in the Propriety of his Conduct, the Unity of his Characters, the natural Variety of Passions, the Strength of Sentiment, and the Elegance of Diction, that I here invite him to join with me in an *English* Tragedy on an Opera Plan.

If the Gentleman thinks this too arduous an Undertaking, let us venture at a lower Cast! without any Recourse to Wit, Humour, Natural Dialogue, Songs aptly introduced, or any other of those Trifles with which the *Beggar's Opera* abounds, we have one sure Comfort; that is, we cannot fall short of many late Performances of that Kind, nor be excelled by *Roome* and his Led Captain *Concanen*. *Roome* cannot excel me, unless he excels himself.

I have tried all Means (but that which Fools call honest ones) for a Livelihood. I offered my Service for a secret Spy to the State; but had not Credit enough even for that. When it was indeed very low with me, I printed proposals for a Subscription to my Works, received Money, and gave Receipts, without any Intention of delivering the Book. Though I have been notoriously prophane, and was never at an University, I once aimed to be admitted into Orders; but being obliged to abscond lately from the Parish-Officers, on account of a Bastard Child, and falling besides into an unlucky Salivation, my Character was so scandalous, that I could not prevail even on the lowest of the Fleet-Prison Parlons to sign my Testimonials.

My

My last Attempt was to have been a travelling Tutor to some young Gentleman. If I am deficient in Claffick Learning, I could yet have instructed him in the Laws of his own Country; for though I never studied *Coke* upon *Littleton*, yet I have conversed with Bailiffs and petty-fogging Attornies; nay, I have conned over the *Abridgments* of *Giles Jacob*; I could also have read him Lectures of Politicks from *Essays* of my own in *Weekly Journals*. What, though I wanted Knowledge to make *Dissertations* upon the Languages, Manners, Histories, Statues, Coins, Paintings, Architecture, or any other Curiosities, ancient or modern, of foreign Climes? What, though I could not have traced out any one Country in a Map? could I not have pillaged *Voyage-Writers*, and have taken the Reports of Inn-keepers or Postillions, to have told where there were good Wine, good Beds, buxom Girls, and tall Steeples? Few foreign Tutors understand the dead Languages; but if they play at Cards, dance, talk of Things they never saw; or, having seen, could not understand; if they put on the swaggering Air of Half-pay Captains, and swear *French* military Oaths with a *bon Grace*, will they not pass for Men of Wit, Experience and Knowledge? I should have made a very fashionable Tutor, I would have spirited up my Pupil to run away with a Nun; and, if he aimed at smaller Game, not scrupled being Pimp. I have studied *Phyick* under the *Anodyne Necklace* Doctor, and would have prepared and exported a whole Cargo of *Anti-venereal* Pills for his Safety. No one, I am persuaded, will blame me if I took this Opportunity of feathering my own Nest. I should perhaps have made him pay *Ten per Cent.* for his own Money, when I disbursed it, and a Guinea on many Occasions for his Honour; Twenty Shillings of which I might have put in my own Pocket. Who knows but I might



have married some rich Widow, by securing my Pupil for one of her Daughters? I would have contrived he should have stolen the young Lady to avoid paying her Fortune. If this Scheme failed, I had another, for which I am afraid I might have been a little censured; it was only to have set him at a Gaming-Table (when abroad) for about a thousand Pounds, and afterwards gone Snacks with the Sharpers. But on second Thoughts, where had been the Hurt? When returned, and at Age, I could easily have made him Amends, by negotiating a Mortgage, or the Sale of a Reversion for him with honest *Ch-r-r-r-s*.

Thus, though I had but a hundred a Year, and for no more than two or three Years Service, I could retire to *Switzerland*, or *Wales*, with about Fifteen Hundred Pounds in my Pocket, and an Annuity of Fifty Pounds *per Annum* for Life. In such a Retirement I should have set down to writing an *Account of my Travels*. When those were finished, by carefully extracting from Gazettes, I should have been able to have left my Executors the Memoirs of my own Times; then would I have indulged my Spleen against the present Ministers for neglecting to gratify my Merit. It is dangerous to anger a Poet or Historian.

I observed at the Head of this Letter, that I have a Drollery in my Countenance; Egad! it is as *peculiar* a one as *Roome's*. We are so like, that before he scribbled himself into Preferment, we have actually been mistaken for each other. Our Looks are so happy, as to have passed off many a Saying in Conversation for Wit and Humour, that, when published, has been thought flat: Nay, the same Thing has been said of me, as was uttered by a certain *Wit* (one very different from our Rank) on him, *viz.* that the *R—g—'s* Misfortune is, he cannot print his Face to his Joke.

While

While I am thus delineating my Features, permit me to own, that I wish my Portrait might shine in a Mezzotinto through the Glass Windows of Picture-Shops in *Fleet-Street* and *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; then should I be gazed on with Admiration by Mercers' Prentices! But I will at least indulge my Vanity in appearing on a large Sheet of Paper, in a wooden Cut, which ingenious School-Boys may delight to colour with yellow and red Ochre. What a glaring Figure shall I then make in the long Piazzas of *Covent-Garden*! I shall be surrounded by venerable old Ballads; and several of my Family Pieces, such as the *Sinners Coat of Arms*, and the dreadful Sketches of *Death*, *Judgment*, and *Damnation*! Thence shall I be translated to the naked Walls of Country Ale-houses, Cobler's Stalls, and Necessary Houses!—And thou, O *R—me*, thou who art my *other self*! be this my Glory! however different our Fortunes, however unlike the Incidents of our Lives, yet whensoever the Countenance of *Ischariot Hackney* is seen, thy own dear *Pbiz* will be called to Remembrance.

In short, I am a perfect Town Author: I hate all Mankind, yet am occasionally a mighty Patriot. I am very poor, and owe my Poverty to my Merit; that is, to my Writings: I am as proud as I am poor; yet, what is seemingly a Contradiction, never stick at a mean Action, when the Welfare of the Republick of Letters, or, in other Words, my own Interest is concerned. My Pen, like the Sword of a *Swiss*, or the Pleading of a *Lawyer*, is generally employed for *Pay*. There is one Piece of Advice, Gentlemen, which I would propose to you: If any Papers of a *dead Wit* should fall into the Hands of a Member of your Society, let him be sure to print them, though never so derogatory to the Person's Reputation, to get himself Money; and if, among whole Heaps of indigested Papers, he finds a few with

large *Corrections* and *Additions* by another *eminent Hand* (which he well knows) let him be sure to suppress that *Circumstance* in his Publication.

But to return to myself—My Pamphlets sell many more Impressions than those of celebrated Writers; the Secret of this is, I learned from *Curll* to clap a new Title-Page to the Sale of every half Hundred; so that when my Bookseller has sold two Hundred and Fifty Copies, my Book generally enters into the *Sixth Edition*. 'Tis reckoned a villainous Action to write a Libel, but more so to farther one on a Person who neither wrote it, nor approves it; now I own I never scruple to do both. When a Man of Figure (perhaps an Ornament of his Country) has been cruelly aspersed in his Lifetime, I love to revive the Asperision at his Death: It is Mirth to me to grieve a whole Family, by insulting his Memory before his Body is cold in the Grave. In this I imitate the Author of *Sarah the Quaker in the Shades*, to *Lothario* lately deceased. Though I am so ready to libel others, I am downright frightened if I but hear of a Satire where my Name is likely to be inserted. When a Person does me a Favour, I either suspect he has some Design on me, or thinks it less than my Due, and that he is obliged to me, because an *Author*, for accepting it. I am very testy if I am not allowed *Dictator* of my Company; nor had I ever a Friend, whom I did not in his Absence sacrifice to my Jest. I condemn the Few who admire me, am angry with the Multitude who despise me, and mortally hate all who have any Ways obliged me. I assure you, I am very famous for several Treatises in Defence of *Ingratitude*: I never fail to illustrate them with the Examples of *Marcus Brutus* among the *Ancients*, and very eminent *Statesmen* among the *Moderns*. My private Resentment, like that of other *Great Men*, is always a publick Justice.

Now,



Now, Gentlemen, if you like me for a Correspondent, my Price is the Price of a *Journalist*, a Crown; and, in the Stile of a Love-Bargain, half Wet, half Dry. You may find me in a Morning at my Lucubrations over a Quatern Pot in a *Geneva Shop* in *Clare-Market*; a House where I propole many learned Interviews with Orator *Henley*, who has removed his *Stage* to that Place. I generally dine with a Brother *Bard*, at one of the little Cook's Shops near *St. Martin's Church*, and probably spend the Evening with him at a Night-Cellar in the *Strand*, where I shall be ready to enter into a Treaty with you.

**Yours,**

**From my Chamber.**

### Hockley in the Hole.

# ISCARIOT HACKNEY

OF  
**PUBLIC SPIRIT,**  
 IN REGARD TO  
**PUBLIC WORKS:**

**A POEM,**

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

**FREDERICK Prince of WALES.**

By **RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq.**

**G**REAT HOPE of BRITAIN!

Here the *Muse* essays

A Theme, which, to attempt alone, is Praise.

Be Her's a Zeal of *Public Spirit* known!

A *Princely Zeal*!—a Spirit all your *Own*!

Where never Science beam'd a friendly Ray,

Where one vast Blank neglected Nature lay;

From *Public Spirit*, ceaseless there employ'd,

Creation varying glads the cheerless Void.

The Arts, whence Safety, Treasure and Delight,

Bless Land and Sea, these Arts, O *Muse*, recite;

Once more to view the long-lost Wonders raise,

Display their Dignity, diffuse their Praise.

Let

Let Those of Luxury, with These to vie,  
Magnificently useless strike the Eye!  
What tho' no Streams; in fruitless Pomp display'd,  
Rise a proud Column, fall a grand Cascade;  
Thro' secret Pipes, which nobler Use renowns,  
Here ductile Riv'lets visit distant Towns.  
On Fens, where Pestilence, with poison'd Breath,  
Tainted the Gale, and fill'd the Land with Death,  
New drain'd, the Grove ascends, the Harvest springs,  
The Heifer grazes, and the Linnet sings.  
Now, where the Flood deep rolls, or wide extends,  
From Road to Road the Bridge connective bends;  
O'er the broad Arch the Cars of Commerce go,  
And fearless hear the Billows rage below.  
Now the firm *Isthmus* sinks a wat'ry Space,  
And wonders in new State, at naval Grace;  
While Commerce check'd by Nature's Bars no more,  
Steers, thro' the Land, a Course unknown before.  
Now Harbours open, and where Mounds were vain,  
The bulwark Mole repels the boist'rous Main.

When the sunk Sun, no homeward Sail befriends,  
On the Rock's Brow the *Light-House* kind ascends,  
And from the shoaly, o'er the gulphy Way,  
Points to the Pilot's Eye the warning Ray.  
Count still, my Muse (to count what Muse can cease!)  
The Works of *Public Spirit*, Freedom, Peace!  
By them shall Plants, in Forests, reach the Skies;  
Then lose their leafy Pride, and, Navies rise:  
Navies, which to invasive Foes explain,  
Heav'n throws not round us Rocks and Seas in vain.  
The Sail of Commerce, in each Sky, aspires,  
And Property assures what Toil acquires.

Who digs the Mine or Quarry, digs with Glee;  
Lord of Himself, his Choice and Gain are free:  
Him the same Laws, the same Protection yield,  
Who plows the Furrow, as who owns the Field.

Unlike



Unlike where Tyranny, the Rod maintains  
 O'er turfless, leafless and uncultur'd Plains,  
 Here Herbs of Food and Physic, Plenty showers,  
 Gives Fruits to blush, and colours various Flowers.  
 Where Sands or stony Wilds once star'd the Year,  
 Laughs the green Lawn, and nods the golden Ear.  
 White shine the fleecy Race, which Fate shall doom  
 The Feast of Life, the Treasure of the Loom.

On Plains, now bare, shall Gardens wave their  
 Groves,  
 While settling Songsters woo their feather'd Loves.  
 Where pathless Woods, no grateful Openings knew,  
 Walks tempt the Step, and Vistoes court the View.  
 See the Parterre confess expansive Day!  
 The Grot, elusive of the noon-tide Ray!  
 Up yon green Slope a Length of Terras lies;  
 Whence gradual Landscapes fade in distant Skies.  
 Now the blue Lake, reflected Heav'n displays;  
 Now darkens, regularly wild, the Maze.  
 Urns, Obelisks, Fanes, Statues intervene;  
 Now center, now commence or end the Scene.  
 Lo proud Alcoves! lo soft sequester'd Bowers!  
 Retreats of social, or of studious Hours!  
 Rank above Rank, here shapely Greens ascend;  
 There others, natively grotesque, depend.  
 The Rude, the Delicate immingled tell  
 How Art would Nature, Nature Art excell.  
 And how, while these their rival Charms impart,  
 Art brightens Nature, Nature brightens Art;  
 Thus blends the various yet harmonious Space,  
 And All is Symmetry, and Force, and Grace.

But what the flow'ring Pride of Gardens rare,  
 However royal, or however fair?  
 If Doors, which to Access should still give Way,  
 Ope but like *Peter's* Paradise for Pay;

If

If perquisited Varlets frequent stand  
 And each new Walk must a new Tax demand,  
 What foreign Eye but with Contempt surveys?  
 What Muse shall from Oblivion snatch their Praise?

When these from *Public Spirit* smile, we see  
 Free-opening Gates, and bow'ry Pleasures free;  
 For sure great Souls, one Truth, can never miss;  
 Bliss not communicated is not Bliss.

Thus *Public Spirit*, Liberty and Peace  
 Carve, build, and plant, and give the Land Increase;  
 From peasant Hands imperial Works arise,  
 And *British* hence with *Roman* Grandeur vies;  
 Not Grandeur, that in pompous Whim appears;  
 That levels Hills; that Vales to Mountains rears;  
 That alters Nature's regulated Grace;  
 Meaning to deck, but destin'd to deface.  
 Here let no Forts some native Tyrant aid,  
 To awe the Free—should foreign Foes invade;  
 How useless these, where Rocks a Barrier lend,  
 Where Seas encircle, and where Fleets defend.  
 Here let no *Arch of Triumph* be assign'd  
 To laurel'd Pride, whose Sword has thin'd Mankind;  
 Tho' no vast Wall extend from Coast to Coast,  
 No Pyramid aspire, sublimely lost;  
 Yet the safe Road thro' Rocks shall, winding, tend,  
 And the firm Cause-way o'er the Clays ascend;  
 Here stately Streets, here ample Squares invite  
 The salutary Gale that breaths Delight.  
 Here Structures mark the charitable Soil,  
 For casual Ill; maim'd Valour; feeble Toil,  
 Worn out with Care, Infirmary and Age;  
 The Life here ent'ring, quitting there the Stage;  
 The Babe of lawless Birth, condemn'd to moan,  
 To starve, or bleed, for Errors not his own!  
 Let the frail Mother scape the Fame defil'd,  
 If from the murd'ring Mother scape the Child!

Oh,

Oh, guard his Youth from Sin's alluring Voice;  
 From Deeds of dire Necessity, not Choice!  
 His grateful Hand, thus never harmful known,  
 Shall, on the public Welfare build his own.

Thus worthy Crafts which low-born Life divide,  
 Give Towns their Opulence, and Courts their Pride.  
 Sacred to Pleasure Structures rise elate;  
 To that still worthy of the Wise and Great.  
 Sacred to Pleasure then shall Piles ascend?  
 They shall—when Pleasure and Instruction blend.  
 Let *Theatres*, from *Public Spirit*, shine!  
 Such *Theatres*, as *Athens*, once were thine!  
 See! the *gay Muse*, of pointed Wit possess;  
 Who wakes the virtuous Laugh, the decent Jest:  
 What, though she mock, she mocks with honest Aim,  
 And laughs each fav'rite Folly into Shame.  
 With lib'ral Light the *Tragic* charms the Age:  
 In solemn-training Robes she fills the Stage;  
 There human Nature mark'd in different Lines,  
 Alive, in Character, distinctly shines.  
 Quick Passions change, alternate, on her Face;  
 Her Diction, Music; as her Action, Grace.  
 Instant we catch her *Terror-giving* Cares,  
 Pathetic Sighs, and *Pity-moving* Tears;  
 Instant we catch her gen'rous Glow of Soul;  
 'Till one great striking Moral crowns the Whole.

Hence in warm Youth, by Scenes of Virtue taught,  
 Honour exalts, and Love expands the Thought;  
 Hence Pity, to peculiar Grief assign'd,  
 Grows wide Benevolence to all Mankind.

Where various Edifice, the Land, renowns,  
 There *Publick Spirit* plans, exalts and crowns.  
 She cheers the *Mansion* with the spacious *Hall*;  
 Bids Painting live along the storied Wall;  
 Seated, she, smiling, eyes th'unclosing Door,  
 And much she welcomes all, but most the Poor.

She



She turns the *Pillar*, or the *Arch* she bends;  
 The *Quire* she lengthens, or the *Quire* extends;  
 She rears the *Tow'r*, whose Height the Heav'n admires;  
 She rears, she rounds, she points the less'ning *Spire*;  
 At her Command the *College-roofs* ascend;  
 For *Public Spirit* still is *Learning's Friend*.  
 Stupendous Piles, which useful Pomp compleats,  
 Thus rise *Religion's*, and thus *Learning's Seats*:  
 There moral Truth and holy Science spring,  
 And give the Sage to teach, the Bard to sing.  
 There some draw Health from Herbs and mineral  
 Veins,

Some search the Systems of the heavenly Plains;  
 Some call from History past Times to View,  
 And others trace old Laws, and sketch out new;  
 Thence saving Rights, by Legislators plann'd,  
 And guardian Patriots thence inspire the Land.

Now grant, ye Pow'rs, one great, one fond Desire,  
 And, granting, bid a new *White-Hall* aspire!  
 Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd *Thames* survey'd,  
 The swelling Arch and stately Colonnade;  
 Bid Courts of Justice, Senate-chambers join,  
 Till various All in one proud Work combine!

But now be all the gen'rous Goddesses seen,  
 When most diffus'd she shines, and most benign!  
 Ye Sons of Misery attract her View!  
 Ye fallow, hollow-ey'd and meagre Crew!  
 Such high Perfection have our Arts attain'd,  
 That now few Sons of Toil our Arts demand!  
 Then to the Publick, to itself, we fear,  
 Ev'n willing Industry grows useless here.  
 Are we too populous at length confess'd,  
 From confluent Strangers refug'd and redress'd?  
 Has War so long withdrawn his barb'rous Train,  
 That Peace o'erstocks us with the Sons of Men?

So long has Plague left pure the ambient Air,  
 That Want must prey on those Disease would spare!  
 Hence beauteous Wretches! (Beauty's foul Disgrace!)  
 Tho' born the Pride, the Shame of human Race;  
 Fair Wretches hence, who nightly Streets annoy,  
 Live but themselves and others to destroy,  
 Hence Robbers rise, to Theft, to Murder prone,  
 First driv'n by Want, from Habit desperate grown;  
 Hence for ow'd Trifles oft our Jails contain  
 (Torn from Mankind) a miserable Train;  
 Torn from, in spite of Nature's tend'rest Cries,  
 Parental, filial and connubial Ties,  
 The Trader, when on ev'ry Side distressed,  
 Hence flies to what Expedient Frauds suggest;  
 To prop his question'd Credit's tott'ring State,  
 Others he first involves to share his Fate;  
 Then for mean Refuge must, self-exil'd, roam;  
 Never to hope a Friend, nor find a Home.

This *Publick Spirit* sees, she sees and feels!  
 Her Breast the Throb, her Eye the Tear reveals;  
 (The Patriot Throb that beats, the Tear that flows  
 For others Welfare, and for others Woes)  
 ' And what can I (she said) to cure their Grief?  
 ' Shall I or point out Death, or point Relief?  
 ' Forth shall I lead 'em to some happier Soil,  
 ' To Conquest lead 'em, and enrich with Spoil?  
 ' Bid 'em convulse a World, make Nature groan,  
 ' And spill in shedding others Blood their own?  
 ' No, no—such Wars do thou, *Ambition*, wage!  
 ' Go sterilize the Fertile with thy Rage!  
 ' Whole Nations to depopulate is thine;  
 ' To people, culture and protect, be mine!  
 ' Then range the World, *Discovery*! 'twill Strait he goes  
 O'er Seas, o'er *Libya's* Sands and *Zembla's* Snows;  
 He settles where kind Rays till now have smil'd  
 (Vain Smile!) on some luxuriant houseless Wild.

How

How many Sons of Want might here enjoy  
 What Nature gives for Age but to destroy?  
 ' Blush, blush, O Sun! (she cries) here vainly found,  
 ' To rise, to set, to roll the Seasons round,  
 ' Shall Heav'n distil in Dews, descend in Rain,  
 ' From Earth gush Fountains, Rivers flow in vain?  
 ' There shall the watry *Lives* in Myriads stray,  
 ' And be, to be alone each each other's Prey?  
 ' Unsought shall here the teeming Quarries own  
 ' The various Species of mechanic Stone?  
 ' From Structure This, from Sculpture That confine?  
 ' Shall Rocks forbid the latent Gem to shine?  
 ' Shall Mines, obedient, aid no Artist's Care,  
 ' Nor give the martial Sword and peaceful Share?  
 ' Ah! shall they never precious Ore unfold,  
 ' To smile in Silver, or to flame in Gold?  
 ' Shall here the vegetable World alone,  
 ' For Joys, for various Virtues rest unknown?  
 ' While Food and Physic, Plants and Herbs supply,  
 ' Here must they shoot alone to bloom and die?  
 ' Shall Fruits, which none but brutal Eyes survey,  
 ' Untouch'd grow ripe, untasted drop away?  
 ' Shall here th' irrational, the savage Kind  
 ' Lord it o'er Stores by Heav'n for Man design'd,  
 ' And trample what mild Suns benignly raise,  
 ' While Man must lose the Use, and Heav'n the  
 ' Praise?  
 ' Shall it then be?" (Indignant here she rose,  
 Indignant, yet humane her Bosom glows)  
 ' No! By each honour'd *Grecian Roman* Name,  
 ' By Men for Virtue deified by Fame,  
 ' Who peopled Lands, who model'd infant State,  
 ' And then bade Empire be maturely Great,  
 ' By *These* I swear (be witness Earth and Skies!)  
 ' Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.  
 ' Wrapt I a future Colony survey!  
 ' Come then, ye Sons of Mis'ry! come away!  
 Vol. III. R Let



- Let Those, whose Sorrows from Neglect are known,
- (Here taught compell'd empower'd) Neglect atone!
- Let Those enjoy, who never merit Woes,
- In Youth th' industrious Wish, in Age Repose!
- Allotted Acres (no reluctant Soil)
- Shall prompt their Industry, and pay their Toil.
- Let Families, long Strangers to Delight,
- Whom wayward Fate dispers'd, by Me unite;
- Here live enjoying Life, see Plenty, Peace;
- Their Lands encreasing as their Sons encrease!
- As Nature yet is found in leafy Glades
- To intermix the Walks with Lights and Shades;
- Or as with Good and Ill, in chequer'd Strife,
- Various the Goddess colours human Life;
- So in this fertile Clime if yet are seen
- Moors, Marshes, Cliffs by turns to intervene;
- Where Cliffs, Moors, Marshes desolate the View,
- Where haunts the Bittern, and where screams the
- Mew;
- Where prowls the Wolf, where roll'd the Serpent
- lies,
- Shall solemn Fanes and Halls of Justice rise,
- And Towns shall open (all of Structure fair!)
- To bright'ning Prospects, and to purest Air,
- Frequented Ports and Vineyards green succeed,
- And Flocks encreasing whiten all the Mead,
- On Science Science, Arts on Arts refine;
- On these from high, all Heav'n shall smiling shine,
- And *Publick Spirit* here a People show,
- Free, num'rous, pleas'd and busy all below.
- Learn future Natives of this promis'd Land
- What your Forefathers ow'd my saving Hand!
- Learn when *Despair* such sudden Bliss shall see,
- Such Bliss must shine from *OGLETHORPE* or
- *ME!*
- Do You the neighb'ring blameless *Indian* aid,
- Culture what he neglects, not His invade;
- Dare

' Dare not, oh dare not, with ambitious View,  
 ' Force or demand Subjection, never due.  
 ' Let by *My* specious Name no *Tyrants* rise,  
 ' And cry, while they enslave, they civilize!  
 ' Know *LIBERTY* and *I* are still the same,  
 ' Congenial!—ever mingling Flame with Blame!  
 ' Why must *Afric's* sable Children see  
 ' Vended for Slaves, tho' form'd by Nature free,  
 ' The nameless Tortures cruel Minds invent,  
 ' Those to subject, whom Nature equal meant?  
 ' If these you dare, albeit unjust Success  
 ' Empow'rs you now unpunish'd to oppress,  
 ' Revolving Empire you and your's may doom,  
 ' (*Rome* all subdu'd, yet *Vandals* vanquish'd *Rome*)  
 ' Yes, Empire may revolve, give Them the Day,  
 ' And Yoke may Yoke, and Blood may Blood re-  
 pay.'

Thus (Ah! how far unequal'd by *my* Lays,  
 Unskill'd the Heart to melt or Mind to raise)  
 Sublime benevolent deep sweetly clear,  
 Worthy a *THOMSON's* Muse, a *FRED'RICK's* Ear.  
 Thus spoke the *Goddeſs*. Thus I faintly tell  
 In what lov'd Works Heav'n gives her to excel.  
 But who her Sons, that to her Int'reſt true,  
 Conſervant lead her to a Prince like you?  
 Theſe, Sir, ſalute you from Life's *middle State*,  
 Rich without Gold, and without Titles great;  
 Knowledge of Books and Men exalts their Thought,  
 In Wit accompliſh'd, tho' in Wiles untaught,  
 Careleſs of Whiſpers meant to wound their Name,  
 Nor ſneer'd nor brib'd from Virtue into Shame;  
 In Letters elegant, in Honour bright,  
 They come, they catch, and they reflect Delight.

Mixing with theſe a few of *Rank* are found,  
 For Councils, Embaſſies, and Camps renown'd.

Vers'd in gay Life, in honest Maxims read;  
 And ever warm of Heart, yet cool of Head.  
 From these the circling Glass gives Wit to shine,  
 The Bright grow brighter, and ev'n Courts refine;  
 From These so gifted, candid and upright,  
 Flows Knowledge soft'ning into Ease polite.

Happy the Men, who such a Prince can please!  
 Happy the Prince rever'd by Men like These!  
 His Condescensions Dignity display,  
 Grave with the Wise, and with the Witty gay;  
 For Him fine Marble in the Quarry lies,  
 Which in due Statues to his Fame shall rise,  
 Ever shall *Publick Spirit* beam his Praise,  
 And the *Muse* swell it in immortal Lays.



THE  
PLAYHOUSE:

S A T I R E.

BY MR. A. D—N.

This Satire was printed about the Year 1704, in a Collection of satirical Poems. A Piece which is not deficient in Wit and Fancy, and has many happy Strokes of Humour, deserves to be rescued from Oblivion.

I have endeavoured, but in vain, to learn the Name of the Author.

**N**EAR to the *Rose*, where *Punks* in Numbers flock  
To pick up Cullies to increase the Stock,  
A lofty Fabrick does the Sight invade,  
And stretches round the Place a pompous Shade,  
Where sudden *Shouts* the Neighbourhood surprise,  
And *Thurd'ring Claps* and dreadful *Hissings* rise.  
Here thrifty \* *R—* hires Monarchs by the Day,  
And keeps his *Mercenary Kings* in Pay,  
With deep-mouth'd Actors fills the *Vacant Scenes*,  
And drains the Town for *Goddesses* and *Queens*:  
Here the lewd *Punk*, with *Crowns* and *Sceptres* grac'd,  
Teaches her Eyes a more *Majestick Cast*,

\* *Christopher Rich*, Esq. Father of the late *John Rich* Patentee of *Covent Garden Theatre*.

And hungry Monarchs, with a numerous Train  
Of suppliant Slaves, like *Sancho*, starve and reign.

But enter in, my *Muse*, the Stage survey,  
And all its Pomp and Pageantry display;  
Trap-doors and Pit-falls form th'unfaithful Ground,  
And magick Walls encompass it around:  
On either Side maim'd Temples fill our Eyes,  
And intermixt with Brothel-houses rise;  
Disjointed Palaces in Order stand,  
And Groves obedient to the Mover's Hand  
O'ershade the Stage, and flourish at Command.  
A Stamp makes broken Towns and Trees entire:  
So when *Amphion* struck the vocal Lire,  
He saw the spacious Circuit all around  
With crowding Woods, and neighbouring Cities  
crown'd.

But next the Tiring-room survey and see  
False Titles, and promiscuous Quality,  
Confus'dly swarm, from Heroes, and from Queens,  
To those that swing in Clouds, and fill Machines;  
Their various Characters they chuse with Art,  
The frowning Bully fits the Tyrant's Part:  
Swoln Cheeks, and swaggering Belly, makes a Host,  
Pale, meagre Looks, and hollow Voice, a Ghost;  
From careful Brows, and heavy down-cast Eyes,  
Dull Cits, and thick scull'd Aldermen, arise:  
The Comick Tone, inspir'd by \* *F*—, draws  
At every Word loud Laughter and Applause:  
The mincing Dame continues as before,  
Her Character's unchang'd, and acts a Whore.

Above the Rest the Prince with mighty Stalks,  
Magnificent in purple Buskins walks:  
The royal Robe his haughty Shoulders grace,  
Profuse of *Spangles* and of *Copper Lace*:  
Officious Rascals to his mighty Thigh,  
Guiltless of Blood, th'unpointed Weapon tie;

\* Perhaps *Fargubare*.

Then

Then the gay glittering Diadem put on,  
 Pondrous with Brass, and starr'd with *Bristol* Stone.  
 His royal Consort next consults her Glass,  
 And out of twenty Boxes culls a Face.  
 The Whit'ning first her ghastly Looks besmears,  
 All pale and wan th'unfinish'd Form appears;  
 Till on her Cheeks the blushing Purple glows,  
 And a false *Virgin Modesty* bestows;  
 Her ruddy Lips the deep Vermillion dyes;  
 Length to her Brows the Pencil's Touch supplies,  
 And with black bending Arches shades her Eyes,  
 Well pleas'd, at length the Picture she beholds,  
 And spots it o'er with artificial *Molds*;  
 Her Countenance compleat, the Beaux she warms  
 With Looks not hers, and spite of Nature charms.

Thus artfully their Persons they disguise,  
 Till the last Flourish bids the Curtain rise.  
 The Prince then enters on the Stage in State,  
 Behind a Guard of Candle-snuffers wait;  
 There swoln with Empire, terrible and fierce,  
 He shakes the Dome, and tears his Lungs with Verse:  
 His Subjects tremble, the submissive Pit  
 Wrapt up in Silence and Attention sit;  
 Till freed at length, he lays aside the Weight  
 Of publick Business and Affairs of State,  
 Forgets his Pomp, dead to ambitious Fires,  
 And to some peaceful *Brandy Shop* retires,  
 Where in full Gills his anxious Thoughts he drowns,  
 And quaffs away the Care that waits on Crowns.

The Princess next her pointed Charms displays,  
 Where every Look the Pencil's Art betrays.  
 The Callow Squire at distance feeds his Eyes,  
 And silently for *Paint* and *Patches* dies;  
 But if the Youth behind the Scenes retreat,  
 He sees the blended Colours melt with Heat,  
 And all the trickling Beauty run in Sweat.  
 The borrow'd Visage he admires no more,  
 And nauseates every Charm he lov'd before:

§ Black Patches.

R 4

So



So the same Spear, for double Force renown'd,  
Apply'd the Remedy that gave the Wound.

In tedious Lists 'twere endle's to engage,  
And draw at length the Rabble of the Stage,  
Where one for twenty Years has given Alarms,  
And call'd contending Monarchs to their Arms.  
Another fills a more important Post,  
And rises every other Night a Ghost,  
Thro' the cleft Stage his meager Face he rears,  
Then stalks along, groans thrice, and disappears;  
Others with *Swords* and *Shields*, the *Soldiers* Pride,  
More than a thousand Times have chang'd their  
Side,

And in a thousand fatal *Battles* dy'd.

Thus several Persons several Parts perform;  
Pale Lovers whine, and blustering Heroes storm.  
The stern exasperated *Tyrants* rage,  
Till the kind *Bowl* of *Poison* clears the *Stage*;  
Then Honours vanish, and Distinctions cease;  
Then with Reluctance haughty *Queens* undress.  
Heroes no more their fading *Laurels* boast,  
And mighty *Kings* in private Men are lost.  
He whom such Titles swell'd, such Power made proud,  
To whom whole Realms and vanquish'd Nations  
bow'd,

Throws off the gaudy Plume, the purple Train,  
And is in *Statu quo* himself again.

FACTION

## FACTION DISPLAYED:

## SATIRE.

*In a printed Copy of the following Poem which was published soon after the Death of King William, I have seen written, the Name of W. Shippen, Esq. This I must confess does not bear sufficient Authority to fix it upon that Gentleman, whose Principles indeed were well known; nor can it be doubted that he was a staunch Tory. But the Writer of Faction Displayed seems to be an utter Stranger to the moderate and patriotic Views attributed to W. Shippen: His Satire is sometimes extremely virulent, and often degenerates into meer Abuse. The Poem is upon many Accounts very curious: It gives no ill Picture of the Times in which it was written. We are presented with a Groupe of Characters remarkable for their Attachment to the illustrious House of Hanover, who were employed in the most eminent Posts of the Government during the first eight Years of Queen Ann's Reign.*

*The Character of the famous Marquis of Wharton seems to be the Outline of Pope's masterly Description of the Duke his Son.*

*The Poetry of this Piece is very unequal: It sometimes rises to a just Height, and at other Times sinks into prosaic Flatness.*

*The Characters are often overcharged, and aggravated into Caricaturas: such are those of the Earl of Halifax,*

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Halifax, and Lord Somers. But there is certainly upon the whole, strong Sense, much vigorous Turn of Fancy, and many happy and spirited Touches of Wit and Pleasantry in this vehement Satire.

SAY, Goddess Muse, for thy All-searching Eyes  
Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Disguise,  
Can penetrate intriguing Statesmens Hearts,  
Their deepest Plots, and all their wily Arts;  
Say how a fierce Cabal combin'd of late,  
Employ their anxious Thoughts t'embroil the State;  
What angry Pow'r inspires 'em to complain  
In Anna's gentle and propitious Reign.

FACTION, a restless and repining Fiend,  
Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind;  
Off-spring of Chaos, Enemy to Form,  
By whose destructive Arts the World is torn.  
She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,  
And Jove's avenging Thunder to defy;  
She rais'd the Hand that struck the fatal Blow,  
Which martyr'd Jove's Vicegerent here below;  
She still pursues him with relentless Hate,  
Arraigns his Mem'ry, and insults his Fate.  
'Tis she, that wou'd for ev'ry slight Offence  
Depose a true hereditary Prince;  
That would Usurpers for their Treason crown,  
Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong  
down,

And exil'd Monarchs reassert their rightful Throne.

No Constitution in the World can boast  
A Scheme of Laws more rational more just,  
Than England's are; where sov'reign, kingly Sway,  
Is mixt and qualify'd with such Allay,  
That freeborn Subjects willingly obey.  
Nor yet so basely mixt, as that our Kings  
Are only Tools of State, and pow'rless Things.

For



For tho' indeed they can have no Pretence  
 With *fundamental Contracts* to dispense,  
 (For that were Conquest) yet, those Rights maintain'd,  
 Prerogative is high and unrestrain'd,  
 In equal Distance from Extremes we move,  
 No Tyranny nor Commonwealth approve,  
 Nor Tyranny, that savage brutal Pow'r,  
 Which not protects Mankind, but does devour.  
 Nor Commonwealth, a Monster, *Hydra State*,  
 Whose many Heads threaten each other's Fate,  
 And load their Body with unweildy Weight;  
 But a successive Monarchy we own,  
 With all the lawful Sanctions of a Crown.

Such was our old establish'd *English Frame*,  
 Which might have flourish'd Ages yet the same,  
 But for this envious Fiend, who still prepares  
 To sow the Seeds of long intestine Wars.

Near the imperial Palaces remains,  
 Where nothing now but Desolation reigns,  
 (Fatal Prefage of Monarchy's Decline,  
 And Extirpation of the regal Line!)  
 There stands an antique venerable Pile,  
 Whose Lords were once the Glories of our Isle:  
 But now it mourns, that Race of Heros dead,  
 And droops, and hangs its melancholy Head.  
 This Pile (howe'er for better Ends design'd,  
 An Emblem of the noble Founder's Mind)  
 Is *Faction's* Refuge, where she keeps her Court,  
 Where all her darling Votaries resort.  
 Here, when their *glorious Nassau* fell, they met  
 On new Resolves and Measures to debate.

Say then my Muse, their secret Thoughts display,  
 Expose their dark Designs to open Day.

This grand *Cabal* was held at Dead of Night,  
 (For Ghosts and Furies always shun the Light)  
 Despair, and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em dumb,  
 Till \* *Moro* rose (the Master of the Dome)

\* Duke of Somerset.

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A stamm'ring, hot, conceited, laughing Lord;  
 Who prov'd his Want of Sense in ev'ry Word,  
 When hissing thus, his fetter'd Tongue broke loose,  
 ' I take it as an Honour that you've chose  
 ' For this Debate your humble Servant's House.  
 ' The House henceforward shall recorded stand  
 ' As the *Palladium* of the sinking Land,  
 ' And I to future Ages be renown'd  
 ' The *Party's* Bulwark, and the Nation's Mound.  
 ' Now *Naussau*, *Nassau*, the immortal *Naussau's* gone,  
 ' We justly his untimely Herse bemoan.  
 ' O that I could restore his Life again!  
 ' For who can bear a Womans servile Chain?  
 Full of such Stuff, he would have giv'n it Vent,  
 But that black *Ario's* Fierceness did prevent.  
 \* A *Scotch* seditious, unbelieving Priest,  
 The brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feast*,  
 Who first his Patron, then his Prince betray'd,  
 And does that Church, he's sworn to guard, invade,  
 Warm with rebellious Rage, he thus began,  
 ' To talk of calling Life again is vain.  
 ' Peace to the *Glorious* Dead: We justly mourn  
 ' His Ashes, ever sacred be his Urn:  
 ' But here, my Lord, we are together met  
 ' To vow to *Anna's* Sceptre endless Hate.  
 ' For since my Hope of *Winton* is expir'd,  
 ' With just Revenge and Indignation fir'd  
 ' I'll write, and talk, and preach her Title down,  
 ' My thund'ring Voice shall shake her in the Throne;  
 ' Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown.'  
 A Pause ensu'd, till † *Pariarcho's* Grace  
 Was pleas'd to rear his huge unweildy Mass;  
 A Ma's unanimated with a Soul,  
 Or else he'd ne'er be made so vile a Tool;  
 He'd ne'er his Apostolick Charge prophane,  
 And *Atheists* and *Fanatics* Cause maintain;

\* Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Sarum. † Dr. Tennison Archbp. Canterbury.

At

At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,  
 The bulky Primate yawn'd, and Silence broke.  
 ' I much approve my Brother's zealous Heat,  
 ' Such is the noble Ardour of the Great,  
 ' On which Success and Praise will ever wait,  
 ' But I'm untaught in Politician's Schools,  
 ' Unpractis'd in their Arts and studied Rules,  
 ' By which they make the Wisest of us Fools;  
 ' The Task be therefore yours to forge some Plot,  
 ' And I'll be ready with my trusty Vote,  
 ' Nor e'er give your Commands a second Thought.  
 ' Tho' I were mute, you must confess I've stood  
 ' Fixt as a Rock amidst the beating Flood.  
 ' Witness St. *Asaph's* and St. *David's* Cause,  
 ' Where obstinately I transgress'd the Laws,  
 ' And did in either Case Injustice show,  
 ' Here sav'd a Friend, there triumph'd o'er a Foe.  
 Then old *Myserio*\* shook his Silver Hairs,  
 Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years,  
 Whom factious Zeal to fierce *unchristian* Strife  
 Had hurry'd in the last Extream of Life.  
 Strange Dotage! thus to sacrifice his Ease,  
 When Nature whispers Men to crown their Days  
 With sweet Retirement and religious Peace!  
 Foreknowledge struggled in his heaving Breast  
 E'er he in these dark Terms his Fears express.  
 ' The Stars roll adverse, and malignant shine,  
 ' Some dire Portent! some Comet I divine!  
 ' I plainly in the *Revelations* find  
 ' That *Anna* to the *Beast* will be inclin'd.  
 ' Howe'er, though she and all her Senate frown,  
 ' I'll wage eternal War with *Packington*,  
 ' And venture Life and Fame to pull him down,  
 As he went on his Tongue a trembling seiz'd,  
 And all his Pow'r and Utterance suppress'd.  
 So when the *Sibyl* felt th' inspiring God,  
 She raving lost her Voice, and speechless stood.

\* Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester,



Unhappy Church, by such Usurpers sway'd !  
 How is thy primitive Purity decay'd ?  
 How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,  
 When *Laud* or *Sanicroft* fill'd the sacred Chair ?  
*Laud*, tho' with some traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,  
 Whilst *Patriarchs* is despis'd and scorn'd,  
 Shall be by me for ever prais'd, for ever mourn'd.  
*Sanicroft's* unblemish'd Life, divinely pure,  
 In its own heav'nly Innocence secure,  
 The Teeth of Time, the Blasts of Envy, shall endure.

When for th' establish'd Faith they should contend,  
 Meekness and christian Charity pretend ;  
 But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,  
 For *Schism* and *Toleration* they engage ;  
 With strange Delight and Eagerness espouse  
*Occasional Conformists* shameful Cause,  
 Oppress thy Friends, and vindicate thy Foes.  
 Thy guardian Laws to weaken they combine,  
 And tamely thy essential Rights resign ;  
 The ancient Truths with modern Glosses blend,  
 Destroying the Religion they would mend.

So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down ;  
 Such Arts have Christianity o'erthrown :  
 For *Scepticism*, that now triumphant reigns,  
 Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,  
 Where she forlorn, contemn'd, despairing lies,  
 Nor hopes a Refuge, but her native Skies.

But, Muse, proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too  
 long,  
 That would inflame thy satirising Song.

\* *Clodio* with kindling Emulation heard  
 What this Triumvirate of Priests declar'd.

\* *Marquis of Wharton.*

*Clodio,*

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*Clodio*, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,  
 Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Disgrace;  
 Whose working, turbulent, fanatick, Mind  
 No Tenderness can move, no Ties can bind,  
 To gain a *Rake*, he'll drink, and whore, and rant;  
 T'engage a Puritan, will pray and cant,  
 So Satan can in diff'ring Forms appear,  
 Or radiant Light, or gloomy Darkness, wear.  
 Thrice he blasphem'd, and thrice he frantick swore  
 By ev'ry terrible infernal Pow'r,  
 Then wav'd his Staff, and said,  
 'Tho' *Nassau's* Death has all our Measures broke,  
 Yet never will we bend to *Anna's* Yoke.  
 The glorious *Revolution* was in vain  
 If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.  
 Let all be Chaos, and Confusion all,  
 E'er that damn'd Form of Government prevail.  
 O had he liv'd to perfect his Design,  
 We ne'er had been subjected to her Reign,  
 But rooted out the *Stuart's* hated Line  
 Howe'er, since Fate has otherwise decreed,  
 We may on his unfinish'd Scheme proceed;  
 We may 'gainst Pow'r repos'd in one inveigh,  
 And call all Monarchy tyrannick Sway;  
 We may the Praises of the *Dutch* advance,  
 Rail at the arbitrary Rule of *France*,  
 Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria's* Flood,  
 Which for ten rolling Centuries has stood,  
 Argue how th' *Roman* and *Athenian* State  
 Were only when Republicks truly great;  
 'Tis easy the unreas'ning Mob to guide,  
 For they are always on the factious Side.  
 This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Resort  
 To manage and cajole *Sephia's* Court.  
 To land alone for such a Work is fit,  
 In all the Arts of Villany compleat.  
 The *Scotch*, a rough, revolting, stubborn, Kind,  
 Have long at *England's* growing Pow'r repin'd.  
Nor

' Nor need we with unnecessary Care  
 ' Endeavour to foment Rebellion there ;  
 ' For scarce our *Nassau's* empire they endur'd,  
 ' Tho' he their ancient Liberties restor'd,  
 ' And murm'ring now they ask a foreign Lord.  
 ' But (Health suppos'd) to \* *Ireland* I'll repair,  
 ' And right or wrong usurp the Commons Chair ;  
 ' That Point once gain'd, we'll soon secure our Cause,  
 ' Soon undermine our hot-brain'd tow'ring Foes.  
 ' At least I'll substitute some WEALTHY FRIEND,  
 ' Who shall with Heat and Arrogance contend  
 ' To thwart the Court in ev'ry just Command.  
 So *Cataline* the Fate of *Rome* design'd,  
 And when he'd form'd the Scheme within his Mind,  
 In such a warm Harangue his Friends address'd,  
 And open'd all the Secret of his Breast.  
 ' This hit † *Sigillo's* Thoughts, and made him cool,  
 ' Tho' just before he scarcely could controul  
 ' The stormy Passion swelling in his Soul ;  
 His restless Soul that rends his sickly Frame,  
 Worn with a pois'nous and corroding Flame.  
 An unjust Judge, and Blemish of the Mace,  
 Witness the *Bankers* long-depending Case,  
 A shallow Statesman, tho' of mighty Fame,  
 For who can e'er that curst *Partition* name  
 But to his foul Disgrace and to his Shame ?  
 Besides, in spite of all his loud Defence,  
 He shew'd a Want of Honesty or Sense,  
 In passing ev'ry plund'ring Courtier's *Grants*.  
 He is (for Satire dares the Truth declare)  
 Deist, Republican, Adulterer.  
 Thus his lov'd *Clodio* for his Speech he prais'd,  
 And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.  
 ' There spoke the guardian Genius of our Cause,  
 ' Whose ev'ry Word deserves divine Applause.

\* This Project was once talked of, † *Somers*.



' Not e'en *Cethego's*\* self could form a Plot  
 ' More nicely spun, more exquisitely wrought;  
 ' Tho' he, to his immortal envy'd Fame,  
 ' The Glory of the Revolution claim.  
 ' 'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit  
 ' Did *James* and all his *Jesuit* Train defeat,  
 ' He knew Reveal'd Religion was a Jest,  
 ' Impos'd upon the World by some designing Priest;  
 ' Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols bow'd,  
 ' Prevaricating with his King, his God,  
 ' A *Prateur*, ever acting in Disguise,  
 ' A finish'd Statesman, intricately wise;  
 ' A second *Machiavel*, who soar'd above  
 ' The little Ties of Gratitude and Love;  
 ' Whose harden'd Conscience never felt Remorse;  
 ' Reflection is the puny Sinner's Curse.  
 ' But why should I *Cethego's* Praise pursue,  
 ' When all his Virtues, *Clodio*, shine in you?  
 ' You can another Revolution frame,  
 ' The same your Principle, your Skill the same,  
 ' Whilst then the wav'ring *Irish* are your Care,  
 ' Believe we'll use our utmost Efforts here,  
 ' Nor Time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money,  
 ' Spare.  
 ' *Cethego* † in your Absence shall preside  
 ' O'er our Debates, and ev'ry Consult guide;  
 ' Like the supreme directing Hand of *Jove*  
 ' Shall act unseen, and all around him move.  
 ' I as the Moderator of the Laws,  
 ' Will find a Way to sanctify our Cause;  
 ' Will prove in *Passive Jacobites* Despire,  
 ' Rebellion is a Freeborn Peoples Right.  
 ' Then as we take our Circuits thro' the Land,  
 ' We'll mould the Stern Freeholders to our Hand,  
 ' Awe their Elections, and their Votes command.

† The Person here represented was living at the Time of this  
 Cabal, old *Sunderland*. † Young *underland*,

' When with our faithful City Friends we dine  
 ' We'll mingle Treason with the flowing Wine :  
 ' We'll plant in ev'ry Coffeehouse a Spy  
 ' That boldly shall the Ministry decry :  
 ' Shall praise the past, the present Reign condemn,  
 ' And all their Measures, all their Councils, blame :  
 ' Shall spread a Thousand idle, groundless, Tales  
 ' Of foreign Gold, the Pope, and Prince of *Wales* ;  
 ' Shall never fail Objections still to raise,  
 ' (Whatever is transacted with Success) }  
 ' And turn their greatest Honour to Disgrace.  
 ' This Chymick Art, perverting Nature's Law,  
 ' From sweetest Things will rankest Poisons draw.'

*Narcisso* \* next, magnificently gay,  
 Smil'd his Assent, but not a Word would say ;  
 He fear'd to strain his Voice by talking loud,  
 Nor was his Quail-pipe made for such a Crowd.  
 A batter'd Beau, yet youthful in Decay,  
 Who dresses, whores, and games his Time away.  
 Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice  
 With all that Wealth, profusely spent, supplies.  
 And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim  
 An injur'd Patriot's meritorious Name.  
 Then squeal'd *Orlando* †, but his furious Heat  
 Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,  
 Nor will we here the blust'ring Speech repeat. }  
 A Bully Lord, whose wild, mad Looks proclaim  
 His Bosom warm'd with more than Hero's Flame.  
 Fighting and Railing are his chief Delight,  
 Promiscuously opposing Wrong and Right.  
 Whate'er he does is always in Extreams,  
 Sometimes the *Whig*, sometimes the *Tory*, damns.  
 His various Temper and impetuous Mind  
 To ev'ry Party is by Starts inclin'd.  
 He never was, nor e'er will be content  
 With any Prince, with any Government.

\* Duke of Devonshire.

† Earl of Peterborough.

Last rose *Bathillo* \* deck'd with borrow'd Bays,  
 Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays.  
 A gay, pragmatical, pretending Tool,  
 Opinionatively wise, and pertly dull.  
 A Demy-Statesman, talkative and loud,  
 Hot without Courage, without Merit proud,  
 A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd. }  
 With dapper Gesture, but with haughty Look,  
 His lew'd Associates vainly he bespoke.  
 ' Do you perform the Politician's Part,  
 ' I'll bring th' Assistance of the Muses Art;  
 ' The Poet-Tribe are all at my Devoir,  
 ' And write as I command, as I inspire.  
 ' Congreve for me *Pastora*'s Death did mourn,  
 ' And her white Name with sable Verse adorn.  
 ' Row too is mine, and of the *Whiggish* Train, }  
 ' 'Twas he that sung immortal *Tamerlane*,  
 ' Tho' now he dwindles to an † humbler Strain.  
 ' I help'd to polish *Garth*'s rough, awkward Lays,  
 ' Taught him in tuneful Lines to sound our Party's  
     Praise.  
 ' *Walsh* Votes with us, who, tho' he never writ,  
 ' Yet passes for a Critick and a Wit.  
 ' *Van*'s bawdy, plotless Plays were once our Boast,  
 ' But now the Poet's in the Builder lost.  
 ' On *Addison* we safely may depend,  
 ' A Pension never fails to gain a Friend.  
 ' Thro' *Alpine Hills* he shall my Name resound,  
 ' And make his Patron known in *Classick Ground*.  
 ' These pay the Tribute to my Merit due,  
 ' Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecænas* too.  
 ' Princes but sit unsettled on their Trones,  
 ' Unless supported by *Apollo*'s Sons.  
 ' *Augustus* had the *Mantuan* and *Venusian* Muse,  
 ' And happier *Nassau* had his *Mountagues*.

\* *Hallifax*.

† The Fair Penitent.



' But *Anna*, that ill-fated Tory Queen,  
' Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet's Pen.'

*Triton* \*, who, like the vast *Leviathan*,  
Long wallow'd in the Treasures of the Main,  
Was all Attention, and suspended hung,  
For ev'ry rebel Heart has not a Tongue.  
Besides, there stood a numerous Train of Peers,  
Below the Notice of recording Verse,  
Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B——s, and Cits,  
Toasters, Kit-Kats, Divines, Buffoons, and Wits;  
Compos'd the Medly Crew; but I forbear  
To give 'em any Place or Mention here;  
For since the Muse would blush to paint their Crimes,  
Let Decency restrain th' invective Rhimes;

When thus their Chiefs had spoke, thro' all the  
Throng,  
Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung.  
Not ancient *Demagogues* with more Applause  
Asserted and espous'd the Rabble's Cause.

Now the Assembly to adjourn prepar'd,  
When *Bibliopo* † from behind appear'd,  
As well describ'd by th' old satirick Bard;  
With leering Looks, Bull-fac'd, and freckled Fair,  
With two left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair,  
With frowzy Pores that taint the ambient Air.  
Sweating and puffing for a while he stood,  
And then broke forth in this insulting Mood.  
' I am the Touchstone of all modern Wit;  
' Without my Stamp in vain your Poets write.  
' Those only purchase everliving Fame  
' That in my Miscellany plant their Name.

\* *Orford*.

† *Jacob Tonson*.

' Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid  
 ' Because I follow a mechanic Trade,  
 ' I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours }  
     spread.  
 ' I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Cat* †,  
 ' A Club that gave Direction to the State;  
 ' 'Twas there we first instructed all our Youth  
 ' To talk profane, and laugh at sacred Truth.  
 ' We taught them how to toast, and rhyme and bite,  
 ' To sleep away the Day, and drink away the Night.  
 Some this fantastick Speech approv'd, some sneer'd,  
 The Wight grew cholerick, and disappear'd.

Mean time the Fury smil'd, who all this while  
 Sat hov'ring on the Summit of the Pile.  
 A secret and exulting Joy she finds  
 To see her Influence brooding on their Minds;  
 And the bare Prospect of such noble Ills  
 Her Thoughts with rapt'rous Speculations fills.  
 Then She—

' With what Delight do I my Sons behold  
 ' So resolutely brave, so fiercely bold?  
 ' Sure nothing can resist their boundless Course,  
 ' Nothing subdue their well-united Force,  
 ' *Volpone* \*, who will solely now command  
 ' The publick Purse, and Treasure of the Land,  
 ' Wants Constancy and Courage to oppose  
 ' A Band of such exasperated Foes.  
 ' For how should he that moves by Craft and Fear,  
 ' Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?  
 ' What did he e'er in all his Life perform,  
 ' But shrink at the Approach of ev'ry Storm?

† In a Poem called the *Kit-Cat*, published in 1708, *Jacob Tenson*  
 is addressed as the Founder of this celebrated Club, which owed its  
 Name to a famous Pastry-Cook, *Kit Cat*, of whose Pies the Club  
 was said to be very fond.

And *Kit Cat* Wits first sprung from *Kit Cat's Pies*.

\* Lord *Gedolphin*.

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' But when the tott'ring Church his Aid requir'd,  
 ' With *Moderation Principles* inspir'd,  
 ' Forsook his Friends, and decently retir'd,  
 ' Nor has he any real just Pretence  
 ' To that vast Depth of Politicks and Sense.  
 ' For where's the Depth, when publick Credit's high,  
 ' To manage an o'erflowing Treasury?  
 ' Or where the Sense to know the Tricks of Game,  
 ' Since S——ms, Sir Ja——, and H——ll——way  
     may claim  
 ' A Knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame;  
 ' I fear the Man who dares the Truth assert,  
 ' Who never plays the double-dealing Part;  
 ' The Patriot's Soul disdains the Trimmer's Art.  
 ' Such *Celsus* † is; but I foresee his Fate  
 ' To be supplanted by *Sempronia's* Hate.  
 ' (*Sempronia* of a lewd *procuring* Race,  
 ' The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Disgrace.)  
 ' 'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain;  
 ' For Hell would then employ her Fiend in vain.  
 ' He never knew to prostitute the State,  
 ' Never by being guilty to be great.  
 ' Nor yet when publick Storms came rolling on,  
 ' Did he, or Danger, or his Duty shun.  
 ' *Rome's* subtle Priests with Sophistry essay'd,  
 ' With Wealth and Honour in the Ballance laid,  
 ' To shock his Faith; but nothing could controul  
 ' The firm Resolves of his unbias'd Soul,  
 ' True to his Conscience as the Needle to his Pole.  
 ' Ally'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,  
 ' He nobly makes his Country's Cause his own;  
 ' Whilst others keep their Int'rest still in View,  
 ' And meaner Spirits meaner Ends pursue.  
 ' So the fixt Stars harmoniously comply  
 ' With the *first publick Motion* of the Sky,  
 ' Whilst wandring Planets oppositely move  
 ' Within the narrow Orbs of *private Love*.



# FACTION DISPLAYED. 263

She stopp'd— for now her Anger 'gan to rise,  
Flush'd in her Cheeks, and sparkled in her Eyes.  
And well it might a Fury's Passion raise,  
That she was forc'd the Worth she hates to praise.

The Dawn dispers'd the Crow'd, she took her Flight  
To the low Regions of eternal Night.

O *England*, how revolving is thy State!  
How few thy Blessings? How severe thy Fate?  
O destin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd  
By those whose Duty 'tis to serve and aid!  
A griping, vile, degen'rate, Viper-Brood  
That tear thy Vitals, and exhaust thy Blood.  
A varying Kind that no fixt Rule pursue,  
But often form their Principles anew;  
Unknowing where to lodge supreme Command,  
Or in the King, or Peers, or People's Hand.  
One while the People's Sov'reignty they own,  
To vex and load a peaceful Monarch's Crown;  
Who to his Subjects, when at length restor'd,  
Without Distinction was their common Lord.  
What Party else to *David's* happy Throne  
Would have preferr'd a giddy *Absalon*?  
But when a King is moulded to their Mind,  
Then they to him would have all Sway confin'd;  
Nor in their own despotick boundless Reign  
Of injur'd Rights and *Property* complain.  
Nay, with a *Standing Force* thy Sons wou'd awe  
The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrant's Law.  
But if nor King nor Commons will comply  
With their detested Acts of Villany,  
They strive the Peers declining Pow'r to raise,  
And get *Impeachments* voted into Praise.  
Blest Patriots these, who Liberty employ  
T'elude thy Laws, and Liberty destroy!

Where is the noble *Roman* Spirit fled,  
Which once inspir'd thy ancient Patriots dead?

Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd  
 When bravely for the publick Weal they dy'd:  
 Who spread, like branching Oaks, their Arms around,  
 To shelter and protect the Parent Ground;  
 Tho' Storms of Thunder rattled o'er their Head,  
 Yet all was safe beneath their Guardian Shade:  
 Or sure Historians on our Faith impose,  
 And never such a Race of Men arose;  
 Or nodding Nature to a Period draws;  
 Or Providence, incens'd by guilty Times,  
 Withholds his Grace, and dooms us to our Crimes.

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,  
 Will sooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief)  
 If my condoling, mournful, Muse presume  
 To visit thy *Marcellus'* sacred Tomb;  
 For his Hereditary Gifts alone  
 Could have retriev'd thy Fame, and carried down  
 The glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun.  
 O may thy Angel guard Her royal Mind,  
 That *Fav'rites* not seduce, nor *Trimmers* blind.  
 For 'tis on Her thy Church and Sate depend,  
 With Her will flourish, and with Her will end.  
 But my shock'd Thoughts the sad Idea shun,  
 (The sad Idea gives eternal Moan)  
 When she shall late, but ah! too soon comply  
 With Nature to adorn her kindred Sky.  
 For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?  
 Who represent the Mother, but the Son?  
 O! had the Power that governs human Fate  
 His Years extended to a longer Date,  
 To what Transcendence had his Genius sprung,  
 Which was so ripe, so perfect, yet so young!  
 But when fresh-blooming Youth seem'd to proclaim  
 The lasting Structure of his beauteous Frame,  
 When Health and Vigour with a kind Presage  
 Promis'd the hoary Happiness of Age,

Then

# FACTION DISPLAYED. 265

Then with a momentary swift Decay  
Thy Pride, thy darling Hope, was snatch'd away.  
So by the Course of the revolving Spheres,  
Whene'er a new-discover'd Star appears,  
Astronomers with Pleasure and Amaze  
Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.  
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence  
Some blest, some more than common Influence;  
But suddenly, alas! the fleeting Light  
Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endless Night.



FACTORY ( 266 )  
THE  
T E A R S O F G E N I U S .  
A N O D E ,  
T O T H E  
M E M O R Y O F M R . G R A Y .  
*Jane Timbony*  
( By J. T——. )

O N CHAM's fair Banks, where *Learning's* hal-  
low'd Fane  
Majestic rises on th'astonish'd Sight,  
Where oft the Muse has led the favourite Swain,  
And warm'd his Soul with Heav'n's inspiring Light,

Beneath the Covert of the Sylvan Shade,  
Where deadly Cypress, mix'd with mournful Yew,  
Far o'er the Vale a gloomy Stillness spread,  
Celestial GENIUS burst upon the View.

The Bloom of Youth, the Majesty of Years,  
The soften'd Aspect, innocent and kind,  
The Sigh of Sorrow, and the streaming Tears,  
Resistless all, their various Pow'r combin'd.

In her fair Hand a silver Harp she bore,  
Who's magic Notes, soft-warbling from the String,  
Give tranquil Joys the Breast ne'er knew before,  
Or raise the Soul on Rapture's airy Wing.  
By Grief impell'd, I heard her heave a Sigh,  
While thus the rapid Strain resounded thro' the Sky,

Haste ye Sister Powers of Song,  
 Hasten from the shady Grove,  
 Where the River rolls along,  
 Sweetly to the Voice of Love.

Where, indulging mirthful Pleasures,  
 Light you press the flow'ry Green,  
 And from *Flora's* blooming Treasures,  
 Cull the Wreath for Fancy's Queen:

Where your gently-flowing Numbers,  
 Floating on the fragrant Breeze,  
 Sink the Soul in pleasing Slumbers,  
 On the downy Bed of Ease.

For graver Strains prepare the plaintive Lyre,  
 That wakes the softest Feelings of the Soul,  
 Let lonely Grief the melting Verse inspire,  
 Let deep'ning Sorrow's solemn Accents roll.

Rack'd by the Hand of rude Disease,  
 Behold our favorite Poet lies,  
 While every Object form'd to please,  
 Far from his Couch, ungrateful flies.

The blissful Muse, whose favouring Smile,  
 So lately warm'd his peaceful Breast,  
 Diffusing heavenly Joys the while,  
 In Transport's radiant Garments drest,  
 With darksome Grandeur and enfeebl'd Blaze,  
 Sinks in the Shades of Night, and shuns his eager Gaze.

The gaudy Train, who wait on SPRING \*,  
 Ting'd with the Pomp of vernal Pride,  
 The Youth who mount on Pleasure's Wing †,  
 And idly sport on THAMES's Side,

\* Ode on SPRING. † Ode on the Prospect of ETON COLLEGE.  
 With

268      **TEARS OF GENIUS.**

With cool Regard their various Arts employ,  
Nor rouse the drooping Mind, nor give the Pause of Joy.

Ha! what Forms with Port sublime  
Glide along in sullen Mood,  
Scorning all the Threats of Time,  
High above Misfortune's Flood.

They seize their Harps, they strike the Lyre,  
With rapid Hand, with Freedom's Fire.  
Obedient Nature hears the lofty Sound,  
And SNOWDON's airy Cliffs the heavenly Strains re-  
found,

In Pomp of State, behold they wait,  
With Arms outstretch'd, and Aspects kind,  
To snatch on high to yonder Sky,  
The Child of Fancy left behind:  
Forgot the Woes of CAMBRIA's fatal Day,  
By Rapture's Blaze impell'd, they swell the aimless Lay.

But ah in vain they strive to sooth,  
With gentle Arts, the tort'ring Hour,  
ADVERSITY, \* with rankling Tooth,  
Her baleful Gifts profusely pours.  
Behold she comes, the Fiend forlorn,  
Array'd in Horror's settled Gloom,  
She strews the Briar and prickly Thorn,  
And triumphs in th' infernal Doom:  
With frantic Fury and insatiate Rage,  
She gnaws the throbbing Breast, and blasts the glow-  
ing Page.

† BARD, an Ode.      \* Hymn to ADVERSITY.



No more the soft EOLIAN Flute †;  
Breaths through the Heart the melting Strain,  
The Powers of Harmony are mute,  
And leave the once-delightful Plain;  
With heavy Wing I see them beat the Air,  
Damp'd by the leaden Hand of comfortless Despair.

Yet stay, O! stay celestial Pow'rs,  
And with a Hand of kind Regard,  
Dispel the boist'rous Storm that lours  
Destructive on the fav'rite Bard;  
O watch with me his last expiring Breath,  
And snatch him from the Arms of dark oblivious Death.

Hark the FATAL SISTERS join §,  
And with Horror's mutt'ring Sounds,  
Weave the Tissue of his Line,  
While the dreadful Spell resounds.

"Hail ye Midnight Sisters, hail,  
"Drive the Shuttle swift along,  
"Let our secret Charms prevail,  
"O'er the Valiant and the Strong."

"O'er the Glory of the Land,  
"O'er the Innocent and Gay,  
"O'er the Muses tuneful Band,  
Weave the fun'ral Web of GRAY."

'Tis done, 'tis done—the iron Hand of Pain,  
With ruthless Fury and corrosive Force,  
Racks every Joint, and seizes every Vein,  
He sinks, he groans, he falls a lifeless Corse.

† The PROGRESS of POETRY. § The FATAL SISTERS,  
an Ode.

270      TEARS OF GENIUS.

Thus fades the Flow'r, nip'd by the frozen Gale,  
 Tho' once so sweet, so lovely to the Eye;  
 Thus the tall Oaks, when boist'rous Storms assail,  
 Torn from the Earth, a mighty Ruin lie.

Ye sacred Sisters of the plaintive Verse,  
 Now let the Stream of fond Affection flow,  
 O pay your Tribute o'er the slow-drawn Hearse,  
 With all the manly Dignity of Woe.

Oft when the Curfew tolls its parting Knell,  
 With solemn Pause yon CHURCH-YARD's Gloom  
 survey,  
 While Sorrow's sighs, and Tears of Pity tell,  
 How just the Moral of the Poet's Lay †.

O'er his green Grave, in Contemplation's Guise,  
 Oft let the Pilgrim drop a silent Tear,  
 Oft let the Shepherd's tender Accents rise,  
 Big with the Sweets of each revolving Year,  
 Till prostrate Time adore his deathless Name,  
 Fix'd on the solid Base of Adamantine Fame.

† Elegy in a Country CHURCH-YARD.

ODE

O D E

T O

S I M P L I C I T Y.

(By the same.)

**S**IMPLICITY! thou lovely Fair,  
To thee the Muse devotes her Song,  
To thee directs her ardent Pray'r,  
For thee she leaves the civic Throng,  
Who vainly chase the baseless Joys,  
Which every empty Breeze destroys.

To gain the Courtier's faithless Smile,  
Amid the Glare of Courts to shine,  
Let giddy Mortals idly toil,  
I'll seek thy calm sequester'd Shrine:  
Where Health, Content, and Peace unite,  
To give the Soul supreme Delight.

How sweet, fair Nymph, with Thee to dwell !  
Where vernal Beauties cloath the Field,  
How sweet to view thy rugged Cell,  
Beneath the moss-grown Rock conceal'd ;  
Where Contemplation's powerful Beam,  
To Fancy gives the vagrant Dream.

How



272 ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

How sweet with *Innocence* to rove!

Amid thy soft bewitching Throng!

Who tread the pleasing Paths of Love,

And often raise the rural Song,

Which sooths the fondly-listening Ear,

And melts the Souls of those who hear.

Haste then, dear Nymph, with Brow serene,

Conduct me to thy Sylvan Seat,

Haste, lead me to the peaceful Scene,

Where thou hast fix'd thy blest Retreat,

And there with fond Regard I'll pay

The Tribute of a rustic Lay.

Beneath yon Shade, beyond yon Thorn,

Where Nature's Songsters raise the Strain,

With Thee I'll pass the cheerful Morn,

Remote from Sorrow, Grief, and Pain,

Save when the sadly-plaintive Note

Bursts from sweet *Philomela's* Throat.

Oft on yon blooming Bed of Flow'rs,

Whose balmy Fragrance scents the Gale,

With thee I'll pass the Noon-tide Hours,

Intent to hear the Shepherd's Tale,

Which flows from thy exhaustless Store,

Diffusing Joys unknown before.

Oft when the Shades of Evening fall,

And *Cynthia* shines with doubtful Light,

On Thee delightful Nymph I'll call,

To show the Rock's stupendous Height,

Where all thy Beauties strike the Eye,

With Grandeur, Pomp, and Majesty.

And

And to these Valleys oft I'll rove,  
 Where *Midnight* Fairies join the Ring,  
 Led on by Freedom, Mirth, and Love,  
 Inspir'd by Fancy when they sing;  
 And there from Pride, from Envy free,  
 I'll dedicate myself to thee.

O D E

T O

S Y M P A T H Y.

(By the same.)

**H**AIL ye SYMPATHETIC Pleasures,  
Soft Deluders of the Mind,  
Your's are *Fancy's* glowing Measures,  
Your's are *Virtue's* Joys refin'd.

Your's are *Pity's* kindred Sorrows,  
Your's are *Mercy's* chearing Smiles,  
Your's the Form which *Transport* borrows,  
Where no selfish Blifs beguiles.

Haste ye pleasing Powers, and banish  
From my Breast each partial Care,  
Let th' unsocial Purpose vanish,  
In the boundless Fields of Air.

Give



Give my Soul each raptur'd Feeling,  
Which thy generous Joys bestow,  
And when Sorrow's Tears are stealing,  
Touch my Heart with manly Woe.

Then thro' Life, without repining,  
In an even Course I'll stray,  
Till with hoary Age declining,  
Death proclaims his destin'd Prey.

## SYMPATHETIC BLISS.

(By the AUTHOR of *The Cave of MORAR.*)

**W**HEN barmly Zephyr's gentle Breeze,  
 Proclaim'd the welcome Spring,  
 When blooming Verdure cloath'd the Trees,  
 And Birds began to sing,

Charm'd with the Scene, in mute Surprise  
 The young PASTORA stray'd,  
 Till tender Looks and broken Sighs,  
 The *feeling* Breast display'd.

' Hail, hail,' she cry'd, ' ye blisful Pow'rs,  
 ' Of SYMPATHETIC Joy,  
 ' 'Tis your's to fill the fleeting Hours  
 ' With Sweets that ne'er can cloy.

' In this Retreat with you I'll dwell,  
 ' Remote from mortal Care,  
 ' Content shall guard the humble Cell,  
 ' And Health the Feast prepare.

' Oft as the happy rural Throng,  
 ' With frolic Freedom gay,  
 ' To Mirth devote the artless Song,  
 ' I'll join the sprightly Lay.

' When

- ' When pale Distress, with fault'ring Voice,  
' Demands the friendly Tear,
- ' In blissful Pity's native Guise,  
' Her drooping Heart I'll chear.
- ' Nor shall my Breast defy the Flame,  
' That speaks the Power of Love,
- ' For oft with DAMON's favourite Name,  
' I'll charm the listening Grove.'

She ceas'd the Strain—Swift from the Shade  
The happy DAMON flew,  
With eager Arms he press'd the Maid  
So gentle, kind, and true.

To quell the Rage of Love's Alarms,  
He slyly snatch'd a Kiss—  
She blush'd, and own'd she felt the Charms  
Of SYMPATHETIC BLISS,



## O D E

## TO THE

## L A R K.

(By the AUTHOR of *The Cave of MORAR*.)

**S**weetest Warbler of the Wood,  
 Raise thy soft bewitching Strain,  
 And in Pleasure's sprightly Mood,  
 Free from Sorrow free from Pain ;  
 Thro' thy airy Mansions stray,  
 Full of Sport and full of Play.

When the Sun's returning Beam,  
 Darts propitious from the East,  
 Dimpling every limpid Stream,  
 Gilding Nature's flowery vest,  
 Thro' the Calm protecting Grove,  
 Chaunt the welcome Songs of Love.

When the Evening's Clouds prevail,  
 And the chearing Sun retires,  
 When the Shadows mark the Dale,  
 And the Beam forsakes the Spires,  
 Highly mounting from our View,  
 Give him still the last Adieu.

As

As you skim the verdant Lawn,  
 Let the youthful Virgin Band,  
 Early as the Morning's Dawn,  
 Tripping light with Aspects bland,  
 Guided by thy artless Note,  
 Thro' the graceful Measure float.

Thus on Freedom's easy Wing,  
 Let the Muse, with raptur'd Song,  
 Hail the first Approach of Spring,  
 And the grateful Strain prolong,  
 Till surly Winter's harsh Decree,  
 Restrain her Verse, and banish thee.

## S I M P L I C I T Y.

## A P A S T O R A L.

(By the AUTHOR of *The Cave of MORARI*.)

**Y**ES here in the Sylvan Retreat,  
Where INNOCENCE carelessly strays,  
SIMPLICITY fixes her Seat,  
And numberless Beauties displays.

How sweet are the Nymphs in her Train,  
While Modesty leads them along,  
How pleasing the Notes of the Swain  
Who warbles her elegant Song.

The Arbours that wave in the Gale,  
The Warblers that sing on the Boughs,  
The Flow'rets that bloom on the Dale,  
The Stream that enchantingly flows,

The Grotto's impervious Glooms,  
Where thick-throbbing Terror alarms,  
The Rock where the Jessamine blooms,  
Acquire from her Bounty their Charms.

Her Manner is soft and refin'd,  
She's free from affected Disguise,  
She's gentle, she's friendly, she's kind,  
And Sympathy beams in her Eyes ;

She's



SIMPLICITY. A PASTORAL. 281

She's deck'd in the Garments of Ease,  
She smiles with an innocent Air,  
With Sweetness that always must please,  
With Softness becoming the Fair.

Would CHLORIS more lovely appear,  
And Beauty's bright Graces improve,  
These magical Robes let her wear,  
And yield to the Impulse of Love.

Would DAMON to Glory aspire;  
And swell, with true Ardor, the Strain,  
Simplicity's Charms must inspire,  
And soften the Breast of the Swain.

## P R E F A C E

(by *Michael Johnson,*)

T O A

## DICTIONARY OF COMMERCE,

by *Mr. Rolt.*

**N**O Expectation is more fallacious than that which Authors form of the Reception which their Labours will find among Mankind. Scarcely any Man publishes a Book, whatever it be, without believing that he has caught the Moment when the publick Attention is vacant to his Call, and the World is disposed in a particular Manner to learn the Art which he undertakes to teach.

The Writers of this Volume are not so far exempt from epidemical Prejudices, but that they likewise please themselves with imagining, that they have reserved their Labours to a propitious Conjunction, and that this is the proper Time for the Publication of a DICTIONARY OF COMMERCE.

The Predictions of an Author are very far from Infallibility; but in Justification of some Degree of Confidence it may be properly observed, that there was never from the earliest Ages a time in which Trade so much engaged the Attention of Mankind, or commercial Gain was sought with such general Emulation. Nations which have hitherto cultivated no Art but that of War, nor conceived any Means of encreasing Riches but by Plunder, are awakened to more inoffensive Industry. Those whom the Possession of subterraneous Treasures have long disposed to accommodate themselves by foreign Industry, are

at

at last convinced that Idleness never will be rich. The Merchant is now invited to every Port, Manufactures are established in all Cities, and Princes, who just can view the Sea from some single Corner of their Dominions, are enlarging Harbours, erecting mercantile Companies, and preparing to traffick in the remotest Countries.

Nor is the Form of this Work less popular than the Subject. It has lately been the Practice of the Learned to range Knowledge by the Alphabet, and publish Dictionaries of every Kind of Literature. This Practice has perhaps been carried too far by the Force of Fashion. Sciences, in themselves systematical and coherent, are not very properly broken into such fortuitous Distributions. A Dictionary of Arithmetick or Geometry can serve only to confound. But Commerce, considered in its whole Extent, seems to refuse any other Method of Arrangement, as it comprises innumerable Particulars unconnected with each other, among which there is no Reason why any should be first or last, better than is furnished by the Letters that compose their Names.

We cannot indeed boast ourselves the Inventors of a Scheme so commodious and comprehensive. The *French*, among innumerable Projects for the Promotion of Traffick, have taken care to supply their Merchants with a *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, collected with great Industry and Exactness, but too large for common Use, and adapted to their own Trade. This Book, as well as others, has been carefully consulted, that our Merchants may not be ignorant of any thing known by their Enemies or Rivals.

Such indeed is the Extent of our Undertaking, that it was necessary to solicit every Information, to consult the Living and the Dead. The great Qualification of him that attempts a Work thus general, is Diligence of Enquiry. No Man has Opportunity



or Ability to acquaint himself with all the Subjects of a Commercial Dictionary, so as to describe from his own Knowledge, or assert on his own Experience. He must therefore often depend upon the Veracity of others, as every Man depends in common Life, and have no other Skill to boast than that of selecting judiciously, and arranging properly.

But to him who considers the Extent of our Subject, limited only by the Bounds of Nature and of Art, the Task of Selection and Method will appear sufficient to overburthen Industry and distract Attention. Many Branches of Commerce are subdivided into smaller and smaller Parts, till at last they become so minute as not easily to be noted by Observation. Many Interests are so woven among each other as not to be disentangled without long Enquiry; many Arts are industriously kept secret, and many Practices necessary to be known are carried on in Parts too remote for Intelligence.

But the Knowledge of Trade is of so much Importance to a Maritime Nation, that no Labour can be thought great by which Information may be obtained; and therefore we hope the Reader will not have Reason to complain, that, of what he might justly expect to find, any thing is omitted.

To give a Detail or Analysis of our Work is very difficult; a Volume intended to contain whatever is requisite to be known by every Trader, necessarily becomes so miscellaneous and unconnected as not to be easily reducible to Heads; yet, since we pretend in some Measure to treat of Traffick as a Science, and to make that regular and systematical which has hitherto been to a great Degree fortuitous and conjectural, and has often succeeded by Chance rather than by Conduct, it will be proper to shew that a Distribution of Parts has been attempted, which, though rude and inadequate, will at least preserve some

some Order, and enable the Mind to take a methodical and successive View of this Design.

In the Dictionary which we here offer to the Publick we propose to exhibit the *Materials*, the *Places*, and the *Means* of Traffick.

The Materials or Subjects of Traffick are *whatever is bought and sold*, and include therefore every Manufacture of Art, and almost every Production of Nature.

In giving an Account of the Commodities of Nature, whether those which are to be used in their original State, as Drugs and Spices, or those which become useful when they receive a new Form from Human Art, as Flax, Cotton, and Metals, we shall shew the Places of their Production, the Manner in which they grow, the Art of cultivating or collecting them, their Discriminations and Varieties, by which the best Sorts are known from the worse, and genuine from fictitious, the Arts by which they are counterfeited, the Casualties by which they are impaired, and the Practices by which the Damage is palliated or concealed. We shall likewise shew their Virtues and Uses, and trace them through all the Changes which they undergo.

The History of Manufactures is likewise delivered. Of every artificial Commodity the Manner in which it is made is in some measure described, though it must be remembered, that manual Operations are scarce to be conveyed by any Words to him that has not seen them. Some general Notions may however be afforded; it is easy to comprehend, that Plates of Iron are formed by the Pressure of Rollers, and Bars by the Strokes of a Hammer, that a Cannon is cast, and that an Anvil is forged. But as it is to most Traders of more Use to know when their Goods are well wrought, than by what Means, Care has been taken to name the Places where every Ma-  
nu-

nufacture has been carried furthest, and the Marks by which its Excellency may be ascertained.

By the *Places of Trade* are understood all Ports, Cities, or Towns where Staples are established, Manufactures are wrought, or any Commodities are bought and sold advantageously. This Part of our Work includes an Enumeration of almost all the remarkable Places in the World, with such an Account of their Situation, Customs, and Products, as the Merchant would require, who, being to begin a new Trade in any foreign Country, was yet ignorant of the Commodities of the Place, and the Manners of the Inhabitants.

But the chief Attention of the Merchant, and consequently of the Author who writes for Merchants, ought to be employed upon the *Means* of Trade, which include all the Knowledge and Practice necessary to the skilful and successful Conduct of Commerce.

The first of the *Means* of Trade is proper Education, which may confer a competent Skill in Numbers; to be afterwards completed in the Counting-house, by Observation of the Manner of stating Accounts, and regulating Books, which is one of the few Arts which, having been studied in proportion to its Importance, is carried as far as Use can require. The Counting-house of an accomplished Merchant is a School of Method, where the great Science may be learned of ranging Particulars under Generals, of bringing the different Parts of a Transaction together, and of shewing at one View a long Series of Dealing and Exchange. Let no Man venture into large Business while he is ignorant of the Method of regulating Books; never let him imagine that any Degree of natural Abilities will enable him to supply this Deficiency, or preserve Multiplicity of Affairs from inextricable Confusion.

This



This is the Study, without which all other Studies will be of little Avail; but this alone is not sufficient. It will be necessary to learn many other Things, which however may be easily included in the preparatory Institutions; such as, an exact Knowledge of the *Weights* and *Measures* of different Countries, and some Skill in Geography and Navigation, with which this Book may perhaps sufficiently supply him.

In Navigation, considered as Part of the Skill of a Merchant, is included not so much the Art of steering a Ship, as the Knowledge of the Sea-coast, and of the different Parts to which his Cargoes are sent, the Customs to be paid, the Passes, Permissions, or Certificates, to be procured, the Hazards of every Voyage, and the true Rate of Insurances. To this must be added, an Acquaintance with the Policies and Arts of other Nations, as well those to whom the Commodities are sold, as of those who carry Goods of the same Kind to the same Market, and who are therefore to be watched as Rivals endeavouring to take Advantage of every Error, Mis-carriage, or Debate.

The chief of the *Means* of Trade is *Money*, of which our late Refinements in Traffick have made the Knowledge extremely difficult. The Merchant must not only inform himself of the various Denominations and Value of foreign Coins, together with their Method of counting and reducing; such as the Millereis of *Portugal*, and the Livres of *France*; but he must learn what is of more difficult Attainment, the Discount of Exchanges, the Nature of Current Paper, the Principles upon which the several Banks of *Europe* are established, the real Value of Funds, the true Credit of Trading Companies, with all the Sources of Profit, and Possibilities of Loss.

All

All this he must learn merely as a private Dealer attentive only to his own Advantage; but as every Man ought to consider himself as Part of the Community to which he belongs, and while he prosecutes his own Interest to promote likewise that of his Country, it is necessary for the Trader to look abroad upon Mankind, and study many Questions which are perhaps more properly political than mercantile

He ought therefore to consider very accurately the Balance of Trade, or the Proportion between Things exported and imported; to examine what Kinds of Commerce are unlawful, either as being expressly prohibited, because detrimental to the Manufactures or other Interest of his Country, as the Exportation of Silver to the *East Indies*, and the Introduction of *French* Commodities; or unlawful in itself, as the Traffick for Negroes. He ought to be able to state with Accuracy, the Benefits and Mischiefs of Monopolies, and exclusive Companies: to enquire into the Arts which have been practised by them to make themselves necessary, or by their Opponents to make them odious. He should inform himself what Trades are declining, and what are improvable; when the Advantage is on our Side, and when on that of our Rivals.

The State of our *Colonies* is always to be diligently surveyed, that no Advantage may be lost which they can afford, and that every Opportunity may be improved of increasing their Wealth and Power, or of making them useful to their Mother Country.

There is no Knowledge of more frequent Use than that of Duties and Imposts, whether Customs paid at the Ports, or Excises levied upon the Manufacturer. Much of the Prosperity of a trading Nation depends upon Duties properly apportioned; so that what is necessary may continue cheap, and what is of Use only to Luxury, may, in some Measure atone to the

the Publick for the Mischief done to Individuals. Duties may often be so regulated as to become useful even to those that pay them; and they may be likewise so unequally imposed as to discourage Honesty, and depress Industry, and give Temptation to Fraud and unlawful Practices.

To teach all this is the Design of the Commercial Dictionary, which though immediately and primarily written for the Merchants, will be of Use to every Man of Business or Curiosity. There is no Man who is not in some Degree a Merchant, who has not something to buy and something to sell, and who does not therefore want such Instructions as may teach him the true Value of Possessions or Commodities.

The Descriptions of the Productions of the Earth and Water, which this Volume will contain, may be equally pleasing and useful to the Speculatist with any other Natural History; and the Accounts of various Manufactures will constitute no contemptible Body of Experimental Philosophy. The Descriptions of Ports and Cities may instruct the Geographer as well as if they were found in Books appropriated only to his own Science; and the Doctrines of Funds, Insurances, Currency, Monopolies, Exchanges, and Duties, is so necessary to the Politician, that without it he can be of no Use either in the Council or the Senate, nor can speak or think justly either on War or Trade.

We therefore hope that we shall not repent the Labour of compiling this Work, nor flatter ourselves unreasonably, in predicting a favourable Reception to a Book which no Condition of Life can render useless, which may contribute to the Advantage of all that make or receive Laws, of all that buy or sell, of all that wish to keep or improve their Possessions, of all that desire to be Rich, and all that desire to be Wise.



## T O A

## B U S H F I G H T E R.

**I**N Rancour's dark, obscene, sequester'd Seat,  
 Where Pride and Dulness, Spleen and Envy meet,  
 Critic, thy Stink-pot Batteries prepare,  
 No Friend of Learning, Heir of Genius spare.  
 But when thy mighty Conquests thou hast made,  
 What are the Gains of thy illicit Trade?  
 Hated by all, and hating all, to live,  
 Is a worse Punishment than Hell can give.

T O

T O

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH,

ON THE

SUCCESS OF HIS COMEDY,

CALLED THE

MISTAKES OF A NIGHT,

**L**ONG have our Comic Writers try'd to move  
 With Tales of Pity and chaste Scenes of Love;  
 On Stilts sublime the laughing Muse they raise,  
 For nothing low our Taste refin'd can please.  
 Nor Wit, nor Humour, such grave Preachers knew,  
 The maudlin House resembles *Whitfield's* Crew.  
 No Bursts of Laughter shake the merry Pit.  
 In solemn Silence all attentive sit;  
 Till some sad Story, big with tragic Woe,  
 From the touch'd Boxes cause the Tear to flow.  
 So deep the Comedy, it makes you stare  
 To find no poison'd Bowl or Dagger there.  
 Gay Mirth and honest Joke are in Disgrace,  
*Melpomene* usurps her Sister's Place.  
 Let Sentiment but stiffen ev'ry Line,  
 The raptur'd Audience cries, That's fine! that's fine!  
*Goldsmith* at length, warm in *Thalia's* Cause.  
 Broke the dull Charm, and rescu'd Nature's Laws.

P R O L O G U E

To the revived TRAGEDY of

T I M O L E O N.

S P O K E N

By Mr. REDDISH, at *Drury-Lane Theatre*, in 1771.

Written by Mr. CRADOCK.

TOO long had *Corinth* wept her evil Hour,  
Too long had *Corinth* felt a Tyrant's Power,  
Too long had groan'd in Chains—her Fate deplor'd,  
Ere fam'd *Timoleon* Liberty restor'd.

He, like some Rock the Billows lash in vain,  
Still tow'rs aloft, and overawes the Main:  
In vain the Surges roar, the Clouds impend,  
The Thunder rolls, the forked Fires descend.  
He like their fam'd *Colossus* awful stood,  
A steady Patriot for the public Good.

A *Grecian* Daughter too demands Applause,  
Who nobly combats in a Parent's Cause.  
O spare—in Mercy spare—the trembling pleads,  
And Pity struggles tho' a Tyrant bleeds:  
View well the Motives all their Actions move,  
*Timoleon* Wonder claims, *Eunessa* Love.

Ye generous Bulwarks of the *British* State,  
Who live again those Wonders we relate,  
Who still the bright Career of Glory run,  
Transmit the Laurels that yourselves have won,



With unabating Zeal your Course pursue,  
Ye keep not *Corinth*, but yourselves in View.

Nor think ye Fair, your Glories more confin'd,  
Who sooth the Heart, or humanize the Mind;  
The generous Labour will at Length recoil,  
The generous Labour well repays your Toil:  
Succeeding Annals trace *Eunefia's* Fame,  
Succeeding Annals bless *Timoleon's* Reign.  
The World perceives that Influence ye bring,  
From great Examples future Heroes spring;  
Heroes with more than mortal Ardour fir'd,  
When Beauty crowns that Virtue she inspir'd.

SEAT OF THE EARL OF ESSEX.

Written by the same.

WHATEVER life's effect our wayward state  
We justly lay each deep mistake to Fate  
If poor Sir Rowan lost his mighty blood,  
He only liv'd some twenty Years too soon.  
'Twas long ago our Author drew from life,  
A sober Husband, and a sickle Wife.  
Oh! could he now the living Draught renew,  
He would be rich, ye fair, and picture you;  
Allow more scope, yet wiser Maxims trace,  
And give us something more than Lady Grace.  
The Knight's fair Lady too might hold her sway,  
And teach her good Sir Rowan to obey:  
Nor know how his deep-laid Schemes deplore,  
Thank Heaven the Race of Wagsheads are no more.  
Expell'd the House—He's in a better Taking,  
Expell'd—new perhaps had been his Making.  
The lost his Glories in St. James's Air,  
The lavish City would those Wrongs repair.  
Bless'd be the day—He's in the new Lord Mayor.

P R O L O G U E  
TO THE  
P R V O K E D H U S B A N D,

Spoken last CHRISTMAS, at

C A S H I O B U R Y,

T H E

S E A T of the E A R L of E S S E X.

Written by the same.

W H A T E V E R Ills affect our wayward State,  
We justly lay each deep Mistake to Fate,  
If poor Sir *Francis* lost his mighty Boon,  
He only liv'd some twenty Years too soon.  
'Twas long ago our Author drew, from Life,  
A sober Husband, and a fickle Wife.  
Oh ! could he now the living Draught renew,  
He would be first, ye Fair, and picture you ;  
Allow more Scope, yet wiser Maxims trace,  
And give us something more than Lady *Grace*.  
The Knight's fair Lady too might hold her Sway,  
And teach her good Sir *Francis* to obey :  
Nor Manly sour his deep-laid Schemes deplore,  
Thank Heaven the Race of *Wrongheads* are no more.  
Expell'd the House—He's in a bitter Taking,  
*Expulsion*—now perhaps had been his Making :  
Tho' lost his Glories in St. *James's* Air,  
The lavish City would those Wrongs repair,  
*Be-fur'd, be-chain'd*—He struts the new Lord Mayor.

If to the Senate *then* he chance to go,  
 He gets his Lesson well, and cries out—No.  
 The Crowd straight hail an Idol of their own,  
 Made of the true Materials—Wood or Stone:  
 Him the loud Voice of glowing Fame pursues;  
 Nay more—those Oracles of Truth—the News:  
 For him rich Steams of fragrant Incense rise,  
 And smoky Off'rings reach the vaulted Skies.  
 Unknowing then despise no earthly Clod,  
 For Crowds have chang'd a BULLOCK to a God.



SOME  
A C C O U N T  
OF A BOOK, CALLED

THE LIFE OF  
BENVENUTO CELLINI.

**T**HE Original of this celebrated Performance lay in Manuscript above a Century and Half. Though it was read with the greatest Pleasure by the Learned of *Italy*, no Man was hardy enough, during so long a Period, to introduce to the World a Book, in which the Successors of *St. Peter* were handled so roughly: A Narrative, where Artists and Sovereign Princes, Cardinals and Courtezans, Ministers of State and Mechanicks, are treated with equal Impartiality.

At length, in the Year 1730, an enterprizing *Neapolitan*, encouraged by Dr. *Antonio Cocchi*, one of the politest Scholars in *Europe*, published this so-much-desired Work in one Volume Quarto. The Doctor gave the Editor an excellent Preface, which with very slight Alteration, is judiciously preserved by the Translator Dr. *Nugent*: The Book, is notwithstanding, very scarce in *Italy*; the Clergy of *Naples* are very powerful, and though the Editor  
very

very prudently put *Colonia* instead of *Napoli* in the Title Page, the Sale of *Cellini* was prohibited; the Court of *Rome* has actually made it an Article in their *Index Expurgatorius*, and prevented the Importation of the Book into any Country where the Power of the Holy See prevails.

The Life of *Benvenuto Cellini* is certainly a Phenomenon in Biography, whether we consider it with respect to the Artist himself, or the great Variety of historical Facts which relate to others: It is indeed a very good Supplement to the History of *Europe* during the greatest Part of the sixteenth Century, more especially in what relates to Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, and the most eminent Masters in those elegant Arts, whose Works *Cellini* praises or censures with peculiar Freedom and Energy.

As to the Man himself, there is not perhaps a more singular Character among the Race of *Adam*: The admired Lord *Herbert* of *Cherbury* scarce equals *Cellini* in the Number of peculiar Qualities which separate him from the Rest of the Human Species.

He is at once a Man of Pleasure, and a Slave to Superstition; a Despiser of vulgar Notions, and a Believer in magical Incantations; a Fighter of Duels, and a Composer of Divine Sonnets; an ardent Lover of Truth, and a Retailer of visionary Fancies; an Admirer of Papal Power, and a Hater of Popes; an Offender against the Laws, with a strong Reliance on Divine Providence. If I may be allowed the Expression, *Cellini* is one striking Feature added to the Human Form—a Prodigy to be wondered at, not an Example to be imitated.

Though *Cellini* was so blind to his own Imperfections as to commit the most unjustifiable Actions, with a full Persuasion of the Goodness of his Cause and the Rectitude of his Intention, yet no Man was a keener and more accurate Observer of the Blemishes

Blemishes of others ; hence his Book abounds with sarcastic Wit and satirical Expression. Yet though his Portraits are sometimes grotesque and overcharged, from Misinformation, from Melancholy, from Infirmary, and from Peculiarity of Humour ; in general it must be allowed that they are drawn from the Life, and conformable to the Idea given by cotemporary Writers. His Characters of Pope *Clement* the Seventh, *Paul* the Third and his Bastard Son *Pier Luigi*, *Francis* the First, and his favourite Mistress *Madam d'Estampes*, *Cosmo* Duke of *Florence* and his Duchess, with many others, are touched by the Hand of a Master.

General History cannot descend to minute Details of the domestic Life and private Transactions, the Passions and Foibles of great Personages ; but these give truer Representations of their Characters than all the elegant and laboured Compositions of Poets and Historians.

To some a Register of the Actions of a Statuary may seem a Heap of uninteresting Occurrences ; but the Discerning will not disdain the Efforts of a powerful Mind, because the Writer is not ennobled by Birth, or dignified by Station.

The Man who raises himself by consummate Merit in his Profession to the Notice of Princes, who converses with them in a Language dictated by honest Freedom, who scruples not to tell them those Truths which they must despair to hear from Courtiers and Favourites, from Minions and Parasites, is a bold Leveller of Distinctions in the Courts of powerful Monarchs. Genius is the Parent of Truth and Courage ; and these, united, dread no Opposition.

The *Tuscan* Language is greatly admired for its Elegance, and the meanest Inhabitants of *Florence* speak a Dialect which the Rest of *Italy* are proud to imitate. The Style of *Cellini*, though plain and familiar,



familiar, is vigorous and energetic. He possesses, to an uncommon Degree, Strength of Expression, and Rapidity of Fancy. Dr. *Nugent* seems to have carefully studied his Author, and to have translated him with Ease and Freedom, as well as Truth and Fidelity.

## E P I T A P H

O N

MISS DRUMMOND,

DAUGHTER to the ARCHBISHOP of YORK.

By the Reverend Mr. MASON.

**H**ERE sleeps—what once was Beauty, once  
 was Grace,  
 Grace, that with Sense and Tenderness combin'd,  
 To form that Harmony of Soul and Face,  
 Where Beauty shines the Mirror of the Mind.

Such was the Maid, who, in the Morn of Youth,  
 In Virgin Innocence, in Nature's Pride,  
 Blest with each Art which owes its Charm to Truth,  
 Sunk in her Father's fond Embrace, and died.

He weeps—O venerate the holy Tear !  
 Faith lends her Aid to ease Affliction's Load,  
 The Parent mourns his Child upon her Bier,  
 The Christian yields an Angel to his God.

Some

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Some ACCOUNT of the

LIFE AND WRITINGS

O F

DR. JOHN EACHARD.

**T**HE Lives of learned Men, and especially Philosophers and Divines, are generally spent in the Shade of Obscurity; amongst Books and Manuscripts, in Schools and Colleges; amongst Men unacquainted with the Intrigues of Courtiers and Schemes of Statesmen; amongst such as are Strangers to all the Noise and Parade of the Military, and the Tumult and Bustle of the busy and commercial Part of the World: the sole Ambition of studious Men is, generally at least, to make literary Conquests, and to extend the Boundaries of Science.

From a Life thus private and inactive, no Materials can be obtained to amuse the common Readers of Biography, who require Actions more splendid and vigorous, and Occurrences more varied and striking. They can find little or no Entertainment in such Narratives as rarely contain more than Accounts of learned Controversies acutely managed, or of clerical Duties faithfully discharged.

All that we can gather relating to the Life of Dr. *John Eachard*, may be comprized in a very narrow Compass.

He



He was born of a good Family in the County of *Suffolk*. After being instructed in the first Elements of Learning at a Grammar-School, he was sent to *Catharine Hall*, in the University of *Cambridge*, where he was admitted *May 10, 1653*; and was elected Fellow, *July 9, 1658*. He took the Degree of Batchelor of Arts 1656, and that of Master in 1660.

In 1670, he published his celebrated Work, called, *The Grounds and Occasion of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion enquired into*. It was attacked by an anonymous Writer, the following Year, in an *Answer to a Letter of Enquiry into the Grounds, &c.* And by *Barnabas Oley* and several others, and amongst the rest the famous Dr. *John Owen*, in a Preface to some Sermons of *W. Bridge*\*.

*Eachard* replied to the first, in *Some Observations upon an Answer to his Enquiry*; and in a few Letters printed at the End of his Book, intituled, *Mr. Hobbs's State of Nature considered, in a Dialogue between Philautus and Timothy*, he took Notice of the Rest of his Opponents, whom he treats with less Ceremony than his first Answerer, though he does not consider him as a Person of great Importance, or as a fair and candid Enemy.

Soon after our Author published a † second Dialogue between *Philautus* and *Timothy*; called, *Some Opinions of Mr. Hobbs's considered* ‡.

In this as well as the former Dialogue, he has employed all the Powers of his Wit to expose the false Reasoning and specious Sophistry of the Philosopher of *Malmesbury*. And surely the gravest Reader cannot help being highly diverted with the happy Strokes of fine Humour and keen Raillery, with which he has attacked, and entirely confuted the absurd and dog-

\* Formerly of *Emanuel College, Cambridge*.

† This second Dialogue was never published in any Edition of the Author's Works, the last of which was the twelfth.

‡ Dedicated to Archbishop *Sheldon*, *May 20, 1673*.

matical Lectures of this inveterate Enemy of true Religion and sound Morals. All the serious and systematical Books, written by the most eminent and learned of our Divines, could never have rendered the Philosophy of *Hobbs* so contemptible as the incomparable Dialogues of *Eachard*, which contain the most judicious Arguments, united with the most spirited Satire, and the liveliest Mirth.

Upon the Decease of Dr. *John Lightfoot* 1675, *John Eachard* was chosen in his Room Master of *Catharine-hall*; and in the Year following he was created Doctor of Divinity by a Royal Mandate.

It cannot be doubted, but that *Eachard*, who was Master of such admirable Wit and fine Fancy, united to a very competent Share of Learning, with a Temper equally chearful and benevolent, must have been a most agreeable Companion, and a welcome Guest, wherever he went; yet that grave Antiquary *Antony Wood*, in some Part of his Diary, insinuates, that one of the greatest Prelates of that Age, Archbishop *Sheldon*, preferred the Pleasure of his Society to the Enjoyment of our Author's chearful and spirited Conversation. Take the Story in his own Words.

‘ Sunday Sir *Leol. Jenkyns* took with him in the  
 ‘ Morning over the Water to *Lambeth*, *Antony Wood*;  
 ‘ and after Prayers, he conducted him up to the  
 ‘ Dining-Place Room, where Archbishop *Sheldon*  
 ‘ received him, and gave him his Blessing. There  
 ‘ then dined among the Company *John Eachard*,  
 ‘ the Author of “*The Contempt of the Clergy*,”  
 ‘ who sat at the lower End of the Table between  
 ‘ the Archbishop's two Chaplains, *Sam. Parker* and  
 ‘ *Tho. Tompkins*, being the first Time the said *Eachard*  
 ‘ was introduced unto the said Archbishop's Com-  
 ‘ pany. After Dinner the said Archbishop went  
 ‘ into his Withdrawing-Room, and *Eachard*, with  
 ‘ the Chaplains and *Ralph Snow*, to their Lodgings  
 ‘ to

to drink and smoak. Sir *Leol. Jenkyns* took then *A. Wood* by the Hand, and conducted him into the Withdrawing-Room to the Archbishop.

From this invidious Narrative of the vain and conceited *A. Wood*, the very learned and reverend Commentator of *Pope's Works* has been induced to charge Archbishop *Sheldon* with Want of Discernment and Taste; and to represent him as a Man, who could prefer the Society of the dullest Fellow in the Universe to that of one eminently distinguished for his Vivacity and Wit. With Submission to so great a Writer, I must beg Leave to say, that it is not difficult to make such Observations, nor very easy to support them.

From the Diary itself, we may reasonably suppose that the Archbishop, who was a Friend and Patron of the University of *Oxford*, might think himself under a Necessity to pay a little Compliment to the Man who was employed in writing the History of that learned Society, and to encourage him in the Prosecution of the Undertaking; and surely some Marks of Civility were due to a Writer, who, by indefatigable Industry, had almost accomplished a very laborious as well as useful Work. It is very evident, that this Prelate was a firm Friend to our Author, and, as far I can guess from his own Words, a bountiful Mecænas to him; nay, in the Dedication of his first Dialogue, he produces his Grace as a strong Instance of the great and noble Qualities inherent in Human Nature, in Opposition to the Philosopher *Hobbs*, who endeavours to degrade her noblest Works: Such a Man then as *Sheldon*, who was universally acknowledged to be a most generous and munificent Patron of Learning; who was a Statesman, a Courtier, and an accomplished Gentleman, certainly knew how to distinguish between the dull, though useful Qualities of



an *Antony Wood*, and the brighter Talents of a *John Eachard*.

It may not perhaps be unentertaining to the Reader, to give some Account of an old Custom, which gave rise to Dr. *Warburton's* Reflection.

It was a Practice, I suppose, from Time immemorial, when any Guests dined at *Lambeth*, for the Archbishop, when Dinner was over, and after drinking two or three loyal Toasts, to invite some Part of the Company into a Withdrawing-chamber. The rest went up with the Chaplains into their own Room, situated in the highest Tower of the Palace, where they amused themselves with a Pipe of Tobacco, as honest *Wood* says, and a sober Glass till the Bell invited the Family to Prayers.

In Archbishop *Potter's* Time, I am told, this Custom received some small Alteration: after the usual Toasts, that Prelate invited such of the Company as chose it, to drink Coffee in another Room, and immediately withdrew.

At length Archbishop *Secker* made a very considerable Alteration in the Etiquette of the Palace of *Lambeth*, so far at least as regards the Matter in Question. He broke through the strange and unpollite Practice of distinguishing one Guest from another. He laid aside the Austerity of the high sacerdotal Character, as unfit for Festivity, and conversed at his Table with the Ease and Freedom of a private Gentleman. His constant Method of entertaining his Guests, was such as became the Primate of all *England*, who ought to be at once a Pattern of Hospitality, and an Example of Sobriety. His Meals were chearful, and always seasoned with Discourse equally agreeable and instructive to all who were invited. When the Hour of Parting arrived, all the Company went away together.

Dr. *Eachard* died in 1697, and was succeeded in the Mastership of *Catharine-hall*, by Sir *William Dawes*.

*Eachard's Works*, (and particularly his Contempt of the Clergy with his Defence of it) we have Reason to believe, were for a long Time the favourite Companion both of Divines and Laymen. *Swift* speaks of them with Respect. He seems indeed to have read our Author with Attention, and to have greatly profited by him. An ingenious Gentleman assured me, that some Outlines of the Tale of a Tub, might be traced in the Writings of *Eachard*. This I am afraid is going too far. Certain it is, that this Writer was endowed with a very large Share of Wit, which he employed to the best and noblest Purposes, to the Defence of Religion and Morality when attacked by a Philosopher, who laid claim to the Reputation of a great Scholar, and a profound Mathematician. *Eachard* had besides a Vein of Humour peculiar to himself, much useful Learning, a strong Manner of Reasoning, without the Appearance of it, and above all an uncommon Skill in turning an Adversary into Ridicule; in which no Writer has since exceeded, nor perhaps equalled him. Let us not forget too, that he possessed an inexhaustible Fund of Good-nature, with the most easy and laughing Pleasantry; Qualities, which the haughty and splenetic *Swift* could never enjoy.

The celebrated Dean of *St. Patrick* turns his Pen too frequently into a Scalping-knife, and makes his Wit the Executioner to his Ill-nature. Not content to overcome his Antagonist by the Strength of his Abilities and the Force of his Argument, *Swift* treats him, as if he were not only the dullest, but the vilest of Mankind. It is not enough for him to conquer, unless he tramples too upon his Enemy: he frequently selects the most opprobrious Terms and shocking Expressions he can find in the *English* Language; and throws them about at random on Persons in the most exalted, as well as the lowest Stations: on Princes and Stock-jobbers; Chancellors and Printers; Dutcheßes and Coiners; State-

men

men and News-writers; Bishops and Usurers; fine Ladies and lewd Rakes.

*Eachard* contents himself with hunting down the Argument of his Opponent, and rarely meddles with the Man: he thinks it sufficient, if he can prove him to be a dull and affected, a foppish and pedantic, an ignorant and a foolish Reasoner. He wishes not to render him hateful to the Populace, or obnoxious to the Government. He laughs in his Antagonist's Face at the very Time he disarms him; then helps him to his Sword again, and humourously rallies him for not knowing how to use it. In short, *Eachard's* Discussion of an Argument or Confutation of a Book, divested of that Severity and Acrimony with which Theological Disputes are too often maintained, resembles a Feast, where easy Wit, sprightly Humour, Good-nature and good Sense form the most agreeable Part of the Entertainment.

The Inscription on Dr. *Eachard's* Tomb, will shew his Character in a new Light. A Wit is supposed by some People to be a worse Member of Society in Proportion to the Share he possesses of that dangerous Quality, which as often excites our Hatred as our Admiration. This amiable Man was as respectable for the Benevolence of his Mind, as the Extent of his Capacity. He executed the Trust reposed in him of Master of his College, with the utmost Care and Fidelity, to the general Satisfaction of the Fellows, and with the Approbation of the whole University. He was extremely anxious to rebuild the greatest Part, if not the Whole of *Catharine-hall*, which had fallen into decay: but unhappily for the College, he died before he could accomplish his generous Design. However, he lived long enough to give that beautiful Front, which the Inscription so justly celebrates: and this he effected by the most painful Assiduity in procuring liberal Contributions



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from his learned Friends, and considerable Largeſſes from his rich Acquaintance, who could not reſiſt the Power of his perſuaſive Eloquence; and laſtly, by beſtowing the little all he was Maſter of.

He lies buried in the Chapel of *Catharine-hall*: over his Tomb is the following Inſcription which will be a laſting Monument of Dr. *Eachard's* Worth, and of the Gratitude of the learned Society to which he belonged.

Tibi habeas, Catherina, hoc mortale depositum;  
Et in penetralibus tuis requieſcere ſinas

Viri vere magni

Tenues hæſce exuvias :

Si quæras cujæ ſint, vix lapides tacere poterunt  
Fundatorem ſuum

Johannem Eachard S. T. P.

Academiæ Cantabrigienſis bis Pro-Cancellarium,

Hujus aulæ cuſtodem vigilantiffimum,

De utraque optime meritum.

Videſne lector, novam hanc collegij faciem

Quam pulchra ex ruinis affurgit !

Totum hoc muſarum non indecorum domicilium,

Secundus hujus Romæ Romulus

Poſſet vocare ſuum.

Huic operi intentus, liberalitate partim ſua

Illaque maxima, (cum pauperis inſtar viduæ

In hoc Gazophylacium totum ſuum conjeciſſet )

Partim alienâ, quam vel amicitia inter doctiores

Vel ſuadela (quâ plurimum pollebat)

Inter divitiores unde quaque acciverat,

Huc uſque reſtauravit collegium.

Et ſi diutius fata peperciffent

Antiqua Ædificia diruendo,

Nova extruendo,

Nullum non movendo lapidem,

(Quæ erat optimi hominis indefeſſa induſtria,)

Quod fordidum, ruinoſum

Et

**LIFE OF DR. EACHARD. 303**

**Et vix collegij nomine indigitandum**

**Invenerat,**

**Elegans, magnificum**

**Et ab omni parte perfectum**

**Reliquisset.**

**Obijt Julij 7mo 1697.**

**Ætatis LXI.**

**N. B.** The greatest part of the Historical Facts in this Narrative are taken from the Account of Dr. *Eachard's* Life, in the General Dictionary. The Reverend Mr. *Farmer* of *Emanuel-college*, has enabled the Editor to correct some Mistakes, and supply some Deficiencies of that Work.—The Reader is likewise obliged to him for the elegant Inscription on the Tomb of Dr. *Eachard*.

**T. D.**

**P O S T.**

## P O S T S C R I P T.

**A**FTER I had finished what I had to say, concerning the Life and Writings of *Dr. Eachard*, a Gentleman of the greatest Eminence in the learned World acquainted me that *Mr. Dryden* in his *Life of Lucian*, prefixed to the Translation of his Works, had bestowed a very great, as well as just Encomium on our Author's Dialogues against *Hobbs*.

I read the Passage in Question with great Pleasure. Nothing could afford me more Satisfaction, than to find my Opinion of these Dialogues confirmed by the Testimony of so distinguished a Writer, and so consummate a Judge as *Mr. Dryden*. He very happily compares *Eachard's* Manner of attacking the Philosopher, to the Skill of a complete Fencer, who, by his nimble Passes, runs his Sword into his Enemy's Body, before he has Time to make his Defence. The Scots have a proverbial Expression still more applicable to the sly Raillery and quick Wit of *Hobb's* merry Antagonist :

“ He cuts your Leg Sir, without touching your  
“ Stocking.”

In transcribing what *Mr. Dryden* has said of *Dr. Eachard*, I shall make the Reader some Amends for troubling him with so many trite Observations of my own.

“ The Way which *Lucian* chose of delivering  
“ these profitable and pleasing Truths, was that of  
“ Dialogue. A Choice worthy of the Author, hap-  
pily



“ pily followed by *Erasmus*, and *Fontenelle* particu-  
 “ larly, to whom I may justly add a Triumvir of  
 “ our own, the Reverend, ingenious and learned  
 “ Dr. *Eachard*, who by using the same Method,  
 “ and the same Ingredients of Raillery and Reason,  
 “ has more baffled the Philosopher of *Malmsbury*,  
 “ than those who assaulted him with blunt heavy  
 “ Arguments drawn from orthodox Divinity: for  
 “ *Hobbs* foresaw where those Strokes would fall, and  
 “ leapt aside before they could descend; but he  
 “ could not avoid those nimble Passes, which were  
 “ made on him, by a Wit more active than his  
 “ own, and which were within his Body before he  
 “ could provide for his Defence.” *Dryden’s Life of*  
*Lucian*, p. 44, 45.

F I N I S.

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 POSTSCRIPT  
 followed by Evans, and American parties  
 sent to whom I may justly add a Tenth of  
 our own, the Reverend, ingenious and learned  
 Mr. Evans, who by using the same Method  
 and the same Language of Rhetoric and Reason  
 has more baffled the Philosopher of Abolition  
 than those who assailed him with blunt heavy  
 Arguments drawn from orthodox Divinity; for  
 He has shown where those strokes would fall, and  
 kept them before they could descend; but he  
 could not avoid those humble Falls which were  
 made on him, by a // it more active than his  
 own, and which were within the Body I dare he  
 could provide for his Defence. Dr. Evans's Letter  
 London, P. 44. 45.



FINIS